

Trocar

Impaled

[music - Leon del Muerte]

[lyrics - Sean McGrath]

Impacted tissue is riddled with clots
Morbidly studying your gross anatomy
Perinium is sullied with moldering pus
A mass of gelatinized forensick liquidity
Locating my trocar, the tool of my trade
Emaciated fingers nimbly find what I need
Desiring the gavage, I hastily optate
Into your chest intercalated as your innards I bleed
Muscle tissue rips, my needle drips
Proceeding with my work, I'm an insensitive jerk
Acid from your stomach is disgorged with a splat
Liquid offal gargles in your throat
Embalming tubes occluded with clumps of rotting fat
Decaying larval brine is force fed until you choke
Impaled on a spike, internal organs are sucked
Mellifluent gore by the buckets is drained
Pernicious bilge is pumped from your gut
Acidic bacteria now mangle your brain
Lactating pus
Eructating guts
Decorticated stiff
I take another sniff
Macerated veins are with a trocar dislodged
Playing host to my probe, your pelvis now sprays
Abdominal saliva is splattered from your anus
Lathering my needle, your ignominious remains
Easing the point into delicate flesh
Declension with steel is sublimely enmeshed
Irrigated fluids cake the porcelain slab
Methodically in-vaginated with bromidic scabs
Pus, from your veins, is tapped
A bloody awful mess, your corpse is bloodless
Lancinated gore is sapped
Exenterated sot, your withered cadaver will rot
Decaying on the slab
I take another stab
[solo: "The Mortician's Sword" by L.d. Muerte]
[solo: "Lachrimose Germentation" by S.C. McGrath]
Muscles are imbued with a gelatinous mix
Prepatent secretions from your bowel make me sick
A redolent mephitic matures in the guts
Laughing at your humor as it seeps from the cuts
Ensmultified with larvae, your carcass is replete
Drawn and quartered in a morgue as innards I delete
Ichor is liquesced and from veins gladly pumped
My nocturnal vocation has my colleagues quite stumped
Packed in a coffin full of salt
An acrid scent seeps from the box
Lye is applied as the earth is fed
Ensconced in a tomb, for you are quite
Dead