

The Bog

Nekrogoblikon

Oh! What a septic embrace!
The flies circle over this poisonous place.
Death! Rotting scum all around!
Sludge underfoot pulls you down to the ground.

Oh! Do you loathe the decay?
The bog growing stronger with each passing day?
Hollow! Of horror and pain!
Tearing the flesh and draining your veins.

Murky and stagnant, caustic and timeless,
No one is spared by this venomous pool.
Corpses dissolve, condemned to the darkness,
Judgment is passed by the toxic lagoon.

A place in a wood, 'midst the dreary old trees,
Shadows enclosing a swamp of disease,
No animals here, just a horrible smell,
The bog of despair will remind you of hell.

Like quicksand it beckons to all passing near,
Try and come close and you'll soon disappear.
Fall in the bog, fetid stench all around,
Miasma will deaden your screams as you drown!

Slithering serpents, forever will haunt me,
Calling me forth to a terrible fate.
Echoing laughter from a featureless nightmare,
Drowned in the mire, my death I await.

Melting your legs if you wade in too deep,
Burning your eyes, it won't help if you weep,
Horrible beasts kill you quick if you sleep,
The bog is alive and your soul it will reap!

Unspeakable chill fills your heart at the sight,
Facing your doom as your skin turns to white,
The god-damned muck kills me twice out of spite,
DIE IN THE BOG ON THIS TERRIBLE NIGHT.

The monsters are watching, as though in a trance,
Circling the hollow in a sickening dance
Waiting for the bog to swallow me whole
Their hideous eyes stealing more of my soul...