

## **Nominon**

# **"Afterlife Desires"**

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I find scratching at the coffin lid  
Smashing through the carpenter's work with great  
strength  
Your near ones, mourners, left long ago  
You're all mine now

How I wish you could rise  
How I wish you'd look into my eyes  
But you stare blindly into the dark  
Yet I pretend you're smiling

I need your cold gray skin against mine  
Penetrating every rotten hole, drooling in your face  
Taste your flesh, wish mine would taste the same  
Panic strikes me, I vomit upon your chest

How I wish you would rise  
How I wish you'd look into my eyes  
But you just lie there  
Yet I pretend you're dead

We cannot meet like this, but still, you're all I have  
I must stab my flesh and prepare for the next life  
Each sharp edge to my life makes my urge stronger

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