

# Necrophagia, Embalmed Yet I Breath

buried deep beneath spoiled ground  
my body craves formaldehyde withdrawls  
lying within dampened rot  
memories return and fade  
casket sealed shut  
still I remain  
alive undead  
decrepit breath  
rotting limbs  
I am an abortion  
from the crypt  
dissection stiches  
along my chest  
strain to keep my organs inside  
a lair of maggots  
imbedded in my brain  
I hear their thoughts  
as they guide my way  
inhuman craving  
for salted flesh  
a funeral birth  
I shall never rest  
down below the cold earth  
decrepit breath  
rotting limbs  
I am an abortion  
from the crypt  
dissection stiches  
along my chest