

Phobophile

Cryptopsy

In the kitchen
With a screaming triple amputee...
Its completion depends solely
On my needs...
Said amputee's stumps
Are my way of saying... "Thank you
Just for being you."
Its fear tastes better than its limbs. Terror of morality
I draw from the slowly dying damned
Monsters live behind my eyes;
I let them out and people die.
And all the grave worms
That come for their piece of meat?
I give them dead things..
The wretched living are mine alone. Fright mounts with the body count
To which anthropomancy predicts a decline
In all of God's creation,
Can there be a lifestyle that's better than this? I mark my territory
With their blood and excrement
And adipocere...
I can find my way in the dark;
My fulfilment is habitually necromantic
And anal abusive..
Seen through the eyes of a mortician They've "caught" me, as they call it;
My teeth and my semen have betrayed me..
Nevermore!
Tests to gauge my rationale,
The likes of which these feeble minds have
Never seen. Rorschach blotters,
My responses to which inspire fear...
From my lizard side,
The amoral alien speaks;
"These aren't butterflies,
I see a face I'd like to burn." Obfuscation
Of the authorities with lies,
And my nature
Ability to charm and be me,
Or whoever they want;
I've known all minds by divine right.

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