

# Ravenous Freaks

## Autopsy

Laughing, drooling in your face  
Grinning outcasts of our race  
Tied from hands and feet and waist  
You look up in fearA horrid stench you do behold  
The one of rot, mildew and mold  
As a cretin grabs ahold  
Of your testiclesStart to cry out, but you're stopped  
Your mouth is stifled with a cock  
Which was removed from your own stocks  
The laughter carries onBid your balls a sad farewell  
As you curse them all to hell  
Then you realize too well  
Hell is where you are  
Dismembered slowly, feet to head  
Not soon enough you will be dead  
Your purpose: keep these monsters fed

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