

Y

The Berzerker

Indisposed your worse thoughts your nightmares upon you
There's nothing I can do but take it all from you
We must stop this epidemic

It's not a glossary of the embalming process
As you rot and take on a smell
Putrid stench all over...
That's the reason that you've had enough?

Why is death treated as something you must learn to revere
Why are all our bodies left to rot
Why should we thankful for your false appreciation
Why must we know everything about life

Constrain the limbs and suspect my containment
A grizzly scene... blood is all I see now
Such a laborious task and a jumbled mess
To confront and clean up as I look deep inside

Why is death treated as something you must learn to revere
Why are all our bodies left to rot
Why should we be thankful for your false appreciation
Why do we never think, question it inspect it

Upon inspection I saw nothing out of place
Saw nothing that would require more time
I know that it's just a job for some people but
You can't see it the way I see it it is my life

It's my life

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There is no god!