Inheritance Polluted "After Life"

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I am lying here being dead

It feels like having sweet dreams

It does not hurt

I am tranquillised

From different sides I see me

Patiently I am awaiting

For what is soon to come

My carcass swallowed by nature

This process has just begun

Flesh gets weak, it is melting

My face is not what is has been

There is no cure, in existence

Await the ending silently

Maggots feed on my rottings

Thousands crawl inside of me

Flesh has turned into liquid

When it is gone I will be set free

I float into the other side

My soul is carried by seas of blood

I am dead this is the afterlife

A place without a so called god

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