Cattle Decapitation, A Body Farm

For every life I take, an ecosystem I create

Blood and guts consumes my life

I am the " brutal gardener "

I - "quantity controller"

...no more insane than Jesus Christ.

Forgive my humble abode

Rotting bodies clogging the commode

Please pardon the stench and the trunk of a man lying on the workbench

Out by the shed are buzzing hives made of human heads

The gestation of larvae tells us

the time of death

Decomposition - An exhibition of life that springs from tragedy

Degeneration - Breakdown and maturation of DNA: The residue of death

The twilight falls on maggots burrowing in flesh

Dead - the dead now dead as can be

The cadaver now giving life harmoniously

A God - This makes me a god

This is absurd and quite obscene - the corruption of human beings

My back yard now a goddamned crime scene

I am the Ying, I am the yang

Good and evil are one in the same

No more insane than Jesus Christ...

The smell is part of the charm when you live on a "body farm"

I walk with the stench of decay along corpse littered paths at the break of the day

Ah, the irony in being a killer, yet in the crime-solving community, I am a pillar

A corpse turns to mulch with a good roto-tiller...

I kill for the good of man

Decomposition -- a morbid demonstration

The cycle of life - in all its majesty

Degeneration - curdling fermentation of heaps and heaps of human meat

The twilight falls on maggots burrowing in flesh

Dead - the dead now dead as can be

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