

The Carrion Eaters

Broken Hope

Sustenance comes in many forms,
Descending on fly-born corpses,
Subhumans live on rot,
Sweet corrupted flesh and feces,
Sickening stench arouses hunger,
The raw, cooked or decomposing,
Hungering for putrid piles.
Strip a carcass in minutes,
Carrion eaters fiercely feed...

Cadaverine stench of ptomaine,
Repugnant dinner alarm,
Resist putrefied toxins,
Wolfing down noxious chunks.

Like groups of loathsome vultures and hyenas,
They sniff out death's most mephitic perfumes

Like the countless burying beetles and maggots,
Like a swarm of buzzing calliphorid flesh flies,
Like the vile forms of putrescent bacteria,
They remain invisible – we devour the deceased.

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