Clawing

Exhumed

Scratching at the coffin lid, fingers start to bleed
The air is growing thin you have no breath to scream

First comes the worms, then the maggots start to squirm

The clawing becomes frantic, your hope quickly fades
There's no escape, trapped alive in this grave
Desperately you cry out, your mouth fills with dirt
Between you and your freedom, is six feet of earth

The weevils arrive
Your body will become their hive

Clawing at your grave
The casket takes a slave
Denied the air you crave
You will never be saved

Clawing at the box
A prison with no lock
Your resurrection blocked
Your soul remains in hock

Clawing at your tomb
Death is coming soon
In this grave you lie marooned
But you will never be exhumed

Hands peeled and bloody, fingers worked to the bone
You will die within this casket, forgotten and alone

Clawing

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