

Exhumed, Post-Mortem Procedures

In the dissection of flesh and the sawing of bone, I've coaxed confessions from the lips of the dead, Postmortem scrutiny that has clinically shone, The horrifying facts that would have never been said... Unbosoming their secrets in the sickening results of their demise, Stomaching these wretched human riddles, I carve, hack and slice, Illuminating the dusty skeletons that lurk in closets, bones and entrails, Enduring the ghastly visage of violent death in my forensic travails... Whether in pieces or completely decomposed, I assess with clinical indifference, The remnants of a life which grisly circumstance has brought to this office, Ensuring that truth shall endure after the flesh has crumbled and rotted away, Elucidating atrocities and carnage, the thankless job I perform day after day... Persistent incisions that cut to the quick are my stock in trade, To scrutinize what remains of a life, painstaking effort will have to be made, At times both evidence and flesh are profoundly encrypted and shred, It can be murder to pry answers from the mouths of the dead... A gutted torso can pose a bevy of answerless questions to deliberate, Probing with a scalpel, I expose the morbid cavity that I now must eviscerate, Unlocking death's mysteries with my forceps, tweezers and saw, Wringing revelations from a fibula, fossa or jaw... Recording confessions that are uttered without making a sound, From informants long dead that I've culled from the ground, Beneath the pallid veil of cold flesh or enshrouded in the shredded remains of a face, Exhuming the truth is my occupation, no matter how decrepit its resting place... Within the bowels of a horribly mutilated corpse or a splattered brain, Picking apart flesh and deceit 'til only the cold facts remain, Dead men will tell tales if you know how to listen and learn, Even when they've been stabbed, beaten, shot, hacked up and burned... This morbid quest for knowledge is not without its rewards, Much can be extrapolated from a decrepit infant's gourd, My bureau's a slab, my text is a corpse, and I've studied with sincere, ardent fervor, And found that often man's inhumanity to man is all too well deserved...