

Gravekeeper

Entrails

Grief - Tortured soul
On a journey to the dead you embark
Mourn - Bitter loss
By the tombstones in this graveyard so dark

A wet guts hits your skin
A rancid breath, now dread sets in

Turn - Gace upon
His disfigured and bloom covered face
Fear - This hunched over freak
An abnormal and grisly disgrace

Though you may try to run
His next display, you are the one
His newest, freshest weaper
He's the gravekeeper

Among the graves, always lurking around
To the dead devoted, to the graveyard bound
His hands on your neck, your last embrace
Then burried and lost in a homemade case

Gone - Never found
Covered under six feet of dirt
Hush - Silence of death
You can no longer warn or alert

Now you have joined the ranks
Encased in mud and wooden planks
Collection of dead waper
He's the gravekeeper