Empathological Necroticism

Carcass

Bloodied, torn and twisted
Severe mutilation is all that remains
Stagnation in shrink-wrap
Empty the contents onto the mortuary slab...
The morbid, muted body
Is dissected, lacerated and shred-
Life is hard as a mortuary technician
The fumes go straight to my head...
The trunk now depleted gristle, with bactericidal decay
This discissed disarticulation I bludgeon as I ablate...
Diluted spittle, bile and gore
Congealing puddles on the floor
Grotesquely dismembered
As the cavities I harshly sever...
Stabbing at the trachea, chest walls I puncture
Slicing back flesh I tear, subject to malacia...
"Advanced rigor mortis, the corpse internally bruised
Kaleidoscopic livor mortis, the carcass a shade of livid blue
Joints are stiffened, I now bend and crack
The cerebrum pulped, with cranial collapse..."
Bodily embalmed and fluids tapped
Maceration is oozing, as the insides I unwrap...
Finished with the fragments, a mass of stinking waste
Spread-eagled bloody mess, I hastily eviscerate...
Advanced Pyathrosis - let there be rot (fun in the morgue)
Foul autodigestion - necrotic mutation...
The gaping chest is crudely stitched up
Internal organs are hastily replaced
The carnage totally disfigured
Another pathological waste...
Flowing blood crusts
The corpse is totally rotten to the core
The miserable, festering stiff
I dismember with my saw...
The wounds are stitched, I shabbily try to repair
Disintegrating with histolycis and everyday wear and tear...
"Cadaveric dissolution, sliced, ripped and deceased
Eructated gases are gurgling as they bleed
Congested pus, blood and autodigested gore

Tissue corrodes as aggression gnaws..."
The mortuary table I now wipe, sponge and clean
Washing away the remains of life, the slab now gleams...
The evaporating reek of putrefaction gets right up my nose
Carnage, chunks and leftover pieces in the bin I dispose...
Advanced pyathrosis - let there be rot (fun in the morgue)
Foul autodigestion - necrotic mutation...

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