

## Arch Cadaver

### Autopsy

The arch cadaver turns around  
Maggots falling from his eyes  
Surveying pummeled smoldering fields  
The living turned to clay they've met their day

No battles fought  
Just a wave of his hand  
Death rays and smoke trails  
Wash over the land

Born created conjured spun  
In webs of foul deeds undone  
Footsteps crush and shock the ground  
His fingers point to where you're bound

His head tilts back, his throat agape  
Look inside and see your fate  
Bleeding stars and moons rotate  
In ways that make the strong insane

Lidless eyes, orbs of black  
Doorways to wrath  
All become one