

# How Death May Linger

## Funeral

Uniting with the soil  
Clasping the earth and its endless mould.  
Preserving its soft mire  
Underneath heavy lids.

Tired by the weight, of the world,  
Blinded by its cruelty,  
And linger in my tomb  
Where none holds sway

My glistening children,  
Frantic with gluttony.  
With them I'll soon have wings,  
And together we will grow  
Out of the earth.

And with the hot summer's night  
Thus I swarm towards the sky.  
Drifting in the moist breeze,  
Sweeping the earth  
Like autumn leaves.

A black horde carries my name,  
Nourishing on death  
And drinking decease.  
But before long  
The coup will be of life's irony.

Suffering a thousand deaths anew.  
I'll be raining silent and cold  
Out of the heavens,  
Making the world my grave.  
Aeons have passed  
The cycle remains eternal.

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