

# Endless Cemetery

Cryptopsy

Beneath a shawl of midnight silence  
A howling blackness  
Where all is remade in necromorphosis  
Asleep in human remains

Worn from the stones  
Elegiac words  
Recounting hopes  
And forgotten lives  
For beneath them lies  
The dust of humans  
The dust of dreams  
The dust...

A coach drawn by the blackest steeds  
As befits those who've passed from life  
Will bring you to where swarm the specters  
Of man's best-loved funerals

The laws of flesh are here repealed:  
Vigor mortis is now on the way  
So count the black beads of your sorrow  
While you stammer your frightened prayers

Readjust your vision, see the warp in the shadows...  
There's something wrong with the dark:  
Something that thrives on wretchedness and sorrow  
And makes the darkness crawl

Rain-swelled clouds  
Blot out the sun  
Damned nor'easter  
Chilling the dark

Branches, sticks  
Thistles, thorns  
Feathers, fur  
Mud and bones...  
Dying ground

A lifeless thing of earthen heath  
Seeing soil from beneath  
Knows the need to summon flesh  
To its maw

Cold blue lips frame (a) yard-wide grin  
That calls to flesh, to let it in  
And thus indulge its yearning  
Come the unDawn

Roam the endless cemetery of what once was  
(where) the Allfeeling is never truly gone