

Hell's Handpuppets

Broken Hope

Newly dead not to be interred or cremated,
Fresh corpses have a post-mortem purpose,
Laid out upon slabs in a lunatic's workshop,
All to provide some macabre entertainment.

The marionettist animates the dead,
Manipulating deceased dancing dolls,
Perverse puppeteer with skeletal skills,
A true master of hell's handpuppets.

The stage awaits and so does its gory glory,
But so much must be done before showtime.

Disemboweling and dislocating limbs,
Preserving the flesh to ward off rot,
Punching holes into hands and feet,
Soon these horrifying puppets move,
Strings connect important members,
Pulling the inanimate into animation,
A mad marionette controls the dead,
Gruesome games and human taxidermy.

The bloodless cadaver dances beneath dim lights
Hallowed screams cleave this chiller theater.

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