

Prohibitory

"Cemetary Trees"

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Cemetary trees
Of macabre silhouettes
Dressing in the night
Guardians of dead
Roots that drink
Remains of canned carrion
Feeding errant entities
Who dwell in the entrails
Of their cortex
Cemetery trees
Of fertile ground
For incantations and spells
Dumb participants
In orgies of the 6th day
Where vultures and crow live
And the winds get sick
With the fetidness
Of worm eaten flesh
Leaves and branches
Howling a mortuary opera
People tell phantom tales
Cemetery trees
Ball of fatuos fire
A crown on the peaks
Immobile guardians
Who command their worms
To live
In the vaults of filth
Tetric trees
Winds with odor of death
Like ghostly dust dragging our souls to the place where
Death was born
REPEAT FIRST VERSE

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