

Benediction, Negative Growth

Benign, the human form
Malignancy disease
Metastasis major cause
Migration of the beast
Tumour
Invasion
Into the stream
Disturbed balance of life
Trigger wound response
And await to die
Outright attack
Prognosis made
And the growth will spread
As cells break away
Blistering assault on pure
Gnawing into cells
Slow disease, yet so demure
Struggling you ail
Insidious disease
Evicts me from my life
Disfiguring, absurd
The inner parasite
Soul destroying, my skin crawls
Unseen, my body fights a war
Dig deep the healthy flesh
My miserable remnant
Ruined by this ruthless waste
Paying my penance
Reproduce so disorderly
Through bloodstream malignance flows
Detected early, a surgical cure
Perchance a growth in the bones
Blistering assault on pure
Gnawing into cells
Slow demise, and so demure
Listen, funeral bells