Imogen Heap "Resurrectionists"

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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 resides

That 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 compunction
That 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 death

The ressurectionists

The ressurectionists... no more death after life

(solo: "Just a Few Stitches" by T. Spruance)

Augers employed to crack and peel Gilding steel teeth with paste of bone meal Their skulls disassembled and scored With sanguine expectations, meticulously gored

To reconnect nerve filled clusters
Our encaphalic skill, we muster
To reinstate arterial paths
Our hands engage in a blood bath
To reset joint and bone
Our mending powers are hewn
To restart cardial beating
Our defibrullator is heating

The ressurectionists... no more death after life

Intra-venously dripping a potion To rekindle locomotion

Old hat at plundering lifeless shells But I shall never get used to the smell (solo: "The Funk of 40,000 Years" by S.C. McGrath)

Sutures of catgut carefully stitched Securing intestines in torsal pitch Along the sciatic, nerves are defrayed In our conclave, bodies remade

This brain in a solution submerged
From a cranium we've purged
This jellied ganglia to reconnect
From the medulla to the neck
This artery and vein shall rehydrate
From pulmonary functions we'll resuscitate
This human tabula rasa we've sewn
From it, coaxed, secrets to life unknown

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