

Exhumed "Postmortem Procedures"

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[musick & lyrixxx - Matt Harvey, 1997]

In the dissection of flesh and the sawing of bone, I've
coaxed confessions
From the lips of the dead, Postmortem scrutiny that has
clinically shone, The
Horrifying facts that would have never been said...
Unbosoming their secrets
In the sickening results of their demise, Stomaching
these wretched human
Riddles, I carve, hack and slice, Illuminating the dusty
skeletons that lurk
In closets, bones and entrails, Enduring the ghastly
visage of violent death
In my forensic travails... Whether in pieces or
completely decomposed, I asses
With clinical indifference, The remnants of a life which
grisly circumstance
Has brought to this office, Ensuring that truth shall
endure after the flesh
Has crumbled and rotted away, Elucidating atrocities
and carnage, the
Thankless job I perform day after day... Persistent
incisions that cut to the
Quick are my stock in trade, To scrutinize what remains
of a life,
Painstaking effort will have to be made, At times both
evidence and flesh are
Profoundly encrypted and shred, It can be murder to
pry answers from the
Mouths of the dead... A gutted torso can pose a bevy of
answerless questions
To deliberate, Probing with a scalpel, I expose the
morbid cavity that I now
Must eviscerate, Unlocking death's mysteries with my
forceps, tweezers and
Saw, Wringing revelations from a fibula, fossa or jaw...
Recording
Confessions that are uttered without making a sound,
From informants long dead
That I've culled from the ground, Beneath the pallid
veil of cold flesh or

Enshrouded in the shredded remains of a face,
Exhuming the truth is my
Occupation, no matter how decrepit it's resting place...
Within the bowels of a
Horribly mutilated corpse or a splattered brain, Picking
apart flesh and
Deceit 'til only the cold facts remain, Dead men will tell
tales if you know
How to listen and learn, Even when they've been
stabbed, beaten, shot, hacked
Up and burned... This morbid quest for knowledge is
not without it's rewards,
Much can be extrapolated from a decrepit infants
gourd, My bureau's a slab, my
Text is a corpse, and I've studied with sincere, ardent
fervor, And found that
Often man's inhumanity to man is all too well deserved...

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