## The Empiric

## **Memory Garden**

Come forth my friend, don't be afraid
I'm your last hope and you need my aid
Written in blood, my obligation
I'll take your pain, a full extrication
As options are scarce, my service appeals
Sceptics believe, believers are healed
Science become through trial and error
Light up the path for my honorable endeavor

You linger in a state of delirium Intense anticipation

My voice shall bring you comfort As the beak will point the way I'm an improvising charlatan Who's selling lies in a fearsome disguise

Let us proceed, this demon's invasive A floral compound, to cleanse and erase him If all else should fail, a bloodletting should do Might take some time, but I promise to heal you

I'm feeding from your fear and despair
So secretly, I have my own agenda clear

Death has taken measurements
Your final suit is being made
Soon you won't feel anything
Or a lifetime of suffering
Skin so frail, like porcelain
I slice you up, my mannequin
A thin coating of mercury
Might draw evil rom out of thee

Infectious and foul, like a maggot you crawl, Hold on to life, the most precious of all But what is it worth?

Nobody could tell me

Needed to find out the secrets our bodies keep I have my own agent clear...

My voice shall bring you comfort
As the beak will point the way
I'm an improvising charlatan
Who's selling lies in a fearsome disguise
For the dead and dying
A harbinger of doom
I'm an instrument with sharpened edge
The reliever, deceiver, make-believer