

After we die, invading our bodily cavities
the young of insects feed
on our inactive brains
and numb spinal cords
open sores drain slow
spouting yellow pus - from us
dead human flesh brings nourishment
survival from what is dead and cold
our unburied carcass'
will be reduce to bone
open sores drain slow
spouting yellow pus - they're feeding on our souls
a sickening odor seeps - from us
Inside they multiply
devour us piece by piece
new life from us, dead life not lost
they feed to hatch the spawn
devour us piece by piece
this dead life not lost
new life from us - dead life not lost
new life from us
opens sores drain slow
spouting yellow pus
they're feeding on our souls
a sickening odor seeps - from us
insects - insects, insects,
maggots