

How Death May Linger

Funeral

Uniting with the soil
Clasping the earth and its endless mould.
Preserving its soft mire
Underneath heavy lids.

Tired by the weight, of the world,
Blinded by its cruelty,
And linger in my tomb
Where none holds sway

My glistening children,
Frantic with gluttony.
With them I'll soon have wings,
And together we will grow
Out of the earth.

And with the hot summer's night
Thus I swarm towards the sky.
Drifting in the moist breeze,
Sweeping the earth
Like autumn leaves.

A black horde carries my name,
Nourishing on death
And drinking decease.
But before long
The coup will be of life's irony.

Suffering a thousand deaths anew.
I'll be raining silent and cold
Out of the heavens,
Making the world my grave.
Aeons have passed
The cycle remains eternal.

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