

# Indignities To the Dead

## Exhumed

Plumbing the depths of the now vacant carcass  
Degenerative processes now completed  
Feeling through a miry, putrid pulp  
Of organs which necrosis has thoroughly depleted...

Delving into the nether regions of necrology  
I have disturbed and dismantled their graves  
Collecting the putrefacted, liquefied remains  
Into jars I have jealously saved...

The crumbling human waste that passes for a corpse  
Is now a fetid pastime, in which I occasionally indulge  
The embalming of rancid mortal sludge collect  
A hobby not often divulged...

Perversely pursuing pathological profundity  
But in the end I remain without comprehension  
I find myself searching in an overturned crypt  
Much to the tenants' ghastly apprehension...

But in that muddy sepulchre of rot and decrepitude  
I find a brief solace from my woes and trepidation  
With my hands caked with gore and face streaked with rotten grime  
I come into a moment of vital realization...

In that beautiful moment of essential oneness  
I ejaculate on the face of the stiff  
I lose myself in the quagmire of rotten flesh  
Inhaling the pungent rancid whiff...  
Amongst festering putrefaction and moldy tissue and bone  
At last I find my release  
Vomiting on the genitals of the severely dead and gone  
I sully and deride the deceased...

To relive the orgasmic sensation I crave  
Time and time again I find myself led  
To charnel houses and desecrated graves  
To perform indignities to the dead...