

# She Is A Funeral

## Autopsy

Bone pale, dead moon  
Enraptured by the sweet scent of the grave  
She walks amongst the carven stones  
Seeing black, I found the morbid way

I heard her call  
Her funeral moans  
I was transfixed  
She took my soul

Dread night, crypt trip  
Following the shadows in my mind  
Lifeless clouded dead eyes gaze  
Dressed in filthy white, I saw her face

Death entwined with beauty  
She drained my bleeding soul  
I saw the casket open  
She is a funeral

Grey mist, death kiss  
In the ground six feet of darkness sighed  
Drifting down, I heard her laugh  
As the maggots squirmed between her thighs