

Amongst the Phantoms of Abandoned Tumbrils

Sigh

I walk among the creeping hours
Towards the cemetery gate
Where death rattles purr
From ulcerous mouths agape

Past pits of tangled limbs
Fingers pointing to godless skies,
Tumbrils of still expressions
And faceless grinning skulls.

Ay soul is cleaned of joy
By the reaping hook of hell
I am lost in lamenting fog
That none can dispel

In melting murmurs of my regrets
I fade into the un-pierced shade
To fold my palms across my chest
And lowered into the yawning grave

I have become darkness profound
laid to rest in shallow grave
my redundant flesh obscure and foul,
the lid unmoved with coffin nail

I watch my corpse yonder blazing
livid flame and sparkles dire,
bitter ash of cremated remains
my soul a doleful shade afire

I pray for suicide
to never wake from my bed,
but how can I die
when I am already dead

(R)

Bring out your dead withered skin
Bring out your dead languid limbs
Bring out your dead withered skin
Bring out your dead withered limbs

Under hell's burning rafters
and solemn brimstone pyres
passed dark satanic mills
of the infernal funeral Firestone
to wander the hills of Hades
and the grim embrace of day
my spirit formless and cold
to drown in gluttonous decay

I see silhouettes of laughter
on fiery mound of hollow repine
where hueless wraiths casts spells
of Orphean sorrow unfeigned

My guts spilled forth like eels
slithering from a ruptured sack, this

loathsome plague has come with the
chilling gripe of sorrow to drag me
into the dreadful din of sulphurous
torment and here I shall remain
until the hour glass of time cracks.
I am the unveiled stillness of
mouldering bones, the bloodless
lustrous gloom where no flesh walks.
I am the wisp of foul shade
which the foul grave exhales from the
inwoven darkness.
What have I become! why do I
wander beyond death? Only the
wreath on my grave marks my life
once lived.

Doleful knell of dewy twilight
casting chimes into infernal tomb
where echoes of wrought dread
assail the vaulted gloom.

From dreary pits of dreamless sleep
to the uncharted Stygian shores
I wear the skin of the dying
enwreathed with ulcerous sores.

I gaze into the swooning deep
and fathomless waters of dis,
this friendless dolorous solitude
of thronging foul abyss

I see silhouettes of laughter
on fiery mound of hollow repine
where hueless wraiths casts spells
of Orphean sorrow unfeigned

Under hell's burning rafters
and solemn brimstone pyres
passed dark satanic mills
of the infernal funeral Firestone
to wander the hills of Hades
and the grim embrace of day
my spirit formless and cold
to drown in gluttonous decay

I ride the riven wave of evermore
through frowning austere chasms
astride dread phantoms pale
and mute enwinged phantasms

I pray for suicide
to never wake from my bed,
but how can I die
when I am already dead

Kill me twice again
bury me alive in earthen grave
burn my flesh to floating ash
and watch my remains fly away

Kill me thrice
drown me in tomb girdled ground
silence my assiduous wails

so that I no more make make
a sound.

Bring out your dead
Bring out your dead
Bring out your dead
Bring out your dead
Bring out your dead
Bring out your dead