

# 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 expresionless  
Horrid dismemberment  
One persons tortures, is anothers pleasure  
Malformation, a diseased brain  
Unsuspecting slowly dying, as his knife invades  
The child, screams of pain, no one hears  
Blood splotches now appear, esctasy through  
Each cut, now the body twiches 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

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