

Grand Morbid Funeral

Bloodbath

With rags drenched in the deaths of our own kind
A massive tail of rats align our steps behind
Scattered crosses in every corner of our eyes
While our mouths drown in oceans of swarming flies

Black death leprosy slithers on skin
Pierced from within
Fever grins like a madman's face
Ungodly fall from grace
Foul rash of agonized bleeding
The pulse receding
Vultures circle impatiently
To carve the flesh from bone fatally

Many a moon on, escape from a death so certain
The plague breathes down our necks just as sure as night's curtain
Trapped to wander this procession of inhumation
Our bloodline parched on a cursed road to stagnation