The Dead Half

Broken Hope

My soul is split, half of it taken,
Perhaps my blasphemy left me this forsaken,
Put in this manner, filled me with dread
Half of me rots because I am half deadPutrefying reek drives me insane,
I'm living and deceased, rot seeps into my brain
Horrid reality, oh so grimCurrent condition caused by God,
The living side now must be calmed,
I seek a mortician to have the dead half embalmedI try and walk, the dead half drags
Living eye watched as decaying flesh sags,
Marked by God, tormented living hell,
Begging to die, I can't endure my smellMalicious revilement against God,
Now by Christ, I'm abhorred,
Doomed execration afflicted curse,
Non-believers fate - forgive me lordAn undertaker is my last hope,
Intense mortification, I no longer cope
Pathologists can't explain why one half died,
End solution kill the living side.

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