

# 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 ressurected  
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