Maggot Hatchery

Ghoul

Out on the bog sits a mouldy old shack,
A graveyard out front and a swamp in the back,
The creature who lives there personifies death,
She'll curdle your blood with the smell of her breath,
Wrapped up in rags and a tattered old hood,
She walks with a cane made of twisted black wood,
A feared necromancer and caster of curses,
She really enjoys putting people in hearses.
Blessed with a face that can drive men insane,
A body by joke and a sinister brain,
Her feet can peel wallpaper when they're exposed,
Gangrene and fungus infesting her toes,
She spends all her evenings creating disease,
Conjuring larvae and maggots to please,
Enormous pupae she constantly breeds,
On disinterred bodies they suckle and feed
A larval sack she did dismiss
It crawled into a drainage ditch
Once underground it carried on,
No one noticed that it was gone.
Down in the sewer this maggot had fun,
Eating the rats was it's job number one,
It terrorized rodents and left them in tatters,
The flesh of the beasts made it all the more fatter,
Bones it did crunch and then cartilege munched
The slimy invertebrate sloppily lunched,
It's tubular mass through the sewers did squirm,
A limb-ripping, flesh-tearing, many-toothed worm
With palpitating skin in gelatinous mounds,
It made it's way through Creepsylvania's grounds
Seeking the filth by which it was sustained,
The Swamp Hag had this maggot very well trained
Finding a coffin that was plentifully plugged,
The corpse was devoured by the glistening slug,
Rot and decay it ingested with zeal,
As long as it knew that it had a next meal
Feasting on the bloated dead
Stiffs enveloped foot to head
Vomiting acid into the crypts

To gorge on all the parts that dripped
Tomb after tomb it slowly creeped
As we watched our food sources deplete
It tunneled into our practice space
And listened as we moshed the place
Into the sewer it escaped
It's casing held a human shape
A squalling lump all set to burst
This town has not yet seen the worst

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