

We have stared over the precipice of mortality
And death's gaping maw could not be sated
Our deviant feats could not attain immortality
In shame, we vow our flesh to be uncreated

Putrescence and filth, within our lab and within ourselves
The mocking corpses bloat and distend
This reeking rubbish will dispel
When our lives, by our own hands, we'll dutifully end

In vaporous rooms, veins swell to burst
Anesthesia is applied
Scalpels lick our forearms and wrists
Doctor assisted suicide

Caught in the act, we are red-handed
From the antibrachium, flesh is disbanded
Anti-coagulants of our invention
Will ensure no blood flow retention

Goblets are filled with the reagent
Our work's micturation
A toast is raised to time spent
On failed experimentation

Noxious salves enkindling throats
Congealing on tongues in coats
With instruments we have fathered
We'll proceed to disembowel each other

Fraternal dissection

Detritus of a cold cook medical waste
Keech of those that were burked medical waste
Sweetmeats hung from rusted hooks medical waste
Maladroit surgical jerks we're medical wastes

Lacerated midsections medical waste
Sucking wounds filling lungs medical waste
Our avulsed intestines medical waste
Terrorist physicians we're medical wastes

Our characters are mortally wounded
Teetotaciously rent corporeal shells
And now our blood and grue is self-exuded
For from Icarian heights we fell