

## 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