

# Lus Sepulcri

## Incantation

Soil that surrounds  
Fester underground  
Tombs so profound  
Shrouds fall unbound

Reduced to dust  
Epitaphs carved  
Overgrowth barbed

To live with filth by choice we don't  
To die with filth by right we won't

My work is to dispose  
But never bury those  
Faithful decompose  
I will appose

Bloodline died  
Generations piled  
Side by side

To live with filth by choice we don't  
To die with filth by right we won't

Take your divinity (elsewhere)  
Silent (in your) empty stare  
Wasteful life the holy lied  
For I interred when you died

I won't cremate  
Vermin permeate  
Apostate

To live with filth by choice we don't  
To die with filth by right we won't