

Broken Hope

"The Dead Half"

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My soul is split, half of it taken,
Perhaps my blasphemy left me this forsaken,
Put in this manner, filled me with dread
Half of me rots because I am half dead

Putrefying reek drives me insane,
Iâ€™m living and deceased, rot seeps into my brain
Horrid reality, oh so grim

Current condition caused by God,
The living side now must be calmed,
I seek a mortician to have the dead half embalmed

I try and walk, the dead half drags

Living eye watched as decaying flesh sags,
Marked by God, tormented living hell,
Begging to die, I canâ€™t endure my smell

Malicious revilement against God,
Now by Christ, Iâ€™m abhorred,
Doomed execration afflicted curse,
Non-believers fate - forgive me lord

An undertaker is my last hope,
Intense mortification, I no longer cope
Pathologists canâ€™t explain why one half died,
End solution kill the living side.

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