

Fleshgore

"The Plague"

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She was walking with a spade
And she was digging the graves
And filled them with corpses
And covered with roses

People like little scared lambs -
Locked and frightened
Were dying
It seems they were sleeping
No sound were heard
Just upgrowth of graves
It seems they were hiding
From what?

She was walking with a spade
And she was digging the graves
And filled them with corpses
And covered with roses

Silent grave-diggers were dragging
Stark figures -
Dark art of the Plague!
Sullen grave-diggers were covering
With earth corps by corps
Without coffins without tears

She was walking with a spade
And she was digging the graves
And filled them with corpses
And covered with roses

Months were passing and life grew dumb
Trees were trembling like lambs
There were none to bury the last
They all found calm in the dust
Only wind swept their ashes
Only sun burnt their remains

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