

Dead Alive

Impaled

Shrouded by this mortal veil, something has gone wrong
Engaging conscious thought, though we are dead gone
A new beginning to the physiological
But as we decompose, the pain is unbearable

Cellular dissolution, structures in decay
Our systems in disarray
Glistening lividity on exfoliating skin
Living decomposition

From beyond the pale, we survive
The pain of being dead alive

Eyeballs exssicate
As moisture dissipates
The epidermis shrinks
As a countenance sinks
No marrow left to slake
Dried bones as they break
Muscles liquify
As the skelature is nullified

The abdomen distends
With noxious gasses that offend

Organs dessicate
A foul odor we execrate

Four disparate minds converge on one theorem
Merits were to be had for our death-defying serum
Decomposing and gutted, our existence it prolonged
Though we have died, still we live on

Post-mortem torturing, immortal suffering
Pain receptors functioning
I am Chris Zewe
Prone amongst detritus without ambulation
No tomb, no rest, no supplication

We suffer while our nervous systems thrive
The pain of being dead alive

We never wanted to revive
The pain of being dead alive