

Arch Cadaver

Autopsy

The arch cadaver turns around
Maggots falling from his eyes
Surveying pummeled smoldering fields
The living turned to clay they've met their day

No battles fought
Just a wave of his hand
Death rays and smoke trails
Wash over the land

Born created conjured spun
In webs of foul deeds undone
Footsteps crush and shock the ground
His fingers point to where you're bound

His head tilts back, his throat agape
Look inside and see your fate
Bleeding stars and moons rotate
In ways that make the strong insane

Lidless eyes, orbs of black
Doorways to wrath
All become one