

## Imogen Heap

### "The Dead Shall Dead Remain"

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Our hypothesis carried out on mortal remains  
Real-life application tests our conjectures  
It seems despite our scientific progress  
All we've proven is our abject failures

A foetid stench fills the air  
And with a pungent voice declares  
Though we prod a cadaver with care  
There is no life in there  
Altruistic notions aside  
And the experiments we've tried  
The veracity cannot be denied  
There is no cure for those who've died

Rot, waste, spoil, bilge

The cynics did maintain  
The dead shall dead remain  
Our theory proved insane  
The dead shall dead remain

A pallid visage stares in disgust  
Through sockets laden with crust  
At the bungle it would see in us  
If it were not destined to be dust  
Turgid corpses received first aid  
In our macabre palisade  
Volts unleashed in a fustilade  
But no twitch from this inert promenade

A canon of soulless masses  
Where no animation trespasses  
These patchwork men that lie about in heaps  
They reaped what we'd sewn, and showed what we  
reaped

This quartet can no longer sustain  
Beleaguered by a fatal admission  
Our covent's work in this abbatoir  
Blaspheme the sanctity of a physician

Rot, waste, spoil, bilge

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