

underture

Ingrowing

CLINICAL DEATH WAS A TICKET FOR YOU
TO THE SILENCE SIX FEET UNDER
HANDS ARE HAMMERING THE APPALLING PRISON
AND THE SANITY SLOWLY LEAVES YOU
FEEBLE TWINKLES OF SINISTER LIGHTS
DEAF ECHO ANSWERS TO YOUR SCREAMS
EACH NAIL IN THE GHASTLY DUNGEON
YOU FEEL LIKE INCANDESCENT LEAD
TANGLED IN A SHROUD YOU SEE THE LIFE
SMILES, TEARS, LUCK AND SORROW
PAINLESS SPASM TWISTS YOUR LIPS TO SMILE
MAYBE DEATH IS SIMILAR TO SWEET SLUMBER
YOUR BODY SLOWLY GETS STIFF AND COOL
WATER DOZES THROUGH THE CASKET CHINKS
AND DRENCHES YOUR FACE LIKE TEARS
LIKE YOU MOURN AND CRY FOR YOURSELF