

## Seeds of the Doomed

### Autopsy

Strangled daylight fading, soon I'll crawl out  
To whisper to the bones I've scattered about

Arranging the bones  
The bones on the moor  
Seeds of the doomed  
So perfect they are

We draw closer every time when we speak  
They want others like them to be complete

Below the ground when the sun is high  
In solitude I deconstruct my prize  
I chew the mangled meat right off the bone  
In the darkness down here all alone

Skeletal sockets peering out through the mist  
Sun bleached fingers point while the stale winds hiss

I've stripped the pieces from their counterparts  
Nocturnal placement as a work of art  
This place is mine, nobody else comes here  
If they do they'll only disappear