

Gathered Flies

Defleshed

Your teeth I hacked, the nose I cracked, I shaved your face too
well
No one can see how you have been, in snow I let you dwell
For five months you've been buried under ice and snow
Completely protected from what can cause you harm
Beauty, your beauty made me steal your face
Melting out the snow to see the sun
Gather, around you creatures are gathered
April the 14th...
They start to gather, sniffing, humming around your body
before they can decide where to eat
Tasting, kissing, caressing your flesh gently
They want a noble children's nursery
The metamorphose of a beauty to a nauseating corpse
An interesting horde of insects marching over your face
Where they finally decide to give birth to their children
You can expect that your belly will arise
And worms of high disgust will eat the rest of you
Beauty, with the eyes your beauty vanished
You give birth to more than you expected
Putrid, the spring sun make you reek tremendous
April 19th...
Weeks goes quickly, flies has left your body
Perhaps searching for a brand new body