

## Heartworm

## Cadaver

The crawling heart reeks  
Like fungus from the soul  
The prowling worm seeks  
Its grace and it's grief

Heart is sworn  
And the worm, it licks  
Tongue like thorns  
And the spit burns holes

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The fever aches  
Grows with the tainted self  
The sweat flows  
And paints the inner hell

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