

## Grand Morbid Funeral

### Bloodbath

With rags drenched in the deaths of our own kind  
A massive tail of rats align our steps behind  
Scattered crosses in every corner of our eyes  
While our mouths drown in oceans of swarming flies

Black death leprosy slithers on skin  
Pierced from within  
Fever grins like a madman's face  
Ungodly fall from grace  
Foul rash of agonized bleeding  
The pulse receding  
Vultures circle impatiently  
To carve the flesh from bone fatally

Many a moon on, escape from a death so certain  
The plague breathes down our necks just as sure as night's curtain  
Trapped to wander this procession of inhumation  
Our bloodline parched on a cursed road to stagnation