

Berurier Noir

"Corporal Jigsore Quandary"

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[Music: Steer/Owen/Amott]

[Lyrics: Walker]

Excised and anatomised, deviscerated disarray
The torso diverged with pride
Deftly amputated, evulsed limbs now defunct
The trunk imbrued, tatty stumps used as lugs
For a chondrin puzzle so quaint
Head and body decollate
A heaving mass so quiescent...
Scattered and scrambled, your teasement grows
- A bloody caricature to make whole
A squirming grisly jigsaw, detrital fragments fit so snug
- That missing piece will leave you stumped
Totally disassembled, nicely sliced and diced
- A human being this once resembled
Real cranium teaser, carved from flesh and bone
- So mystifying...
Battered and diffused with placating blows
- A human jigsaw to make whole
A sequacious pattern which once fitted so snug
- Joining together each dubious lump
Ravaged disassembly, neatly cubed and diced
- A cold mannequin once reassembled
Astute brain teaser, incorporate flesh and bone
- So mortifying...
An incessant game - methodically made
With each cumulative piecing - of commensated meat...
Bi-manual reconstruction, eldritch problem complete
A convened effigy
A pathological toy, each chunk rigorously
Inter mortis locking, as you pathogenically rot
Such a perplexing task
To fit the remains in the casket
Uliginous mess so quiescent...
[lead: Human jigsaw by W.G. Steer]
[lead: A heaving organic puzzle by M. Amott]
An incessant game - methodically made
With each cumulative piece - of commensated meat...

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