

The Shape of Deaths to Come

Exhumed

An endless funeral procession marches on
Numbed and grey as they delay their slow decay into the ground
Nameless tombs amid the gloom, await like shadowed, grim cocoons

They are the dead and this dirge is their swansong

Those of the unlife infest the carcass of the world
Bloodless eyes look to the sky as their flag is unfurled
Marionettes dance out their days pulled by razor-wire strings
Inching nearer to their graves with every requiem they sing

Dust to destiny they inherit a dying world undone
An oblong box to mold them, in the shape of deaths to come
Upon battered, shredded heartstrings, their threnody strummed
Lives without meaning form the shape of deaths to come

The shape of deaths to come

Dead words fall on dead ears to fill dead time
As into their gilded coffins, they eagerly climb
To die out their last days, in a wasteful, putrid haze
And so en masse, at last they deteriorate into decline

Those of the unlife ingest the carcass of the world
Slobbering lips are licked as their banner is unfurled
Puppeteers slash a danse macabre with their razor-wire strings
Dragging us deeper into the grave with every requiem - we sing

Dust to destiny they inherit a dying world undone
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The shape of deaths to come

Those of the unlife disgorge the carcass of the world
Onto platters of splatter as our napkins are unfurled
Led to feast on our undoing as a marionette upon its strings
As we succumb to derangement this requiem we sing