

## **Impaled "Mondo Medicale"**

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Grinding forth from the halls of education  
Replete with the stench of dessication  
Four pre-meds suffer condemnation  
Tomes were perused, tombs were abused  
All medico-legal limitations refused  
With inhuman dexterity and intelligence, infused

Master thespians in the operating theatre  
Likewise endowed in a gorenography feature  
Deranged we may be after a blood bath  
But all that rots can't be studied intact

Sifting through reams of anatomical charts  
Bisecting livers and dissecting hearts  
Arcane knowledge for doctoral upstarts  
Rooting through a chum ridden morass  
Cells scrutinized on iodized glass  
We've mapped the structure of a carcass

(solo: "Destroying Galen" by J. Kocol)  
(solo: "De Fabrica Humani Corpus" by S.C. McGrath)

Up to our elbows in grue and claret  
We proffer quite a sanguine display  
As we rule this mondo medicale  
With scalpels and blades prepared on the tray

Integument cut and dermis to flay  
You will rue this mondo medicale

Bypassing moral balances and checks  
Summistes on high, rewriting texts  
Our Åsculapian methods leave them all vexed  
Surgical aspirations, all dignified  
Post-modern Versali, repersonified  
But for our successes, we're villified

A trocar employed for psycho-surgery  
In this bedlam of hospitality  
Though flesh and blood are dead inside  
The gross anatomy can still be applied  
To raise the stakes of medicine's breadth

These choice cuts ours, until death  
Our work is to die for so don't be a knave  
Choke on it and go back to the grave

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