

# Keeping the Cadaver Dogs Busy

Cryptopsy

We who end lives with a wink and a smile  
And a song in our hearts and a twinkling eye  
Do so with a noble purpose in mind:  
To thin out the rabble of humankind

We are never where you think  
We'll be  
The shadow underneath your sink  
Our teeth into  
Your fragile flesh  
Is ours to do with as we  
Please! Oh, help me!

Here come the cadaver dogs:  
They'll find where the dead girl lies:  
Unlike us, they'll be soft with her  
Like she were made of eyes

Street musician found strangled  
In the trunk of a car  
Gutted vagrant found hanging  
From a tree in a park  
Naked infant found frozen  
On some steps leading down  
Headless foetus found rotting  
On the roof of a house

Recycle the body pits  
And human cluster dumps  
Filled with the burnt, the stabbed  
And the lucky machinegunned

There are no victims  
Just landfill statistics  
Where overpopulation threatens us all:  
Disordered thinking:  
Is that what they call it?  
So, our culling (of) the herd has left you appalled?

(Or,) see it as a self-defense  
If no other way:  
Encroaching humans number our days:  
Probe the young for signs  
To no effect:  
Serial killing's not a birth defect

Here come the cadaver dogs:  
They'll find where the dead man lies:  
Unlike us, they'll be soft with him  
Like he were thinning ice