Grind Box

Broken Hope

Piece by bloody piece
Entered into my sanguinary receptacle
Your fragments turned to ground beef
Bones crushed and crunched into skeletal splinters
A cubicle of soul-numbing terror
Implements within turn pepole into scarlet mulch
A contraption created from my maniacal mind
Bodies at my disposal, god I love to grind
The grindbox, a carnage carton
A device to hellishly butcher
Pushing your morsels inside the cube
I am peppered with a crimson spray
Grinding razors thirst for your substance
Reducing your strucrure to minced scraps
Your assemblage horrible masticated
Entire anatomy horrendously grated
Grinding continues, the box is starved
Your whole being incised, sliced and carved

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