

Street Carrion

Irbisgreif

In you, the meat
Burns from heat,
And there's a welt
Where you melt.
It's a feat. 5

From head, to feet
It's such a treat
That's now dealt
In you, the meat.

So you're beat, 10
Take a seat.
It can be felt
In you, the meat.

It rots like peat
Or soggy wheat, 15
It can be smellt
In you, the meat.

On the concrete,
There in the street,
Where you once knelt, 20
Where maggots dwelt,
Under a sheet,
In you, the meat.