

Gathered Flies

Defleshed

Your teeth I hacked, the nose I cracked, I shaved your face too well

No one can see how you have been, in snow I let you dwell

For five months you've been buried under ice and snow

Completely protected from what can cause you harm

Beauty, your beauty made me steal your face

Melting out the snow to see the sun

Gather, around you creatures are gathered

April the 14th...

They start to gather, sniffing, humming around your body

before they can decide where to eat

Tasting, kissing, caressing your flesh gently

They want a noble children's nursery

The metamorphose of a beauty to a nauseating corpse

An interesting horde of insects marching over your face

Where they finally decide to give birth to their children

You can expect that your belly will arise

And worms of high disgust will eat the rest of you

Beauty, with the eyes your beauty vanished

You give birth to more than you expected

Putrid, the spring sun make you reek tremendous

April 19th...

Weeks goes quickly, flies has left your body

Perhaps searching for a brand new body