

Letters From Dahmer

If you feel the burning
Don't move, nor even look,
The world's a spinning Hell; the innocence of life it took.

The pain will not surrender;
Your brain will never wilt.
I'll save you from yourself with just your head, a minor tilt.

My brain is foggy, yes,
But it is clear, yes, all the same.
To me, you're something special: you're a beast I've yet to tame.

I'm sure your thighs taste mighty fine,
Your arms and buttocks, too.
I'll chop you into bits, then make a Tracy Edwards stew.

Don't let my charm deceive you.
Don't let your instincts rule.
Don't let my disposition turn you clear into a fool.

I am Satan in the flesh;
A man built from the dark.
The blood of Cain beats in my veins; I'm branded with his Mark.

I am no Ted Bundy,
I am no Edward Gein.
I am the scariest monster that you have ever seen.