

## Breakfast At Manchester Morgue (let Sleeping Corpses Lie...)

Impetigo

The bleak sun rises through the smog stained clouds  
The day begins in a very somber way  
The stench of the dead in the Manchester morgue  
The stench of sterilized decay...  
The hideous signal...  
I open my eyes, livid with sweat  
Obnoxious film... but where have I been?  
Strapped to the table, burning fluids course within my veins  
Mortific eyes cannot dissuade that I see...  
My plight is realized, I am dead but I see...  
I feel the pain of the rush of formaldehyde,  
The brittleness of my bones  
And they said I would never live again  
The buzzing in my brain  
The never ending pain  
The hunger I possess  
Within this rotten mess  
I break the straps and rise to feed  
The necrotic fluid bubbles, human viscera I need  
Corner the frightened doctors, they say this cannot be  
As I devour their pulsing flesh, their blood will comfort me

My cohort rise from their crypts  
The morgue is in terror,  
Blood rolls from our lips  
Some mangled bodies strewn in chaotic disarray  
Breakfast is served at the Manchester morgue  
The beginning of a horrifying day...  
No end in sight  
Our number multiply...