

## Drained of Color

### Exhumed

Siphon the fluid from your rotting husk  
From blackened veins into the tubes, entrust  
Through the trocar, the gurgling juices flush  
A noxious concoct of post-mortal sludge

Drain out the rancid ichor  
My stomach turning sicker  
Exsanguinated shell  
Emits a fetid smell

Bled dry of vim and vigor, drained of color  
Coursing like a viscous river, ghastly pallor  
Tapping veins with morbid rigor, drained of color  
Fluids vacate your hollowed figure, drained of color

Boil, toil, and trouble borne on the putrid air  
The sloshing solution, now too much to bear

Chyme and offal expurgated  
So deftly desiccated  
A gross and ghastly sight  
From blue, to gray, to white

Bled dry of vim and vigor, drained of color  
Coursing like a viscous river, ghastly pallor  
Tapping veins with morbid rigor, drained of color  
Fluids vacate your hollowed figure, deathly dolor, drained of color

Clotted serum coagulates  
Your wasted body deteriorates  
The wretched fetor nauseates  
Onto the slab, I regurgitate

Chyme, grume, and vomit stain the cold, tile floor  
A wretched impression left of stinking fore

What's left but the spume and spatter  
And bits of putrid matter  
The stains of your remains  
Are now flushed down the drain

Bled dry of vim and vigor, drained of color  
Coursing like a viscous river, ghastly pallor  
Tapping veins with morbid rigor, drained of color  
Fluids vacate your hollowed figure, deathly dolor, drained of color