Hobo Stew

Broken Hope

A certain human being, lowest form of scum
A sick individual, fetal cannibalizing bumI have a hunger, it goes to an extreme extent,
Feeding out of abortion clinic bins wasn't meant
Most homeless hobos wait in line for goodwill soup,
Nasty me scrapes clinic dumpsters for aborted goop,Earliest stages of development,
Since conception their future was dim,
Tasting the unborn upon a whim,
Unborn, aborted, because they were unwanted
Abortions to my feasting, horrid scenes of sick chagrin,Unborn, immature and incomplete,
Delicious miscarriage meat
A succulent fetus treat,
Expulsion of the embryo,
A dinner bizarre for this hoboFetus eater, no meat is sweeter,
Ultrasound shows inside the womb, not upon my plate
Served with bread and greens, oh the generations I've ate
From the uterus bloodily spewed,
Aborted child now hobo food,
Fetus ripped from womb,
Disposed to be subjected to a culinary doomMy eating habits horribly crude,
Their rubbery textures I have chewed,
Gulping down fetal slop,
Embryonic jelly on my lips and chinFetus eater no meat is sweeterSince conception their future was dim,
Tasting the unborn upon a whim,
Fallopian wastes fill me to the brim,
Picking my teeth with a fetal limb.

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