

## **Impaled "Medical Waste"**

Visit "[Medical Waste](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

We have stared over the precipice of mortality  
And death's gaping maw could not be sated  
Our deviant feats could not attain immortality  
In shame, we vow our flesh to be uncreated

Putrescence and filth, within our lab and within  
ourselves  
The mocking corpses bloat and distend  
This reeking rubbage will dispell  
When our lives, by our own hands, we'll dutifully end

In vaporous rooms, veins swell to burst  
AnÃesthesia is applied  
Scalpels lick our forearms and wrists  
Doctor assisted suicide

Caught in the act, we are red-handed  
From the antibrachium, flesh is disbanded  
Anti-coagulants of our invention  
Will ensure no bloodflow retention

Goblets are filled with the reagent  
Our work's micturation  
A toast is raised to time spent  
On failed experimentation

(solo: "Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble" by S.C.  
McGrath)

Noxious salves enkindling throats  
Congealing on tongues in coats  
With instruments we have fathered

We'll proceed to disembowel eachother

(solo: "Bungled Grind" by T. Spruance)

Fraternal dissection

Detritus of a cold cook... medical waste  
Keech of those that were burked... medical waste  
Sweetmeats hung from rusted hooks ... medical waste

Maladroit surgical jerks... we're medical wastes

Lacerated midsections... medical waste  
Sucking wounds fillling lungs... medical waste  
Our avulsed intestines... medical waste  
Errorist physicians... we're medical wastes

Our characters are mortally wounded  
Teetotaciously rent corporeal shells  
And now our blood and grue is self-exuded  
For from icarian heights we fell

(solo: "Live By the Scalpel, Die..." by J. Kocol)

(solo: "Voluntary Suicide" by S.C. McGrath)

Visit [Impaled](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.