

The Rotting

Exhumed

Deep within the grave
Where the cadaver lies decayed - there lurks the rotting
Within every fetid corpse
This process festers on its course - to speed the rotting

Its ubiquity cannot be denied - a gruesome trade, sempiternally plied

From the waste in which we wallow
To the flesh we gluttonously swallow - we consume the rotting
In rubbish bins of medical waste
Awaits the horrendous, wretched taste - of the rotting

That first whiff sure to nauseate - and its rancid fruit we regurgitate

The rotting's coming
The end it brings
The rotting is the destiny of all that's breathing
The rotting's strumming
On your heartstrings
The rotting's coming - 'til you're the corpse that we're bereaving

In the slither of the grubs
The maggots writhing in their chum - there feed the rotting
In suppurating stools
That dribble ichor into pools - there reeks the rotting

The grue that binds us together - is everyone devouring one another

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The humble and the great
All consumed by the same fate - become the rotting
In its blackening embrace
All is eventually erased - by the rotting

The putrid waste upon which we've built our lives - as we decay, maggots and
weevils thrive

The rotting's coming
It was here all along
The rotting is an acrid, stinking, putrid savor
The rotting's strumming
Its discordant song
The rotting's thrumming
A defective dirge to scourge your neighbors

The rotting