

## **Abramelin**

# **"Depraved Afterlife"**

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No more breath, still in death.  
Plush satin walls surround my home.  
It's cold down here beneath your life,  
No sight, no sound, alone.  
The horrid stench of rotting flesh,  
Lingers in my head.  
Embalming fluid fills my veins,  
Where once my blood ran red.  
Mortified, I wait to go,  
From here to my next world.  
But alas I rot in this stinking hole,  
My cries of pain unheard.  
The maggots writhe beneath my flesh,  
Their eggs hatch in my eyes.  
Sockets now a breeding ground.  
In torment do I lie.  
[Rpt]  
Deprived of afterlife!

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