

## Necrosis

Cancerslug

I can sense them calling to me  
feel the dead things passing through me  
I have heard their cries from the alter  
where we followed the lies of the father  
see the skin drip from the finger  
pointing to this swirling nightmare  
feel the flesh fall from your body  
into piles of boiling oddity  
I have seen them gather  
in the face of the master  
take your sons and daughters  
they are lambs to the slaughter  
spreading dermal corruption  
bathing in blood eruptions  
seekers of destruction  
wakeing into nothing  
I have seen them  
I still feel them  
I am with them  
death is not the end