

Seeds of the Doomed

Autopsy

Strangled daylight fading, soon I'll crawl out
To whisper to the bones I've scattered about

Arranging the bones
The bones on the moor
Seeds of the doomed
So perfect they are

We draw closer every time when we speak
They want others like them to be complete

Below the ground when the sun is high
In solitude I deconstruct my prize
I chew the mangled meat right off the bone
In the darkness down here all alone

Skeletal sockets peering out through the mist
Sun bleached fingers point while the stale winds hiss

I've stripped the pieces from their counterparts
Nocturnal placement as a work of art
This place is mine, nobody else comes here
If they do they'll only disappear