

## Internal Decay

Cancer

Lying on a bed, tragically  
Ridden with a plague, inside of me  
My stomach is decaying rapidly  
Slowly I will die, not up to me  
My body's rotting internally  
Doomed to die abnormally  
Tasting blood in my mouth, Blood-  
curdling death without a doubt  
Manifestation, decaying flesh  
Ulcers of pus, break and gush  
Surgeon's knife, inserted clean  
Internal decay, ain't no dream

Cancered organs exposed, spill out  
Surgeon's instruments probe, I shout  
They cut out bile and gore, with no shame  
I'm lying on my back, in terrible pain

Feeling rubber-gloves intruding me  
Cutting rotting flesh, Removing all the rot and bloody guts  
Absorbing all the pus  
The rest of me's ablaze through ablation  
Abysmal torture  
Acrid smells of death and vomit  
Festering carnage

My mind writhes in this necropsy  
The surgeon's blade  
My body's become a mangled mess  
The slaughter's made  
Decapitation of what I once had  
Amputation  
My only hope is to die soon  
Death sets in