

# Pedigree Butchery

## Carcass

Oh, my God, what are these?  
You can hear people puking? They're dog meat  
In caustic butchery I parent my dominion  
In the food chain I [Incomprehensible] the missing link  
Cold temerity confects this splintered for age  
Infantile corruption taken to the brink  
Making hash of the spumous crubescence  
All compassion removed  
Newly fully developed boiled as sprouted fodder  
Marti linear murder, cordon bleu  
As salubrious pet food  
Human midden is consumed  
And I want to mince my words  
But now I love to see those churned  
In tins they are reared  
Ghastly I slake  
Bestial appetites to sate  
As flesh and steel I mate  
To fill the lower species' plate  
Des parental, primparal goods oozing  
The bawling, squabbling denied the suckling teat  
Sentient bloodletting sprains the sporulate  
Makes a choice, chimerical treat  
Rheological, twisted nursery chymes  
The fluxing of the defleshed  
Paedophilosophical, carnage knowledge  
As the illegitimate to the domesticated is fed  
So as you breed  
They will bleed  
Contumely calorie count  
Ebullient death toll mounts  
Higher and higher  
[Incomprehensible] Despumption the midden, the desipient I segment  
Pertaining vitality, their dispatch I cement  
Served out for minion in their feeding trough

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