

Impaled

"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 convent's work in this abbatoir
Blaspheme the sanctity of a physician

Rot, waste, spoil, bilge

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