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 residesThat 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 compunctionThat 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 deathThe ressurectionists, the ressurectionists
No more death after lifeAugers employed to crack and peel
Gilding steel teeth with paste of bone meal
Their skulls disassembled and scored
With sanguine expectations, meticulously goredTo reconnect nerve filled clusters
Our encaphalic skill, we muster
To reinstate arterial paths
Our hands engage in a blood bathTo reset joint and bone
Our mending powers are hewn
To restart cardial beating
Our defibrillator is heatingA hammer to drive the chisel in
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No more death after lifeIntra-venously dripping a potion
To rekindle locomotion
Old hat at plundering lifeless shells
But I shall never get used to the smellSutures of catgut carefully stitched
Securing intestines in torsal pitch
Along the sciatic, nerves are defrayed
In our conclave, bodies remadeThis brain in a solution submerged
From a cranium we've purged
This jellied ganglia to reconnect
From the medulla to the neckThis 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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