

# Exhumed, Nativity Obscene - A Nursery Chyme

Calcified infant is a breach birth debacle  
Natal necrolysis, destined for a formaldehyde-filled bottle  
Caesarean section reveals the ghastly tot  
An ossified infant, in its womb borne to rot

Livid and stiff ere its first breath is claimed  
The rigid bundle of joy, catatonically maimed  
Cold, dead and hard as it's exhumed from the womb  
The uterus its cradle, and its moist fetid tomb...

Only scalpels left for playthings  
Swaddling clothes bloody but not from chafing  
Baptism by embalming solution  
As the trocar facilitates the cold blood's dilution...

Festered fetus drawn from the cavity in which it was conceived  
Birth and death now unified, as the grotesque infant is retrieved  
Livid osteopedion, breathless lungs still, cold and dry  
Birth is just a forensic folly when in being born one dies

Birth and death in one fell breath, extract the corpse from her guts  
The morbid birthing cavity is lavaged, torn and cut  
Another tiny life that ended before it could begin  
Another piece of human offal, to end up in the rubbish bin...

Neither gurgles nor cries escape its lifeless blue lips  
Placenta disgorges amniotic fluid as the umbilical cord rips  
Morbid nursery chymes fall on deaf little ears  
As the dry-eyed infant incites parents to bitter tears...

Obstetric atrocity  
With a casket for a crib  
Nursery for an autopsy  
Body bag for a bib...

Hush little baby, don't say a word  
Mama's going to have to get a casket reserved  
But if your body is too decomposed  
The coffin door will have to stay closed

A babe in her arms  
Not safe from harm  
When the water breaks, the cradle will rot  
A nursery chyme with no happy ending, left in the wastebasket, dead and forgot...

Another corpse to carve for pathologists and their ilk  
Nursed on embalming fluid, no use crying over silt mother's milk  
Silent baby rattles stilled  
The doctor's gloved hands deliver the babe into a grave that now is filled

Morbid anatomy technicians are the child's only playmates  
Callously dissecting, the infantile inanimate  
A bloodied dissecting table serves as the young one's tomb and trundle  
As inquisitive butchery, splays this joyless rotten bundle...

Dead before ever being alive to die  
Eyes closed forever ere the first tear could dry  
Mouth sealed by rigor mortis before the first newborn cry  
Dissected infant on the table, dead-cut and dry...

Newborn fatality  
Whose playpen is a slab  
Lifeless nativity  
Diminutive toes to be tagged...

Now I lay you down to sleep  
Your putrid flesh not long to keep  
If you should rot before you wake  
Then leave your corpse for the worms to take

In the cold corridors in the sterile, dead morgue  
Sobs are heard from the maternity ward  
But from the mouth of babes, no sound escapes  
In this nativity obscene behind mortuary drapes...