

The Classic Crime, Abracadavers

It's like I never had time to look away
Bodies stuck between death and decay
are plastic and set up on display,
and their eyes are wide and they are looking my way.
Each ligament exposed each muscle connected
and every organ that I proudly neglected,
have been arranged for the common collective,
stomaching the sight of something dead resurrected
It seems we're fearfully made and designed,
but it's a shame we can so blind

We're all the same,
made of hair and bones and water blood cells
And we're all to blame,
for spending way too much time on ourselves

I have been blessed and now I'm blind, the veil's been pulled over my eyes
Now every bad season that kept me believing seems so contrived
There's more glory to be seen savored through suffering
Than ever was through self serving escape.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust