

Exhumed, Waxwork

In my waxen world, time stands still
Forever frozen like flies trapped in amber
One perfect moment preserved, just ere the kill
Gruesome atrocities transfixed in horror's chamber

Poetry without motion, figures stranded midstream
Waxen players in this dark drama of the macabre
Mouths agape with terror but breathless to scream
No death rattle heard, nor parting sors...

I am preserver of life through my morbid art
For each mannequin was truly alive from the start
So if the eyes seem to follow your gaze as you gawk
Know that in the eyes of the dead, in their shadow you walk...

Cadavers molded in wax as their lives buried away
More preening puppets to perform in the scenes that I play
Features cast in the moment of dying preserved
How they screamed as they met with their fates well deserved...

WAXWORK

Recreating the horror of the moment of death
My models serve their purpose quite well
Embalm their bodies in wax, capture their dying breath
Drain the fluids to stave off the smell

Like dolls that dance to their own funeral dirge
They play out their death scenes interminably
As prized their exhibits in my dark reserve
They unfold their secrets only to me

Life eternal in wax was their death's decree
Suffering for my art, they surrendered to me
So when their eyes lock with your gaze
Look unflinchingly at death or turn away fast...

Skin blistered and softened as it was coated and sealed away
Another preserved puppet to prance on the strings that I play
The fear ensnared in their captive countenances I've trapped
Mummified and memorialised in wax well-woven and wrapped...

WAXWORK

So sit still in your place at the end of the blade
By my design, death's hand find you just out of reach
Another player in this deathly silent world that I have made
Devoid of sound, fury or motion, sense, movement or speech

Awaiting a terminus that never will come
You're a marionette bound by my strings
Trussed in this tomb of wax, your time here is not done
For time does not quite end all things...

This is my life's work, this still, silent place
A monument to the fear frozen in a cold, waxen face
Take care not to stare into their eyes, whatever you do
When you look deep into death, it sees back into you too...

Flesh bubbled and scalded, as this molten bath washed life away
Wax covered my still-screaming prey
Another piece for my prizing, recast in my mold
Features harden and set as the wax grows stiff and cold...

WAXWORK