

The County Medical Examiners "Algor Mortis... The Linear Rate Of Cadaveric Cooling"

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Ravaged, torn, and punctured-the carcass oozes from multiple wounds
Avulsed and sliced, the dermis weeps pus and purge fluid with clear, viscous goo
Prior to the initial incision, before my scalpel is baptized bloody wet
We determine the postmortem interval using a simple algebraic formula for death...
A direct body core temperature measurement, postmortemly taken, is the order of the day
The corpse is lifted on its side and a slit in its pants is cut in the most delicate way
Lacerations leak wasted heat and fluid, as the body cools in a predictable manner
My assistant lubricates the thermo-couple probe, a massive 12-inch long chemical thermometer...
...Freezing hold...
...Corpse gone cold...
...Cooling blood...
...An icy flood...
...The body a husk; its innards are spilt...
...This ferocious anal probing causes no guilt...
...A facet of my profession, this duty I've sworn...
...I stab forth the thermometer as the anus is torn...
Environmental conditions of the crime scene are meticulously recorded
And the room temperature of the dissection room is dubiously noted
The core temperature of the carcass plummets through means of convection
Physical science triumphs over life as heat escapes through radiation...
Moritz's formula is the rule of thumb from which I can derive...
"98.6°F - rectal temperature ÷ 1.5"
This equation produces the time of death, though nothing is quite this ideal
Whether oral, rectal, brain or liver, I shall monitor the temperature with the greatest zeal...
This gelid method of detection has a cold-bloodedly frigid appeal

Observe the sanguine-streaked suppuration chill, pool,
and congeal
Witness my barbarous severe intubation with
unsanitized tools
Truculently sodomizing corps-icles, making purple raw
recta drool...
...Freezing hold...
...Corpse gone cold...
...Cooling blood...
...An icy flood...
...Postmortem interval, the mystery at hand...
...Thrusting the probe past the prostate gland...
...The carcass is conquered by death's cold will...
...Not even bactericidal rot can thwart its chill...

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