

Abramelin, Waste

Trying to breathe, gasping for air
Each breath shot, with needles of pain
The darkness is creeping, your vision is blurring
Jaws of death clamping tight on your life

Withering flesh, leathery and slack
Disgusting grey folds, that cling to your back
Liver spots forming, blistering and black
Scab-riddled lips, bleeding and cracked

Premature aging, gnarling your form
Twisting, distorting, ravaged by decay
Sunken eyes stare in horrific disbelief at the vile twisted face in the mirror

[Chorus]
Weakness spreads with incredible pace
Bowels given way, your trousers disgraced
Arthritic fingers used as the brush
Painting the walls with your brown fetid mush

[repeat Withering flesh...]

Memories fading as your mind starts to fail
Heartbeat slows to an aching throb
Vision now gone, limbs are all numb
Blood-laced mucus coughed up in globs

[repeat chorus]

Lost and deranged, mind crawling with fear
As panic sets in, an unacceptable fate
Scream if you can, it may be your last,
as time passes by at an abnormal rate