

Anne E. Dechant

"1000 Souls"

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Quickly the end of birth
Rotting this is the end
Another lonely corpse is ready now to bend
Into a prison of dirt
Beneath the god awful earth!
Closed gates of death where I do rest
Pray comes undone hopes of cremation
All alone, in the ground
Take what is yours my virgin corpse
Soul once for me set loose and free
What will be done soon I'm no one
Wait why must this be God help me please
All alone, the cemetery's full!
Listen to what's been said, my words to all mankind
Combined evil visions, lurking inside my mind
Worried thoughts I wonder, Imagine you were to die
Exist never again, no hope for afterlife!!
Imagine!!

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