

Willow Wisp

"The Hills Will Be My Burial Shroud"

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Why should the dead profit from the dead
Only to continue a pattern of monetary gain
I had no control over my introduction
Into this sphere of dread
They cannot tamper with my body
Without evidence or a name

They have been plotting for my plot
Those considered the mystery men
Awaiting to possess the priceable rot
No matter how detestable the cadaver therein

I do not want them to own me
In my precious instance of transformation
Nor the ground they plan to seed me in
Just for business accumulation

My tomb will be a dank, desolate cave
In which my bones will be enslaved
Improper procedure, this-my chosen grave
No roses of respect
Nor ashes to be saved

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