

County Medical Examiners, The "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 deaths cold will...
...Not even bactericidal rot can thwart its chill...

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