

# Aborted, To Roast & Grind

Serialistic - Thriving on my lust to kill  
A half gnashed torso skulpted at my will  
Blood is pumping as I retract the cleaver  
Necrotic fungus, man has found its redeemer  
Enter into the realm of gore  
Parisitic I feed on you worms  
where love is cancer and apathy is bliss  
I - am an artist of coital bile  
forcing my ways into flesh with desire  
Incinerations of those who stand amidst  
more bodies for me to roast and grind...  
Voluptiously I trampled, rendered to snot  
savagely I lacerate, grinding your fucking face  
Aroused by the pile of chunks  
I must satisfie my needs  
the gasping wounds are grasping  
around my flesh impaling cock  
upon your cadaver I piss...