

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 unbearable Cellular dissolution, structures in decay
Our systems in disarray
Glistening lividity on exfoliating skin
Living decomposition From beyond the pale, we survive
The pain of being dead alive Eyeballs exsiccate
As moisture dissipates
The epidermis shrinks
As a countenance sinks
No marrow left to slake
Dried bones as they break
Muscles liquify
As the skeleton 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 desiccate
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 is prolonged
Though we have died, still we live on Post-mortem torturing, immortal suffering
Pain receptors functioning
Prone amongst detritus without ambulation
No tomb, no rest, no supplication We suffer while our nervous systems thrive
The pain of being dead alive We never wanted to revive
The pain of being dead alive

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