Rotting Procession

And Hell Followed With

My lungs they no longer draw breath.
The stench of aeons past, my very flesh corrupted.
I, the embodiment of decay.
Forever changing, stagnant no longer.
This temple, this organic structure, shadowed beneath swarms of flies.
How eager do their wings seek my carry.
A lord amongst atrophy am I.
The seed of undoing germinates within me, seizing my nervous system in so disgusting a manner.
How sickeningly do I hunger.
Morals corrupted through appetance.
This perversion, this desire, I shall no longer refuse.
How unnerving my silence, but even in silence have you trembled.
How loathsome that which enshrouds me.
Oh, my beauty, the mirth of my desire.
How lecherous that within me grows, I beseech your forgiveness.
Oh, Death, eternal requiem, how your decaying hands shall stay my feet no more.
My head anointed in disgust, it irrigates these veins.
With a hunger so profound, that not even my love for another could prevent me from appeasing.
My mind, my very thoughts, have become this sickness embodied.
I won't stop until the screaming does.

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