

# Dead Infection, Undergo An Operation

(Music: Tocha / Lyric: Cyjan)

The excitement is stronger,  
You can taste a disinfected scalpel,  
As you cut the abdominal tissue,  
It's your choice!  
Slow perpendicular cut  
Made with a surgeon-like precision,  
Haemorrhage is minimal,  
The tissue of peritoneum is to daylight.  
Perfect anaesthesia eliminates the pain,  
Operation covered by means of sleep,  
Only slight uncontrolled convulsions  
Caused by the next cut.  
Bent over human figures are  
Penetrating further,  
The next organ is exposed,  
Little blood-drops cover aprons of  
Surgeons equipped with instruments.  
The next part of tissue is torn,  
The fountain of blood spatters their faces,  
The trial to stop the haemorrhage  
Is not successful.  
But the operation goes on,  
Still new explorations,  
You are completely taken in,  
Your dream is fulfilled.  
All organs are torn and mixed,  
Sick show cost you  
The segregation of organs.  
But it's not the end,  
It should be cleaned up,  
The corpse has to be removed.  
The operation ends,  
All traces are cleaned,  
Hospital-like cleanliness.  
(lead:Tocha)  
(lead:Maly)  
Slight convulsions and you wake up,  
It was all pathological dream,  
You vomit with yellow pus,  
It's a sign of passing anaesthesia.