

Graveworm

Benediction

My corruption, it worsens. The worms dig deeper.
Pit of mental anguish. This casket locking me within.
In my own stench of darkness. Conscious returns.
I hear their movement. Enter the graveworm.
CRAWL!
Feel every mastication, piercing the rib cage, the undead man.
A judgment unjust?
Consume my vital last look.
Of existence I've known, now be eaten undead.
Trapped, unmoving in black. Terror rips through my brain.
Seeking rot for sustenance. Fall upon my face, a living squirmi
ng =
rain.
Cacophony of consumption a thousand hungered mouths gorge =
themselves.
On decomposite skin, no screaming out, I'm devoured within.
GRAVEWORM!
Eat of flesh, a graveful fear.
Picked clean to the bone, tortured tomb..... I lie alone.