

# Calling in the Coroner

## Vio-Lence

Calm collector of the waste  
I've come for the dead  
Cold my feelings cannot be traced  
There's no need, no patients for there  
Muttering words, they are so few and forgotten  
So please do spare me  
This ain't a church and I ain't no priest  
So save it for the funeral to be  
Slice incision split your chest open autopsy  
Precise my thoughts they cannot be broken  
when brain-probing  
I'm calling out for the next cadaver  
son't delay, no corpse decay  
And be swift, be quick with the scalpel  
This man is dead, he's got only hell to pay [Chorus]  
An open-casket funeral for all to see  
The body staring at you, carcass of seams  
Our hat's off to ya, coroner, a job well done  
the grieving proud of their funeral-faced son.  
Accidents just waiting to happen tragically  
Unstable mind's continuously snapping on society  
Now I'm just here, a product of the country  
I'm dealing with the mess that surrounds me  
And you can see me on your public TV  
Sports jacket, cool tie, and wheeling out the body [CHORUS]  
Distorted features as I picked him off the road  
His body mangled, it took ten hours for me to sew together  
Perfectly stitched sutured and closed  
And staring through glass eyes  
Just one more step for mother dear  
Her first glance she looks and cries  
CORONER CORONER - Pulse stops  
CORONER CORONER - You must call him  
CORONER CORONER - Deal in rot  
CORONER CORONER - Coroner Collect!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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