

Cryptopsy, Memories Of Blood

I awake remembering
nothing the next day,
my nostrils assailed
by the stench of decay
Dreams of dismemberment,
fantasies of torture
Mopping up affords me a
reminiscence of death;
Goosey bits and pieces
are all that is left

Stench of rot: uplifting smell
Someone's dead or at least unwell;
What little is left smells impure;
Who did this? I'm not sure

No conscience interferes with
my memories of blood;
Psi energy remains
where a human once stood;
I equate its suffering with
the longevity of a ghost
Who lasts the longest
is who suffered the most