

Lichmistress

Cryptopsy

Our lady of seven sorrows,
Mother of mourning, precious lich...A white horse found your grave,
Then it was beheaded.
The funeral goat's semen
Annoints your resting place.Far below, the state you're in replenishes
My well of loss
As things from beyond watch as you rot
Beneath me.
Wretchedly, I pine as I begin at once to claw
The earth
To free you from the worms, to free you
From damnation.The stake in your bosom pains me too...Wistfully, I gaze into those empty holes
Which once were eyes
That beheld so much blood, that beheld so
Much evil...
Cyanotic lips caress the cold grey face of
One interred
Whose flesh is much too frail, whose flesh
Begins to quiver.Mistress of my flesh,
Your servant longs for your kiss,
To hold you once again,
All pretty with blood...Now shall all of heaven weep.

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