

Making The World My Tomb

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,
A pain so superfluously vivid,
Yet in its realization
I find peace.

... And linger in my tomb
Where none holds sway
But the ones that feed,
With much excitement.

My glistening children,
Frantic with gluttony.
With them I'll soon have wings,
And together we will grow
Out of the earth,
Lowering up like an angel of death
Cadaveric and reeking
In all its putrescent glory.

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 deace.
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.

Kills me harder,
Hurts me longer
Than death ever could.