

Casket Rhythm

Vanna

Since when did the dead have rights?
I'm sick of the death trying to act alive.
We buried you as far as I know.
I left you in a cloud of I told you so.
You lack the voice, the lungs, the heart.
So I'll watch decay rip you apart.
You're dead weight. You're too late.
Your skin and bones should stay in its home.
Underground you're alone, you're alone.
Here's a shovel, like you needed help,
a casket rhythm marching straight to hell.
Last rights, last lights.
Goodbye. Stay dead. No one needs you alive.
I sat and watched your words decay.
I watched your mouth become a shallow grave.
You're dead weight, dead weight.
Too late.