

You Are The Dead

Impaled

Ticking off the subjects in a queue of the damned
Fungible commodities to hoodwink and scam
Devouring our meds as your body wastes away
The side effects are cancer, rotten gums, and decay
You can't control the nausea or diarrheic shit
We have a pill for that but it will cost you quite a bit
The tumours are spreading and they won't go away
Poisons are injected to keep them at bay
To counter the poison, we have here a pill
We can't make you better if we don't make you ill
As tens of thousands die, our profits are sky high
We'll drain your coffers dry; you are the dead
A sordid little tryst, we're in up to the wrist
It's useless to resist; you are the dead
Choking down the meds through a bolus of snot
If this is really living, I'd think you'd rather not
Picking at your lesions can be such a crushing bore
But our new antidepressant keeps you crying out for more
You'll need them when you find out how they've riddled your brain
The boys down in the lab are making something for the pain
You can't get to sleep until you've been sedated
The pain in your liver cannot be abated
Your kidneys malfunction and your nerves are a wreck
Just keep taking our pills and keep signing the checks
Metastisizing, the cancer devours
The Reaper grimly hovers
Admitted to a hospice to rot on a mattress
You'd better hope you're covered
Contagion; infection; solution: extinction

Necrotizing flesh makes a mess of the bed
The nurses don't care because you are the dead
Not long for this earth, you have to come to grips
They've taken out the feeding tube and intravenous drip
The light is slowly fading, the voices are unclear
This has not been your year
As tens of thousands die, your deductible's sky high
We'll drain your coffers dry; you are the dead