

Impaled "Fces Of Death"

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Desiccated flesh I peruse,
Your vacuous form is devoid of all life,
Poetry in motions,
As yet another stiff goes under the knife,
Soaked in the fluids of the dead,
Mucous, blood, and pus.
Your abdomen a quagmire of maturing chyme,
With preservatives and soaps your innards I flush,

Melting organs degenerate into foam,
This unctuous melange is disgorged into tureens,
Down the drain, your insides wash away,
A cold empty shell, the slate is wiped clean

Incrucial- exsanguinated husk
Intubated-a trocar is thrust
Incarnadine-with offal you'll erupt
Your carcass I'll corrupt
Despumated-your ribcage is swabbed
Detumescence-in solidifying globs
Devenustated-you've lost all your charm
In my incapable hands you will surely come to harm

Your evacuated torso is stuffed,
With soiled toilet tissue, balled into clumps

Diarrhea is imbued with a smile,
With my conspurcate concoction, your body I defile

Inundated arteries now burst,
In festering excreta, immersed,
Your body is awash in disease,
When I'm alone in the morgue, I do as I please

Plugs of cotton soak up minor spills (you're quite a mess)
The rich, foamy lather of putrefying bungs,
Your fetor is inhaled with a thrill (I can't protest)
The flatulent bouquet matures in my lungs

Exspiscating-my work didn't take
Exundated-the sutures proceed to break

Exspuition-the contents are purged
Flesh and faeces are merged

(solo: Full of Shit by SC McGrath)

Embalmed with septic mung,
Capillaries choked with dung,
A piss poor excuse for an open casket funeral
Abdomen is sunken in,
My foetid breath is laced with gin,
Your cadaver on display for the bereaved to mull

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