

## Flesh Turns To Dust

### Autopsy

Time has taken your living flesh  
Stolen your last gasping struggling breath

Lungs in upheaval, brain in a tomb  
Becoming sand in a world of gloom

No teeth in it's skull, yet you're eaten away  
Your epitaph clearer while tissues decay

Your flesh, it turns to dust  
The dice of bones are carved and cast  
There's pain to bring and time to kill  
There's cemetery holes to fill

Despite your will, you can't command  
The reaper's all ensnaring hand