

Feast of the Gravidorm

Autopsy

Midnight violence, the scene of the kill
A life slain to rest where the blood has been spilled
Discarded cadaver, no heartbeat is left
Teeming with maggots that feed on the flesh

The street is the graveyard, the dumpster the tomb
Forgotten and rotten beneath a red moon

A life once strong is worm food now
Conniving wretch has been cut down

Neck twisted sickly, eyes stare into space
A squirming mass erodes limbs and face
Feeding and eating, nauseating display
No coffin, no funeral, just life stripped away

A portrait of putrefaction, life beyond the grave
A coward soiled and bloated with maggots in his face

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