

Endless Cemetery

Cryptopsy

Beneath a shawl of midnight silence
A howling blackness
Where all is remade in necromorphosis
Asleep in human remains

Worn from the stones
Elegiac words
Recounting hopes
And forgotten lives
For beneath them lies
The dust of humans
The dust of dreams
The dust...

A coach drawn by the blackest steeds
As befits those who've passed from life
Will bring you to where swarm the specters
Of man's best-loved funerals

The laws of flesh are here repealed:
Vigor mortis is now on the way
So count the black beads of your sorrow
While you stammer your frightened prayers

Readjust your vision, see the warp in the shadows...
There's something wrong with the dark:
Something that thrives on wretchedness and sorrow
And makes the darkness crawl

Rain-swelled clouds
Blot out the sun
Damned nor'easter
Chilling the dark

Branches, sticks
Thistles, thorns
Feathers, fur
Mud and bones...
Dying ground

A lifeless thing of earthen heath
Seeing soil from beneath
Knows the need to summon flesh
To its maw

Cold blue lips frame (a) yard-wide grin
That calls to flesh, to let it in
And thus indulge its yearning
Come the unDawn

Roam the endless cemetery of what once was
(where) the Allfeeling is never truly gone