Autophagia

Dead Infection

I was left alone in a world with no God to take care. Where no cilivization is known. Where to survive is the only aim. Twelve weeks with no food or water. Yet I found a way out. With an enormous eagerness I watch my limbs being consumed. I see pieces of meat flowing down the ankles. I lose my balance. My legs are out of control. I masticate my fingers and spit nails out. My bowels tangle up in my mouth. Insuline streams down my chin. This is the end. My mind gets no pain impulses any more.

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