

Rose Funeral, Remain In Dirt

Waken upon thee.
Your mouth fills with dirt.
Tortured and you scream.
Your veins begin to squirt.
Splitting of your spine.
The neck will start flush.
Tortured and you die.
Your skull, I will crush.
I see your face in the ground. Face down to death.
It's vague to me. Carnage and bodies.
Splice the flesh. Hell is upon you.
You'll never rest.
Hear the crunching of your bones as I twist your limbs apart.
Tear out your ribs to expose your beating heart.
Slice through your throat. Cut you ear to ear.
Taking your life. Death is drawing near.
Into the woods I take your still self. Stiff and cold.
Trails that lead to a bloody hollow.
Your face I hold...dead.
Hear the crunching bones.
Tearing out your ribs.
Reaching for me,
You kick and scream.
You will not stop me, and I will feed.