Gorenography

Impaled

[music - Sean McGrath and Leon del Muerte]
[lyrics - Sean McGrath and Ross Sewage]Latent images in solutions submerged
A gallery of gore for posterity preserved
Your visage shall endure long after you've been laid to rest
Immortalized in celluloid as record of your deathA recremental work of art
Artuated straight from the heart
Your destiny is black and white
A grisly study in still life
A kalopsic collage is your patchwork grave
The cutting room floor is where you spend your last days
Anonymous atrocities, my subjects are the dead
An amateur gorenographer cutting off headsGlistening gralloch, a zoetrope of rot
Exenterated torsos coacervate and clot
Veristic works of art are developed and displayed
Decomposed and posed as I prepare another plateOn my nefandous noctuary I diligently toil
For a carcass exfodiated from hallowed soil
An axunge prepared to grease the gears
Lacking my wit, kin may shed tears
Cohesive structure is what you lack
A poultice of plaster will fill in the cracks
Sculptures in flesh are my medium du jour
Your puniceous effigy I faithfully restoreAbdomen is spliced and the lighting is set
I'll develop your roll as my ensanguined subject
Holes drilled in your skull form a camera obscura
This document of death will be rather thorough
My scrapbook of horror is your final epitaph
Pictures from the after world, a corpse photographed
Your countenance embossed in silver gelatin
A gruesome reminder of your untimely endA test sheet is used for the final cut
Through trial and error I make my decision
The template enlarged to a grainy print
This excoriated exhibit, my final revision[solo: "Welcome to the Bone Room" by L.d. Muerte]
[solo: "Matted and Framed for Decay" by S.C. McGrath]Artistic license I must take
Depleted bones I'm apt to break I strike the set, this shoot is a wrap
Your casket occluded with residual scraps
The harvest I find in a moldering crate
A cadaverous curio with which I create

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