

The Festering of Sores

Paganizer

no use in feeble escape
nowhere to run exists
no matter how far you crawl, this plague is always there
the flesh transforms to boils
open wounds that will not close
maggots arrive to feed and hatch thier putrid spawn

the festering of sores

reduced to a shivering pile

wretched lump of waste
leaving a trail of filth as you slowly slither

the festering of sores
you're nothing but a pile of rot

nothing is left to do
but to be devoured
the festering of sores eats you whole