Voices

Autopsy

I hear voices they tell me what to do
Right now they're telling me to kill you
Yesterday I loved you
Today I want you dead
Beat you, decapitate you
Freeze your severed headMy family didn't understand me
When I told them why I do the things
I am told so I took their lives
Limbs in the refrigerator
Pieces in a sack
Torso in the garbage
With the spine ripped from it's backI hear voices
Now they tell me
That I need some younger flesh
To desecrate and use randomlyThey didn't see it coming
The little ones now dead
Chopping hacking freezer bagging
Morsels that I'll eat
For sex I'll use the head

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