Impulse to Disembowel

Six Feet Under

Back again to kill and gut
I crave intestine
Fist fucked, reduced to a stump
Kill allSkinless body, naked hanging
Blood is draining
Carving, killing, swollen beauty
Holes appearingBrutalizing, convulsing
Skinned and greasy
Still breathing, anal carving
Holes are oozingSlit your throat deep
Off cane your head
Pulled out the guts
Right through your fucking neckDon't think I give a fuck
About your life or religion
I don't fucking care
About the world you fucking live inInjecting bleach into your eyes
Body starts to quiver
Spilled your guts onto the floor
Consume the fecal drainageLiver withered, appendix punctured
Pancreatic explosion
Knife scraping spinal bone
Like nails on a chalk boardThe pigs that want to lock me up
But they still don't know who I am
I leave a trail of blood and guts
ColdImpulse to disembowel
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