

# A Song for the Dead

Exhumed

The ashen grey muse commissions a new verse  
A song to while away the long sojourn in the hearse  
Yet all of us who danse macabre to these dour, dismal tunes  
Become cold, grim and hard as the dirt upon the tomb  
In darkened dirges death's knell peals out it's toll  
As another cadaver is consigned six feet down to its hole  
But ere the last shovel of dirt falls on the wall of the box  
We gravely offer a salute to those about to rot  
So lift up your severed heads, in a song for the dead  
Life's course ever runs red, so let no lyric remain unsaid  
As from our mouths the melody is bled, in a symphony scripted in red  
Like rats by the piper we're led, to join in this song for the dead

The humor of the gallons never fails to ring true  
In this dead, bleak, sick world that we're hung, drawn and quartered though  
As each internecine instrument plays its own bloody part  
The hammering of coffin nails outpaces the beating of our hearts  
Symphonic surgery orchestrated, a cleaver conducts  
The execrable epiphany comes too late, just to reduce us to chunks  
Rising up from the sod heaves a gross, putrid breath  
As the chorus is joined in this song for the dead  
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Truncated toccatas deranged, raked across barbed strings and hacked  
Eviscerated etudes for the de-brained, plucked upon heartstring stretched  
On the rack  
Medicinal movements decomposed  
Regurgitating oratorios obscene  
Forensic fugues and de-boned  
Mutilating the melody's method and means  
The crepitated coda dies in mid-refrain  
As the sheet-music is obscured by a sanguine scarlet stain  
Shattered stave lodged in your split-open splattered brain  
The ruptured meter falters as the bow is fretted once again  
Acrid arias are screeched  
The bloated thorax is breached  
Abrading viscera with bleach  
Grotesquely gavage the deceased

Cleaving the clef  
Broken notes bleed into a mess  
Falling on ears so deaf  
So it ever is in death  
Carbonized cantatas corrupt, ringing out, sewing seeds of dischord and  
Dismay  
Suppurated sonatas erupt, Purulent pizzicatos slicing every which way  
The truncated cadence is sundered, Bloody scraps of sheet music  
Unintelligibly scrawled  
Threnodies resonate six feet under, To where all life's fractured melodies  
Will finally resolve  
The symphonic slaughter's swells without restraint  
As the cacophonous cadenza splits your eardrums clean in twain  
The repugnant orchestra pit an abattoir of death and pain  
The hatchet falls in sharp staccato until everyone is slain