

## Old Coffin Spirit

## Rotting Christ

My soul is trembling, asphyxiated exhalation  
But, feel like my name  
Starting around the tombs of marble  
Untouched carry the crew of ages

An unwed coffin attracts me  
Inside the fear an odd wonder  
Strange prompting as I read the name

Now rest in my new dwelling  
The property calls "Be done"  
I'm the old coffin spirit  
Master and slave on my own land

Well hidden behind the pute stars  
Fluttering in distant unknown zones  
Macabre dance with the diastric winds  
Hrismed to haunt the kiss of light