

Monstrosity, Immense Malignancy

Decrepit, replete with misery
The elders lie diseased
And are dead or dying
Dilapidated, we feel tortured
You live the life of a corpse
It's the destiny of your death

This malignancy is so immense
And in the end you'll all die off
A living carcass that is soon to crumble
And leave this feeding ground of the dead

Erosion of your carcass
Your skin begins to tatter
As the worms consume your brain
Weathered your life corrodes
Trapped in horror
While your body bio-degrades

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