

## Decay

## Counterparts

The grave welcomes you with open arms  
Last light escapes, last breath remains  
Circling the body  
Brushing past the skin and bone  
It cradles you, your holy manger

Born into ruin, we feel withdraw  
Death is your procreator, your predecessor  
From your decay grows a beautiful garden  
The stalks caress your failure  
And the petals bring you closer to eternity

Pray for your rebirth  
Pray for your chance to bloom  
The heart starts and stops  
The mind disconnects  
As flowers, we grace the earth with our presence  
The tide rises and turns  
And we simply expire

Over-saturated  
Our lungs fill with the essence of the universe  
Until we feel the gentle kiss of dawn draw the water from our lungs  
And we can breathe easy  
Like night and day

We have never met aching for one another  
We aim for congregation  
You are my prey  
You are the martyr  
The blight takes its toll and our bodies grow black  
Wilted, we fade away rotted from the root  
We exchange our stem for legs  
We blossom into our bodies  
And the process has been reset

Welcome to your new home