Flesh Furnace

Abramelin

Roasts his parents as they sleep, a ghastly human pyre
Who'd suspect a little boy that shouldn't play with fire?
Firmly tied down to the bed, sprawled across the mattress
Doused in petrol, pleads of mercy, staring at the matches
Eyes of horror open wide as finally the match is struck
Hungry fumes burst in to flames, your little boy don't give a fuck
Blue flames race across the blankets, sheets fuse to their backs
Excruciating torturous pain, as faces melt like wax
The fire-works excite the boy, he dances 'round the bed
Chanting, whooping merrily, his parents glowing red
Across the bed and up the walls, the fire licks the ceiling
Paint and flesh react the same, blistering and peeling
Blood, blackened lung and un-burnt fuel
Ooze from the mouth as filthy drool
Carbonized corpse brittle and thin
Teeth grinning brown through black flaking skinYears gone by that little boy has turned into a man
Ten score lives gone up in smoke - his trusty jerry can
His favourite prey, the sleeping ones, ignorant to attack
Awakened by the fuel-fumes of the pyromaniac
The haunting dreams of parents dead,
Torments his mind each day
New couples faces, a mere disguise,
Those parents have to pay
Masturbating furiously, their torment he remembers
A whisp of steam, a sizzling sound, as semen hits the embers
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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