

Worming

Exhumed

A slithering, voracious host descends
Consuming decay as your thorax ferments
Blindly they hunger, unsated they feast
Countless they number, their repast the deceased

Infesting, digesting

Worming through a maze of flesh
Writhing in their feast of death
Squirming till there's nothing left
Worming

Worming through a maze of flesh
Writhing in their feast of death
Squirming till there's nothing left
Worming

Flesh turns to liquid, discolored and foul
As the necrovores gorge on your now-livid bowels
Squelching they burrow as your corpse goes to seed
At your nostrils they nibble, in your brain they now feed

Your decay, their entree

Worming through a maze of flesh
Writhing in their feast of death
Squirming till there's nothing left
Worming

Worming through a maze of flesh
Writhing in their feast of death
Squirming till there's nothing left
Worming

An abhorrent appetite, for bilious, bloated blight
A sick and loathsome sight, mouthless they feed, toothless they bite
Crawling across your face, your features soon erased
Flesh now a runny paste, witless they waste, tongueless they taste

What remains of your remains is a carnal junk heap
Liquefaction oozes, bubbles and seeps
Still they writhe and devour your steaming entrails
A full belly the reward for their repugnant travails

Voracious, rapacious

Worming through a maze of flesh
Writhing in their feast of death
Squirming till there's nothing left
Worming

Worming through a maze of flesh
Writhing in their feast of death
Squirming till there's nothing left
Worming