

Silken Hands

Angelmaker

A premature death, but I have yet to be buried
My spirit writhes as it awaits to be carried
I want to rest for my soul has become weary
A journey's end and agony shows itself

By silken hands, I now feel my essence slipping away
These jagged teeth made of splintered bones keep clattering
It's such a hellish noise
But one I now enjoy as I lap unblemished flesh that
I've just destroyed

I now embody
Skeletal trees around me
A haunting beauty displayed serendipity
Was something never meant for me

Never meant for me
A simple feeling
Nothing I've ever known
I now fear I've lost myself
Deep into the unknown

Liars, I'm sick and tired
Of not burning you at the pyre
Twisted desires
A mind begging to slip

Fate turns dire
Flames crawl higher
Now watch it burn
Burn, absolved of all sin

With hollowed eyes I'm walking through a haunted shade
The earth above, somewhere I won't step foot again

With fetid breath
Find myself now seething at
A tantalizing mixture
Composed of fear and sweat

Become intoxicated through the stench of rot
Maggots pupate beneath the body's surface
Decay
Relentless consumption begets me
I will join them