

Gutted

Deamon

A table of the deranged, this savage brutal being
A shocking way of life living on human offspring
Murder of the innocent, his pale grey face expressionless
 Horrid dismemberment
One persons tortures, is another's pleasure
 Malformation, a diseased brain
Unsuspecting slowly dying, as his knife invades
 The child, screams of pain, no one hears
Blood splotches now appear, ecstasy through
 Each cut, now the body twitches the gutted
 Little torso ready to be cooked
Isolated in his own mind the need to kill
 Now possesses his body
 Self mutilated
Between killings ejaculation, cut off appendages
Of former victims, sexual violence satisfaction
 Disembodied corpses, spewing gore
On his body, soaked with their fluids, various
 Digestive parts, and assorted meats
Plunging his fist down the throat, ripping out
 The guts, internal extraction
 The entire body bleeding
 The heart stops pumping
The child lying dead, just another gutted infant
To satisfy his hunger, temptations of the flesh
 Voracious appetite
Killing to release pure souls to the heavens
 Justification of his killing self-torture
 Stiffening pain
 He sees the faces of the dead
 Guts are strewn from the children
 Splintered bones, poke through skin
 Gratification through castration
 Roasting parts for consumption