

# 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

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