

Postmortem Procedures

Exhumed

In the dissection of flesh and the sawing of bone
I've coaxed confessions from the lips of the dead
Postmortem scrutiny that has clinically shone
The horrifying facts that would have never been said...
Unbosoming their secrets in the sickening results of their demise
Stomaching these wretched human riddles
I carve, hack and slice
Illuminating the dusty skeletons that lurk in closets, bones and entrails
Enduring the ghastly visage of violent death in my forensic travails...
Whether in pieces or completely decomposed
I assess with clinical indifference
The remnants of a life which grisly circumstance has brought to this office
Ensuring that truth shall endure after the flesh has crumbled and rotted away
Elucidating atrocities and carnage, the thankless job I perform day after day...
Persistent incisions that cut to the quick are my stock in trade
To scrutinize what remains of a life, painstaking effort will have to be made
At times both evidence and flesh are profoundly encrypted and shrouded
It can be murder to pry answers from the mouths of the dead...
A gutted torso can pose a bevy of answerless questions to deliberate
Probing with a scalpel
I expose the morbid cavity that I now must eviscerate
Unlocking death's mysteries with my forceps, tweezers and saw
Wringing revelations from a fibula, fossa or jaw...
Recording confessions that are uttered without making a sound
From informants long dead that I've culled from the ground
Beneath the pallid veil of cold flesh or enshrouded in the shredded remains of a face, Exhuming the truth is my occupation, no matter how decrepit it's resting place...
Within the bowels of a horribly mutilated corpse or a splattered brain
Picking apart flesh and deceit only the cold facts remain
Dead men will tell tales if you know how to listen and learn
Even when they've been stabbed, beaten, shot, hacked up and buried...
This morbid quest for knowledge is not without its rewards
Much can be extrapolated from a decrepit infant's gourd
My bureau's a slab, my text is a corpse, and I've studied with sincere, ardent fervor

And found that often man's inhumanity to man is all too well deserved...