

Walls of the Coffin

Autopsy

I wipe the maggots from eyes
As I wake from my deathlike sleep
Surrounded by these black walls
Lid closed tightly
Bleeding from every pore
In either reality or a shadow of madness
My flesh as one with the rotted thoughts
That pollute my skull

Through the haze of disturbing depths
My veins flow black
Sour and poisonous
I feel the flesh separating
From my desiccated face
I am living death
I am of darkest origin
Screaming as I struggle to awake