

Flesh Turns To Dust

Autopsy

Time has taken your living flesh
Stolen your last gasping struggling breath

Lungs in upheaval, brain in a tomb
Becoming sand in a world of gloom

No teeth in it's skull, yet you're eaten away
Your epitaph clearer while tissues decay

Your flesh, it turns to dust
The dice of bones are carved and cast
There's pain to bring and time to kill
There's cemetery holes to fill

Despite your will, you can't command
The reaper's all ensnaring hand