

Hung Drawn And Quartered

Cancer

Cries of laughter beneath me
As I hang by my neck
Choking on a rope
Till I'm near death
Suffocating rapidly
It's my last breath
Cut to the ground
And stabbed in the chest
Hung, Drawn and Quartered

Bloods then drained out
In a gory way
Spilling out memories
The soil turns red
Sucked through my torso
And ripped apart
Severed into quarters
Rigor-mortis sets in