

# 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  
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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

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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

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