

## General Surgery "Cold Storage Fever"

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In the company of fellow carrion the deceased seem to  
come around

In the hidden realms of the morgue  
Contained behind locked doors

My thoroughly sound-proofed cellar  
contains abducted corpses by the bulk  
In the v.i.p. room of the morgue,  
an orgy of dry-frozen hulks

Refrigerate the stiffs  
Minimize the decay  
A collection of fresh playmates  
for a better day

Degeneration kept at bay  
Necrological lust denied  
A certain virtuosity  
until the time feels right

A pathological binge  
A sub-zero soiree

Mingle in the festering crowds  
as the festivities slowly mount

Stiff-limbed hedonism  
An orgy of dry-frozen hulks

A pathological binge  
A sub-zero soiree

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