

Under The Boards

Stormlord

There is a house in London
Where even in winter time
The windows are always open wide
There is a house in London
Where incense burns at all hours
Concealing a much less pleasant smell
A sour stench that mingles with
The scent of burning oil

There in Melrose Avenue
So many guests come and go
Some come to stay
Some of the guests come to stay
At one hundred ninety five
So many people come and go
But too many guests come to stay
Neatly lined under the boards of the floor

Summertime
The maggots are crawling everywhere
Smoke can't keep the flies away
Dennis finds harder to tidy up the house

Tossing salt upon the rotten flesh
Wiping it away to rid the bodies of worms
Extracting bowels, liver, heart, and lungs
Dissecting corpses, packing limbs and head
To carry them easily to their funeral pyre