

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