

A Body Farm

Cattle Decapitation

For every life I take, an ecosystem I create
Blood and guts consumes my life
I am the brutal gardener
I - quantity controller
no more insane than Jesus Christ. Forgive my humble abode
Rotting bodies clogging the commode
Please pardon the stench and the trunk of a man lying on the workbench
Out by the shed are buzzing hives made
of human heads
The gestation of larvae tells us
the time of death
Decomposition - An exhibition of life that springs from tragedy
Degeneration - Breakdown and
maturation of DNA: The residue of death
The twilight falls on maggots burrowing in flesh
Dead - the dead now dead as can be
The cadaver now giving life harmoniously
A God - This makes me a god
This is absurd and quite obscene - the corruption of human beings
My back yard now a goddamned crime scene
I am the ying, I am the yang
Good and evil are one in the same
No more insane than Jesus Christ
The smell is part of the charm when you live on a body farm
I walk with the stench of decay along corpse littered paths at the break of the day
Ah, the irony in being a killer,
yet in the crime-solving community, I am a pillar
A corpse turns to mulch with a good roto-tiller
I kill for the good of man
Decomposition a morbid demonstration
The cycle of life - in all its majesty
Degeneration - curdling fermentation of heaps and heaps of human meat
The
twilight falls on maggots burrowing in flesh
Dead - the dead now dead as can be
The cadaver now giving life harmoniously
A God - This makes me a god

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