

# The Edge of the Hatchet

## Six Feet Under

this murder was caused by the swing of the axethe edge of the hatchetthe edge of the hatchet now comes down  
on you

a broken stiff body severed in two  
I cut off your finger and chop through your ribs  
stalking more victims to murder again  
the edge of the hatchet  
the swing of the axe  
spinal chord split and a freshly broken back  
your leg cut off at the knee and the hip  
severed arms now gushing with pus  
the edge of the hatchet the slice of the blade  
another bleed another to screams  
body parts stacked like wood by the cord  
torsos are leaking veins slowly seeping  
the edge of the hatchet your time to die  
a severed head is missing an eye  
gasping in pain as you choke your blood

I open your chest I smash in your skull the edge of the hatchet I rise up this weapon I begin my attack  
the battered body broken  
your stump is torn in half  
a rotten pile of steach  
a cold and bloody death  
chopping your broken soul  
hacking all your flesh from bone

the end of pain not certain  
you suffer now foreverthe edge of the hatchet comes down on your neck  
driving through bone slicing through flesh  
my weapon of choice to kill and dismember  
chopping away with my sharpened meat cleaver  
the edge of the hatchet chopping away  
the rot and the gore as arteries spray  
the blood on your body now drain and puddles  
urine soaked skin mix with feces and bile  
the edge of the hatchet now bloody and wet  
smashing through skull cutting through neck  
open wounds pulsate as glands are dissected  
eyeballs implode as genitals spew infection  
the edge of the hatchet butchers and hacks  
a missing arm is cut off in half  
one leg removed as your body's attacked  
this murder was caused by the swing of the axe

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