

She Is A Funeral

Autopsy

Bone pale, dead moon
Enraptured by the sweet scent of the grave
She walks amongst the carven stones
Seeing black, I found the morbid way

I heard her call
Her funeral moans
I was transfixed
She took my soul

Dread night, crypt trip
Following the shadows in my mind
Lifeless clouded dead eyes gaze
Dressed in filthy white, I saw her face

Death entwined with beauty
She drained my bleeding soul
I saw the casket open
She is a funeral

Grey mist, death kiss
In the ground six feet of darkness sighed
Drifting down, I heard her laugh
As the maggots squirmed between her thighs