

# Broken Hope, Grind Box

Piece by bloody piece  
Entered into my sanguinary receptacle  
Your fragments turned to ground beef  
Bones crushed and crunched into skeletal splinters  
A cubicle of soul-numbing terror  
Implements within turn people into scarlet mulch  
A contraption created from my maniacal mind  
Bodies at my disposal, god I love to grind  
The grindbox, a carnage carton  
A device to hellishly butcher  
Pushing your morsels inside the cube  
I am peppered with a crimson spray  
Grinding razors thirst for your substance  
Reducing your structure to minced scraps  
Your assemblage horrible masticated  
Entire anatomy horrendously grated  
Grinding continues, the box is starved  
Your whole being incised, sliced and carved