

# Wrought In Hell

## Impaled

An Eldridge study to beguile our throng  
The irons that now bind us will be proven none to strong  
Our asomatic nostrum, we'll work hammer and tongs

My medical bag brims with surgical steel  
If they're the tools for the job, my work will reveal

This apparati insufficient, I'll concede  
For death to be undone, custom tools we'll need

Smelted steel prepared to be forged  
Instruments unimagined before - wrought in hell  
Bio-morphic blades cleave whet stones  
Slicing effortlessly through bones  
Spreaders and clamps and brackets to fasten  
For this craft we've found a passion - wrought in hell  
To antique equipment we'll not be resigned  
Utilizing pieces of our own design

Bunsen burners conflagrate erlenmeyer flasks  
Burets are topped with bactericides distilled in casks

Formaldehyde, ether, lividinous tinctures

Medicinal vegetation we've culled  
A pestle grinds these pharmaceuticals - wrought in hell  
Toxic particulates mixed with saline  
The reagent turns a bright shade of green  
Through a re breather, the stench is dulled  
As bellows are topped with chemicals - wrought in hell  
With tubing and pipe set into place  
This specter of death we'll attempt to erase

Tangled leads are wound around kaleidoscopic brains  
Wherein probes are intromitted in constipated veins  
Transformer required to break mortal constrains

Turbines spin generating kinetic flow  
Conductive neck bolts will direct the current to go

AC/DC, electrical, jump-start the physiological

My medical bag brims with that we have decreed  
The tools of reanimation, now our work can proceed

New innovations to revivify all things rotten  
Hearts will be made to pulse again with tools wrought in Hell