Pyosisified (Rotten to the Gore)

Carcass

The lingering scirrhus begins to harden
As the insides fall prey to putrefaction
Rotting tissue turns to mush and pulp
As your mind is torn by encephalitisYour cavities rot with ulcers
Your infected inflammations torn
Your gizzards eaten by incursive decay
You're infernally rotten to the gore...Juices digested from each pus-swollen pore
Insatiable hunger as I feast on the gore
Nothing gives me greater pleasure
Than a bowlful of chyme
Maggot infested kidneys
Are what I choose every timeThe smell of plaguing infection
Is nauseatingly emetic
Prolonged spumescence of stale pus
Stinks like hot, putrid vomitYour body is indurate
The insides are black as tar
Your innards gnawed by septic hate
Now a mass of empyaemaYour blood is cakedDried and inconsistent
Your bloody rotten gore
Is now vitrescent

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