

Forensic Clinicism - The Sanguine Article

Carcass

Salutiferous exaltation, through fusty spatterings I sift,
Cauterizing proud flesh, pyogenic cortex I just yearn to rip,
With impalpable, cathartic tools, dilapidated lusts I gratify,
Cold premediated surgery, in my calculated surgery I hold your fragile life...Pultacious...
Pugnacious...
Pernicious...
Acro-idiopathic...Artificially concussed, excavating to your gastric core,
Patulous, deep wounds, cascading and crimson as I explore,
Master at my bloody art, I like to carve sculpture and maim,
Mounted on the freezer's geurney, you're exhibited until you enter into decay...Pultacious...
Pugnacious...
Delicious...
Gastric-idiopathology...Welcome to my theatre, the stage upon which I act,
Turning into a sumptuous perfomance, heiniously I hew and gash,
Churning out a deep gulch, the incision a major nick,
A quick toke of nitrous oxide is how I get my kicks...Expurgating healthy tissue, opulent flesh I slit,
Costate cuts expunged as the patient I now fillet,
Malpractising and mussing, carnage hyperventilates,
Self placebonic, the only is operate...The recumbent are my prey - under my genital blade,
Your precordium I brutally plunder - whilst you're put underExanguinating - you're totally parched,
Exenterating - removing body parts,
Wholly abraded - Surgically maimed,
Decortication - Medically slainContaminating, infacting, how I love to cough and sneeze,
On the carneous culture, to cause bacteria to breed,
Anaesthetised, paralysed, a clinical stupor is induced,
With callous dexterity your bodily mass is reduced...I extract the gullet - to end up in my bucket,
A quick flick of my wrist - and I'll be struck off the listExanguinating - straigh from the heart,
Exenterating - with my lancet so sharp,
Anatomically - my surgery maims,
Decortication - by the clinically derangedGross misconduct, I make the choicest cuts,
Text book stabs, written on your tag...Wheeled away after a medical mishap,
In a polythene bag your body is now wrapped...
The acute wound now sealed up,
The picture of ill-health, you're a bit cut up...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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