

Premature Burial

The Desecrators

Scratching at the box, hand stretches from the earth.
Deceased before I am dead, denounced since birth.
Alone in this dark void, left to deal with my fear.
No way to escape the embrace of the dead. Body numb does not respond, my mind sees all.
Coroner tags me for burial, ignoring life's call. My body left to rot yet the blood still flows.
Lowered down into my plot, the soil is now my home.
Release of my soul is impossible to me.
When I still possess it how can it be free? Not dead yet, why am I ignored?
Mourning for the dead.
Not dead yet, while I still live.
Premature burial, premature burial. Pronounced dead, I still see I lie motionless.
A mind that's still alert while function cease.
Awake, I still am forever trapped.
The light of day it now will never be seen. The crawling of the insects, is all that I now feel.
Alive upon my flesh, my death is not real. Not dead yet, premature burial,
Mourning for the dead, premature burial,
Expiration met, premature burial,
I still live, premature burial,
Kill me, premature burial.

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