Lungfish "Patients Of The Slaughterhouse"

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You struggle aguishly in captivity of fever With a silent plea of clenched jaws Mutilated body spit with suppurated bleeding From among sutures of murderous cuts

At the flash of consciousness you sob voicelessly With bloody tears of deathly suffering Hateful pain pierces the swollen limbs Imprinted by untimely decease

Ruthless butchers with academic tiles Swear on an oath of moral decadence Among silent prayers contaminated by fear

You tear apart the sticky cocoon of nightmares Just to awake in the macabre of reality Lethal gangrene hungry for a helpless victim Bites into your wounds with infected fangs

You shudder at the last stage of martyrdom Irreparably deafened by a wailing requiem Sinister stench of postoperative complications Strangles your senses on the hospital death bed

Esteemed executioners in surgical masks Cut the human material with contempt For the sake of ideological absurdity system

You freeze in the clutches of inevitable death Which crushes emaciated life in a sadistic act

Criminals of pseudo-medical experiments Quarter humanity with merciles scalpels In the macabre world of reversed Decalogue

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