

Medical Waste

Impaled

We have stared over the precipice of mortality
And death's gaping maw could not be sated
Our deviant feats could not attain immortality
In shame, we vow our flesh to be uncreated
Putrescence and filth, within our lab and within ourselves
The mocking corpses bloat and distend
This reeking rubbish will dispell
When our lives, by our own hands, we'll dutifully end
In vaporous rooms, veins swell to burst
AnÃsthesia is applied
Scalpels lick our forearms and wrists
Doctor assisted suicide
Caught in the act, we are red-handed
From the antibrachium, flesh is disbanded
Anti-coagulants of our invention
Will ensure no bloodflow retention
Goblets are filled with the reagent
Our work's micturation
A toast is raised to time spent
On failed experimentation
(solo: "Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble" by S.C. McGrath)
Noxious salves
enkindling throats
Congealing on tongues in coats
With instruments we have fathered
We'll proceed to disembowel each other
(solo: "Bungled Grind" by T. Spruance)
Fraternal dissection
Detritus of a
cold cook... medical waste
Keech of those that were burked... medical waste
Sweetmeats hung from rusted hooks ... medical waste
Maladroit surgical jerks... we're medical wastes
Lacerated midsections... medical waste
Sucking wounds fillling lungs... medical waste
Our avulsed intestines... medical waste
Errorist physicians... we're medical wastes
Our characters are mortally wounded
Teetotaciously rent corporeal shells
And now our blood and grue is self-exuded
For from icarian heights we fell
(solo: "Live By the Scalpel, Die..." by J. Kocol)
(solo: "Voluntary Suicide" by S.C. McGrath)

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