

# Resurrectionists

## Impaled

A hammer to drive the chisel in  
A chisel to alter bone and skin  
An algid stiff to now provide  
A link to where the soul resides That still hearts should pulse with ichor  
Is an ethical dilemma to be sure  
That a body can be made to function  
Is an enigma to decipher without compunction That the dead may in mere slumber lie  
Is a query that begs us to coax a reply  
That rotting lungs shall heave with breath  
Is truly a matter of life and death The resurrectionists, the resurrectionists  
No more death after life Augers employed to crack and peel  
Gilding steel teeth with paste of bone meal  
Their skulls disassembled and scored  
With sanguine expectations, meticulously gored To reconnect nerve filled clusters  
Our encaphalic skill, we muster  
To reinstate arterial paths  
Our hands engage in a blood bath To reset joint and bone  
Our mending powers are hewn  
To restart cardial beating  
Our defibrillator is heating A hammer to drive the chisel in  
A chisel to alter bone and skin  
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That rotting lungs shall heave with breath  
Is truly a matter of life and death The resurrectionists, the resurrectionists  
No more death after life Intra-venously dripping a potion  
To rekindle locomotion  
Old hat at plundering lifeless shells  
But I shall never get used to the smell Sutures of catgut carefully stitched  
Securing intestines in torsal pitch  
Along the sciatic, nerves are defrayed  
In our conclave, bodies remade This brain in a solution submerged  
From a cranium we've purged  
This jellied ganglia to reconnect  
From the medulla to the neck This artery and vein shall rehydrate

From pulmonary functions we'll resuscitate  
This human tabula rasa we've sewn  
From it, coaxed, secrets to life unknownA hammer to drive the chisel in  
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No more death after life

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