

Unspeakable

Exhumed

Cold stiffbs may fetch five sovereigns
Warmer bodies a few schilling more
Trade in death to make a living
Ghastly currency of gore
Your cadaveric chores, so

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The freshest of corpses through most heinous courses

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The warmer the corpse
The more rich the reward
In this foul trade of flesh, bone and gore

Fresher specimens are ever needed
The scalpel thirsts for still-warm death
Law and decorum should go unheeded
When prices soar for a pound of flesh
So I may slice up what's left

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Just think what we'll gain
When we harvest the slain

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And the throats we would slit
Would never be missed

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And so business is furthered
By cold-blooded murder?

Unspeakable!

The demand has increased
For the freshly deceased
And so now the living you'll reap

The cemeteries crawl with sentries
The sexton demands his bribe
Graveyard gates ensure their entries
Remain inhumed inside
Yet another source of bodies
Surrounds us every day
Is not every soul but a corpse to be?
And should we not just speed them on their way?

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Compunction be dashed
Though this course may seem rash

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There's so much more profit
When we fill the coffins

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The tramps and the urchins
We'll make fodder for surgeons

Unspeakable!

They live lives without worth
Death cannot be much worse
Wretched ways to make your purse burst

Unspeakable!