

# Human-Compost

Poisonblack

I'm surrounded by sub-entity - I knew it would happen  
Figure in black would take me into the shades  
Six-feet under and it's hard to breath - I knew it  
would end here  
Sheep in wolf's clothing entombed in waste  
Today I wish I'd have a gun

Gasping for air I'm rotting all alone - Just how I  
wanted  
With Karma's blades carving my flesh to bone  
I am reaping everything I've sown - The filth I have  
planted  
and digging south towards the great unknown  
Oh yes I wish I'd have a gun

Been playing the bitter game with the leeches sucking  
blood out from my veins  
With hook in mouth I've gone astray  
Been shovelling shit in vain; From grave to grave  
burying myself  
Just one last death before I go to hell

Here I lie my shovel next to me - Still squeezing the  
handle  
there are many like it but this one's mine

Hole after hole it's suffered 'cause of me - Growing  
the anger  
With contempt and loathing over all that is I  
Somebody please give me a gun  
Human-compost I am  
Human-compost I am  
I am!