

Walls of the Coffin

Autopsy

I wipe the maggots from eyes
As I wake from my deathlike sleep
Surrounded by these black walls
Lid closed tightly Bleeding from every pore
In either reality or a shadow of madness
My flesh as one with the rotted thoughts
That pollute my skull Through the haze of disturbing depths
My veins flow black
Sour and poisonous
I feel the flesh separating From my desiccated face
I am living death
I am of darkest origin
Screaming as I struggle to awake

Songwriters

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