# Food for the Worms

## Exodus

There is no afterlife
We all just decompose
No Heaven's pearly gates
Just tags upon our toes
A slow putrescence
From the time the life is shorn
Feast for the maggots
Reborn
Wet and adipocerous
Our flesh turns in to wax
Enter hypostasis
Pale skin discolored black
Regeneration
When life has adjourned
Insect infestation
Our favors are returnedWhen from this world we are unbound
We're food for the worms
When they plant me in the ground I'm
Food for the wormsThe reaper beats at the gate of every man
Lies fill the Bible, Tanakh and Quran
It matters not which dogma you believe
Our bodies are left to rot like fallen leaves
The circle of life it marches on
We fertilize the ground we walk upon
Feast for the vultures' all that's left
While hope spring eternal for the bereftThe throes of rigor mortis
Forensic certainty
Heaven, Olam Ha-Ba
Fairy tales of lunacy
We're vessels for the larvae
Not vessels for the soul
Transform to liquefaction
Make all nature whole
Food for the worms

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