

Aborted, Underneath Rorulent Soil

Bereft of nitrates and fustulent nutrition
Lacking nutrients, a terrible cohibition
Anhydrous and stale and profoundly lacking
The abortive corpus you refuse to stop dragging
"Let thirst the soil!" as you cling to your life
Necrovores thrash for a meal they contrive
Unadjourned organs are worth more rent asunder
A value at last, at bolus six feet under
Die!
In extremis, a death rattle sounds off like a fife
As autolysis commences, there's birth to new life
Larvae dispatch and edaciously masticate
Unto the ground, your body, they repatriate
Underneath rorulent soil
An unquenched mealy maw is prepared to toil
Underneath rorulent soil
Bacteria await to feast on boils
The abdomen distends while a microbe gambols
The wales, weals and welts leave your face a shambles
Tumescence fit to burst
A flatulent rip exhaled
Liquefying remains inaugurate irrigation
Sinuous gralloch and dirt foment a concatenation
Steaming piles of intestine melt into the ground
No longer parched, as nutritional gore abounds
From ashes to masses and dust to pus
Finally in death, your bag of flesh is precious
No trials of weeping, no tears and divested
Just your flabbeus corpus the earth has digested
Underneath rorulent soil
The ground quivers ingesting its spoils
Underneath rorulent soil
Nutrients drip in mortal coils
The abdomen distends while a microbe gambols
The wales, weals and welts leave your face a shambles
Tumescence fit to burst
A flatulent rip exhaled