

The sound of vomiting to my ears like singing
now I am beginning to become erect
with illness I am obsessed in the beds of the fallen I rest
a fixation amplified the smell here is what I like best

feverishly vomiting the buckets of waste wrapping myself in the
filth-ridden sheets
raping the shells of the comatose to fulfill my needs

photographing bedsores cultured by my sick neglect
it's more than a job it's a love for me to walk this close with
death
when you hear a flat line you know surely I'll be near
to when the reaper's sickle is drawn I am ever aware

I wish I could pull these strings in death there are finer things
malpractice forever be my bitter name

how quickly life does fade away
but a flip of the river man's coin
could send you screaming to your grave

grief stricken family watches on ceaseless prayers for an only
son
"I'm afraid that nothing can be done" the moment has finally come
the wrath of a god exemplified to the pearly gates he'll soon arrive
to leave here his husk in this room of white I'm quivering at thought

pull the plug I'm begging you take the ride to the cold and blue
the reapers yellowed lichen fingers aim ever so true
the origins of disease to be witnessed in my dreams
the flooding of the blackest blood to quench my fetid needs