

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
Tediously 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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