

Finch, The Casket Of Roderic Usher

Human flesh
Open earth
Prepare your burial
This body cold and contagious
Buried with your face down
You scream without sound
Broken bones won't heal you
Sympathy turns to laughter
(prick your fingers and bleed, give the poison to me)
unearthed hands of solitude
all over me
torn apart by this cold self incision
so let it bleed

BEWARE!