

# Making The World My Tomb

## 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,  
A pain so superfluously vivid,  
Yet in its realization  
I find peace.

... And linger in my tomb  
Where none holds sway  
But the ones that feed,  
With much excitement.

My glistening children,  
Frantic with gluttony.  
With them I'll soon have wings,  
And together we will grow  
Out of the earth,  
Lowering up like an angel of death  
Cadaveric and reeking  
In all its putrescent glory.

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 de cease.  
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.

Kills me harder,  
Hurts me longer  
Than death ever could.