

The Lonely Deceased

The Black Dahlia Murder

What the old man don't know
What his eyes yet have seen
My sordid transpirings well into each eve
While I'm paid so handsomely
I would work here for free
I stitch tight each orifice
Once blessed with my seed
The lonely deceased

Cryptic, sewn-mouthed their secrets
Shameful their silence
Dragged down to the grave

What happens on the slab
Dies in this morgue with me
In these four walls my grisly playground
Where none rest in peace

No words have been spoken
No reprimand said
Concealing so carefully
My lust for the dead
Their insides are glistening
Curiosities fed
Forensically frolicking
While god is in bed

Have I gone mad?
Gruesome kingdom so lurid
Hidden so convincingly
They'd have my head
Morbid morgue of malpractice
I envy each death
Are they finally free?

This flesh of ours
An earthly cage, key six feet down in a grave

What harm's been done?
The breathless have not any inhibition

Haunted in dreams of their dead faces come to life
Death is my business, work diligently
A forte I've taken all too seriously
I'm swift with the trocar, I scalpel with glee
Besides, I like f*cking them, a small perk for me

The morgue is my sick whorehouse
Their bodies, favourite toys
Anointing them with ejaculate
All the good little girls and boys

They'd call me mad, sickly, lifeless devotion
Their blood and their innocence drained
What's left unsaid
Guilted damnening sentence
If there is a god down in hell's where I'll be

This flesh of ours
An earthly cage, key six feet down in a grave
What crime's been done?
The speechless won't contest this violation

Cold dolls of skin
Mounting the slab, thrusting myself deep within
Though frowned upon
The company policy: termination