

## **My Own Grave "Cerecloth"**

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Bastards of life, the harlots eclipsed by death  
Spewed from the depths of her fractured mind

Macabre entombment as the carcass reeks, still warm  
Flesh through lie to epitaph  
Reborn, undead, unborn  
Open the portal to the world below  
Through necrosis inverted  
Broken seals of necronomicon  
The past shall be rescripted

In your final hour  
You don't answer to god, you will answer to death  
In cerecloth, your life entombed  
Flesh shall rot and deeds live on

Gods of sepulchre stone  
Govern over us  
So life may imitate itself  
By whom we enthrone  
By the likes we condemn to never be born again

Life to you is a wait for eternity in heaven  
What you consider yourself to be, it sickens me

Animal or man, equal mortal flesh  
History by whatever hand  
Pillars that life can never reach

In your final hour  
You don't answer to god, you will answer to death  
In cerecloth, your life entombed  
Flesh shall rot and deeds live on

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