

# Broken Hope, Into The Necrosphere

I work the graveyard shift, cadavers lay silently in wait  
My utensils are ready to perform degrading autopsies  
Through the sinews of dead flesh  
And within the dried marrow of old bones  
I have discovered the secrets of the dead  
Mercilessly I pit out what the dead cannot hide  
I become enlightened with a knowledge that makes me strong  
A power I now possess launches me into the afterworld  
Traveling paths in the innermost niches of putrefaction  
I will become a god of suppuration in this dead domain  
But to enter the putrid portal I must frantically carve  
Tediously I labor over crude necropsies, bizarre necrotomy  
My entire being soon liquefies as I cross over  
I take on the form of foul cadaverine  
Now through the perished, hardened veins I flow  
Immersed into the deceased where no life resides  
Except for wriggling fat white maggots filled with smegma and decay  
Apparitions haunt the viscera, my presence they avoid  
In terror they try so hard to hide  
Disappearing into the offal of the butchered  
When the dead go the way of all that is flesh  
And the burdensome mortal coil is shaken off  
Moving as I wish between the living and the dead  
Carcasses are tenements for all spectral souls  
An actual cosmos existing within a corpse  
The morticians could not fathom what I see  
Like a scalpel I cut my way through the necrosphere  
Plunging into the deepest recesses of the carrion  
They are unable to flee from my disembodied grasp  
The dead scream as I infernally enslave them  
Truly I am gifted, empowered with necromancy  
Originating in dead matter makes me necrogenic  
The interior decomposed membranes of the stiffs from a necrosphere  
Which has always remained unseen by mortal eyes  
Until I found the concealed secrets of the rot realm  
Now I am divine, the dead now worship me  
As if I am a god