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

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