Dead Alive

Impaled

Shrouded by this mortal veil, something has gone wrong
Engaging conscious thought, though we are dead gone
A new beginning to the physiological
But as we decompose, the pain is unbearableCellular dissolution, structures in decay
Our systems in disarray
Glistening lividity on exfodiating skin
Living decompositionFrom beyond the pale, we survive
The pain of being dead aliveEyeballs exssicate
As moisture dissipates
The epidermis shrinks
As a countenance sinks
No marrow left to slake
Dried bones as they break
Muscles liquify
As the skelature is nullified(solo: "The Living Dead" by S.C. McGrath)The abdomen distends
With noxious gasses that offend(solo: "Life After Death" by J. Kocol)Organs dessicate
A foul odor we execrate(solo: "Return of the Living Dead" by S.C. McGrath)Four disparate minds converge on one theorem
Merits were to be had for our death-defying serum
Decomposing and gutted, our existence it prolonged
Though we have died, still we live onPost-mortem torturing, immortal suffering
Pain receptors functioning
Prone amongst detritus without ambulation
No tomb, no rest, no supplicationWe suffer while our nervous systems thrive
The pain of being dead aliveWe never wanted to revive
The pain of being dead alive

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