

Breakfast At Manchester Morgue (let Sleeping Corpses Lie...)

Impetigo

The bleak sun rises through the smog stained clouds
The day begins in a very somber way
The stench of the dead in the Manchester morgue
The stench of sterilized decay...
The hideous signal...
I open my eyes, livid with sweat
Obnoxious film... but where have I been?
Strapped to the table, burning fluids course within my veins
Mortific eyes cannot dissuade that I see...
My plight is realized, I am dead but I see...
I feel the pain of the rush of formaldehyde,
The brittleness of my bones
And they said I would never live again
The buzzing in my brain
The never ending pain
The hunger I possess
Within this rotten mess
I break the straps and rise to feed
The necrotic fluid bubbles, human viscera I need
Corner the frightened doctors, they say this cannot be
As I devour their pulsing flesh, their blood will comfort me

My cohort rise from their crypts
The morgue is in terror,
Blood rolls from our lips
Some mangled bodies strewn in chaotic disarray
Breakfast is served at the Manchester morgue
The beginning of a horrifying day...
No end in sight
Our number multiply...