

## **Willow Wisp "Aspects Of A Mortuary"**

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A predominant atmosphere of gloom  
Abounds in this clinic of perish  
Where the fetid decay of death blooms  
Heralding the arrival of the garish  
How each cadaver achieved mishap  
Is no mystery to the documented Earth  
For they celebrate your birth into death  
As they envy your death into birth  
Never is the toe-tag a glimmer  
or thought in their mind  
Ever on the verge of disaster  
every moment closer to resign  
Mingling with the deceased  
your stench intertwined with others finality  
Adopted now by mystery in a convenient locality

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