

My flesh melts and drips off the bone,
de-fleshing the side of me that I have never shown.
Now you will know what I truly am.
I'm not the man I say I am.
For when I die my body transcends,
with the breath of the wind.
My ashes spread like the plague that I am.
I ignite the world in fire and sulfur,
in the names of all those who suffer.
Forged in the flames of damnation.
My gifts of demise is your salvation.
I welcome you to oblivion. You are not alone.
Beneath the piles of scorched flesh and fragmented bones, new life is seeded.
New life grows.
Fertilized by the carbonized waste,
growing through the skulls. New life is embraced.
Fear not the unknown.
The depths of nothingness in which you are thrown.
You are not alone.
Before it gets better, it always gets worse.
This is the way of the universe.
Everyday is a new day.
Transcending flesh. Transcending my skin like a serpent.
Death reigns from the sky on the culprit.
Burning in the fire you call out my name.
Withering into dust.
Boiling blood.
I am smiling from above.