

# Born Headless

## Cryptopsy

You're not emoting:  
one of us will have to dig deeper;  
These are my cheek nails:  
Penetration, though unclean,  
can make you bleed  
in so many interesting ways;  
I rend your flesh and caress your fears  
as you weep Human tragedy...  
Let this be a lesson to you, it's symbolic  
Let this dirt define your grave Midmortementorment,  
ornament of dandling flesh;  
Why do you vomit?  
You should have seen the last one I did:  
I chewed it to a paste and spit it out  
when I was done, yet the gummy taste  
of anus still smothers my tongue Girth control, to me, is considered an art;  
Fat's fully excised as I tear you apart;  
my maleficence is as deep as it can get:  
I derive enjoyment from cruel torture  
and messy death I tear your legs from their sockets  
to ease my pilfering of your pockets  
Better for you if you'd been born headless  
Blame your mother you weren't born headless Now that it's over, you'll be remembered,  
but not missed, swathed in cerements  
to keep in the precious cold I turn and pass away in violence an gunfire;  
the earth soaks up my brain...  
I see myself as I've been I see myself

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