

Into the Necrosphere

Broken Hope

I work the graveyard shift, cadavers lay silently in wait
My utensils are ready to perform degrading autopsies
 Through the sinews of dead flesh
 And within the dried marrow of old bones
 I have discovered the secrets of the dead
 Mercilessly I pit out what the dead cannot hide
I become enlightened with a knowledge that makes me strong
 A power I now possess launches me into the afterworld
 Traveling paths in the innermost niches of putrefaction
 I will become a god of suppuration in this dead domain
 But to enter the putrid portal I must frantically carve
 Tedium I labor over crude necropsies, bizarre necrotomy
 My entire being soon liquefies as I cross over
 I take on the form of foul cadaverine
 Now through the perished, hardened veins I flow
 Immersed into the deceased where no life resides
Except for wriggling fat white maggots filled with smegma and decay
 Apparitions haunt the viscera, my presence they avoid
 In terror they try so hard to hide
 Disappearing into the offal of the butchered
 When the dead go the way of all that is flesh
 And the burdensome mortal coil is shaken off
 Moving as I wish between the living and the dead
 Carcasses are tenements for all spectral souls
 An actual cosmos existing within a corpse
 The morticians could not fathom what I see
 Like a scalpel I cut my way through the necrosphere
 Plunging into the deepest recesses of the carrion
 They are unable to flee from my disembodied grasp
 The dead scream as I infernally enslave them
 Truly I am gifted, empowered with necromancy
 Originating in dead matter makes me necrogenic
The interior decomposed membranes of the stiff from a necrosphere
 Which has always remained unseen by mortal eyes
 Until I found the concealed secrets of the rot realm
 Now I am divine, the dead now worship me
 As if I am a god

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