Corpus Apocalypse

Crisis

I'm on the move again through fire and ash. I'll burn myself down, then be born again. I remember the coldness of being alive. I want you to feel my burning death. it's COLD raw head and bloody bones COLD when the chaos comes COLD being lost in this skin. Feels like i'm coming home to death. Feels like i'm in a fleshy coffin. Feels like i'm coming home to death. Stuck in this skin I am trapped in a prison... this is the pulse of a body rejecting itself. Revolutionized, Overthrown from the inside out. There's a burning heat traveling thru me. Shivers up my spine like a fevered serpentine. I'm high... I'm high... Feels like i'm coming home to death. Feels like i'm in a fleshy coffin. Feels like i'm coming home to death. Stuck in this skin I am trapped in a prison. Force to shed my skin, i'll peel away till there's blood and vein and ruptured skin. So low beneath the sky, Buried within myself, Underneath A silent disease that kills the life in me. Alive, it buries me. Again and again, I pick up my pieces into one. I wash my wounds clean with my own blood. Feels like i'm coming home to death. Feels like i'm in a fleshy coffin. Feels like i'm coming home to death. Stuck in this skin, I'm becoming.

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