

Malignant Amour

Rose Funeral

Within the dark walls of the charnel,
My obsession begins to overflow.
As I exhume the woman in decay,
Impliable form,
A celibate death I take away.

This is adulation,
Inanimated premeditation,
This is my rejection to the living,
Necro satisfaction.
Death will satisfy.

At rest.
Frozen.
Buried body.
Extract her skin.
Inelastic life.
Expand the holes,
Pushing deeper in,
Disarranging her carcass,
My lust will never stop.

Is this the life that I feel pressing against my face my dear?
Is this your presence within me?
Your trace is delicate to feel.

It is the coldness that you feel pressing against your face my dear,
My presence is not in you,
The trace I left is your insides.

Within the dark walls of the charnel,
My obsession begins to overflow.
As I exhume the woman in decay,
Impliable form,
A celibate death I take away.
Infect everything I touch.