

# Aborted, Underneath Rorulent Soil

Bereft of nitrates and fustulent nutrition  
Lacking nutrients, a terrible cohibition  
Anhydrous and stale and profoundly lacking  
The abortive corpus you refuse to stop dragging  
&quot;Let thirst the soil!&quot; as you cling to your life  
Necrovores thrash for a meal they contrive  
Unadjourned organs are worth more rent asunder  
A value at last, at bolus six feet under  
Die!

In extremis, a death rattle sounds off like a fife  
As autolysis commences, there's birth to new life  
Larvae dispatch and edaciously masticate  
Unto the ground, your body, they repatriate  
Underneath rorulent soil  
An unquenched mealy maw is prepared to toil  
Underneath rorulent soil  
Bacteria await to feast on boils  
The abdomen distends while a microbe gambols  
The wales, weals and welts leave your face a shambles  
Tumescence fit to burst  
A flatulent rip exhaled  
Liquefying remains inaugurate irrigation  
Sinuous gralloch and dirt foment a concatenation  
Steaming piles of intestine melt into the ground  
No longer parched, as nutritional gore abounds  
From ashes to masses and dust to pus  
Finally in death, your bag of flesh is precious  
No trials of weeping, no tears and divested  
Just your flabbeus corpus the earth has digested  
Underneath rorulent soil  
The ground quivers ingesting its spoils  
Underneath rorulent soil  
Nutrients drip in mortal coils  
The abdomen distends while a microbe gambols  
The wales, weals and welts leave your face a shambles  
Tumescence fit to burst  
A flatulent rip exhaled