

Cannibal Crave

Broken Hope

Graverobbing cemeteries, body parts I steal
Using the meat and flesh, to consist of my meal,
Often necrophilia invades my deranged twisted head,
Spending sexual tensions making love to the dead,
This is my way of life as now it shall remain,
Fetishes for organs sick thoughts within my brain. I butcher and slaughter my fellow man,
I after the food chain with each sick plan,
Human meat fresh or from the grave,
Satisfies my insatiable cannibal crave Some nights I dress in ornaments of flesh,
Beneath the night I dig for organs not so fresh,
The sight of a corpse makes me salivate,
I know I'm mentally sick, these thoughts aren't right,
Compelled to make use of the deceased,
For the craving on human meat I'll feast,
Dining upon my own related species,
Digesting the race of man into my feces.

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