

Funeralium, Nearly The End

A swollen stomach filling the space
Solid turning to liquid
A slow explosion, all is calm after
Germ deliverance and asphyxia
A splendid rebirth in thousand worms
A plumpy breed, a crawly offspring
A deathly life and mortal stink
Blackness, stuffing, wood and nails
The stench in your coffin sums up your whole life