

# Exhumed, Deathmask

(musick & lyrxxx - Matt Harvey, 1995)

A sombre study in an ashen shade of grey, The haunting eyes of the lifeless not yet rotten, Embalming fluid stave off incursive decay, Chemicals course through passages that life has forgotten, Preservatives bubble and fume shades of jaundice and amber, Sequestered alone in my embalming chamber, Unknowing, unseeing, and laid spread-eagle on the slab, A lackluster piece of meat I polish, scrub, and swab... Meticulously grooming and brushing, clipping with care, Each detail is attended to as I drag a comb through the hair, I beautify the blemished face of the deceased, In the hopes that the bereaved will be somewhat at peace... This is my endeavour of dubious merit, My morbid application of sleight of hand, A charlatan for the mourning and timid, A touch up artist for the dead, gone, and bland... To sanitize the ghastly countenance of death, Whose true rigors are best left unseen, Powders, puffs, and chemicals are all that is left, A corpse made to strut, prance, and preen... Romanticizing rigor mortis, and death be not vain, Caked with layers of powder, toner, and deceit, I vomit on the floor at the leering, smiling face, Leaving the deception not yet fully complete... My make-up kit now callously discarded, No more use for toners, blushes, and rouge, Extracting the tools of dissection, Forceps, scalpels, and pins I eagerly peruse... A sanguinary frenzy now ensues, Carving, rending, and generally making a mess, Carbonated embalming fluid foams from vacant eyesockets, Splattering and sullyng your sunday best... Ineptly mangled and randomly remade, Taking a stab at plastic surgery on human remains, Weaving a wretched, fleshy tapestry of gore, A collage of tongue, skin, blood, sinew, and brain... Your face stricken with total disfiguration, The dignity of death now cruelly erased, Somewhat innappropriately dressed for the somber occasion, No pretense remains as you're sent off to your wake...