

# 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!