

# Trocar

## Impaled

[music - Leon del Muerte]

[lyrics - Sean McGrath]Impacted tissue is riddled with clots

Morbidly studying your gross anatomy

Perinium is sullied with moldering pus

A mass of gelatinized forensick liquidity

Locating my trocar, the tool of my trade

Emaciated fingers nimbly find what I need

Desiring the gavage, I hastily optate

Into your chest intercalated as your innards I bleedMuscle tissue rips, my needle drips

Proceeding with my work, I'm an insensitive jerk

Acid from your stomach is disgorged with a splat

Liquid offal gargles in your throat

Embalming tubes occluded with clumps of rotting fat

Decaying larval brine is force fed until you chokeImpaled on a spike, internal organs are sucked

Mellifluent gore by the buckets is drained

Pernicious bilge is pumped from your gut

Acidic bacteria now mangle your brainLactating pus

Eructating guts

Decorticated stiff

I take another sniffMacerated veins are with a trocar dislodged

Playing host to my probe, your pelvis now sprays

Abdominal saliva is splattered from your anus

Lathering my needle, your ignominious remains

Easing the point into delicate flesh

Declension with steel is sublimely enmeshed

Irrigated fluids cake the porcelain slab

Methodically in-vaginated with bromidic scabsPus, from your veins, is tapped

A bloody awful mess, your corpse is bloodless

Lancinated gore is sapped

Exenterated sot, your withered cadaver will rotDecaying on the slab

I take another stab[solo: "The Mortician's Sword" by L.d. Muerte]

[solo: "Lachrimose Germentation" by S.C. McGrath]Muscles are imbued with a gelatinous mix

Prepatent secretions from your bowel make me sick

A redolent mephitic matures in the guts

Laughing at your humor as it seeps from the cuts

Ensmultified with larvae, your carcass is replete

Drawn and quatered in a morgue as innards I delete

Ichor is liquesced and from veins gladly pumped

My nocturnal vocation has my colleagues quite stumpedPacked in a coffin full of salt

An acrid scent seeps from the box  
Lye is applied as the earth is fed  
Ensconced in a tomb, for you are quite  
Dead

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