

After we die, invading our bodily cavities  
the young of insects feed  
on our inactive brains  
and numb spinal cords  
open sores drain slow  
spouting yellow pus - from us  
dead human flesh brings nourishment  
survival from what is dead and cold  
our unburied carcass'  
will be reduce to bone  
open sores drain slow  
spouting yellow pus - they're feeding on our souls  
a sickening odor seeps - from us  
Inside they multiply  
devour us piece by piece  
new life from us, dead life not lost  
they feed to hatch the spawn  
devour us piece by piece  
this dead life not lost  
new life from us - dead life not lost  
new life from us  
opens sores drain slow  
spouting yellow pus  
they're feeding on our souls  
a sickening odor seeps - from us  
insects - insects, insects,  
maggots