

The Morgue

Entrails

Night in the cold
You were working at the morgue
Have no friends, was alone
There was nothing else to do
Flames from fire in a room
Questions in your head
What should I do now
Should I run or should I die
There was a room with a corpse of fire
Moaning souls flowing through the walls
Panic reactions grab your back
Heat from flames you begin to burn
You felt the skin fall off
Dark memories from the past
Memories that should end
If you would die
Scarred and burned
You found some water
After that night
The wound seems to heal
Two years later
You were walking in the morgue
The same scary noise
From flames in to the room with corpse