

## Walls of the Coffin

### Autopsy

I wipe the maggots from eyes  
As I wake from my deathlike sleep  
Surrounded by these black walls  
Lid closed tightly  
Bleeding from every pore  
In either reality or a shadow of madness  
My flesh as one with the rotted thoughts  
That pollute my skull

Through the haze of disturbing depths  
My veins flow black  
Sour and poisonous  
I feel the flesh separating  
From my desiccated face  
I am living death  
I am of darkest origin  
Screaming as I struggle to awake