Wrought in Hell

Impaled

An eldritch study to beguile our throng
The irons that now bind us will be proven none to strong
Our asomatic nostrum, we'll work hammer and tongsMy medical bag brims with surgical steel
If they're the tools for the job, my work will reveal
This apparati insufficient, I'll concede
For death to be undone, custom tools we'll needSmelted steel prepared to be forged
Instruments unimagined before, wrought in hell
Bio-morphic blades cleave whet stones
Slicing effortlessly through bonesSpreaders and clamps and brackets to fasten
For this craft, we've found a passion, wrought in hell
To antique equipment we'll not be resigned
Utilizing pieces of our own designBunsen burners conflagrate erlenmeyer flasks
Burets are topped with bactericides, distilled in casks
Formaldehyde, ether, lividinous tincturesMedicinal vegetation we've culled
A pestle grinds these pharmaceuticals, wrought in hell
Toxic particulates mixed with saline
The reagent turns a bright shade of greenThrough a re-breather, the stench is dulled
As bellows are topped with chemicals, wrought in hell
With tubing and pipe set into place
This spectre of death, we'll attempt to eraseTangled leads are wound around kaleidoscopic brains
Wherein probes are intromitted in constipated veins
Transformer required to break mortal constrainsTurbines spin generating kinetic flow
Conductive kneck bolts will direct the current to go
AC/DC, electrical, jump-start the physiologicalMy medical bag brims with that we have decreed
The tools of reanimation, now our work can proceed
New innovations to revivify all things rotten
Hearts will be made to pulse again with tools wrought in hell

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