

Memories Of Blood

Cryptopsy

I awake remembering
nothing the next day,
my nostrils assailed
by the stench of decay
Dreams of dismemberment,
fantasies of torture
Mopping up affords me a
reminiscence of death;
Goopy bits and pieces
are all that is left
Stench of rot: uplifting smell
Someone's dead or at least unwell;
What little is left smells impure;
Who did this? I'm not sure
No conscience interferes with
my memories of blood;
PSI energy remains
where a human once stood;
I equate its suffering with
the longevity of a ghost
Who lasts the longest
is who suffered the most

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