

Canaan

"Internal Decay"

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Lying on a bed, tragically
Ridden with a plague, inside of me
My stomach is decaying rapidly
Slowly I will die, not up to me
My body's rotting internally
Doomed to die abnormally
Tasting blood in my mouth,
> Blood-curdling death
without a doubt
Manifestation, decaying flesh
Ulcers of pus, break and gush
Surgeon's knife, inserted clean
Internal decay, aint no dream

Cancered organs exposed, spill out
Surgeon's instruments probe, I shout
They cut out bile and gore, with no shame

I'm lying on my back, in terrible pain

Feeling rubber-gloves intruding me
Cutting rotting flesh,
> Removing all the rot and
bloody guts
Absorbing all the pus
The rest of me's ablaze through ablation
Abysmal torture
Acrid smells of death and vomit
Festering carnage

My mind writhes in this necropsy
The surgeon's blade
My body's become a mangled mess
The slaughter's made
Decapitation of what I once had
Amputation
My only hope is to die soon
Death sets in

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