

General Surgery, Decomposer

Are we lying comfortably?
I hope that you fear not
Your stay here shall be lengthy
Depending on just how quickly you rot

Apply a quicklime mudpack
Hinder circulation
Artificially inflicted gangrene
Hasten the maceration

Rendered impeccably clean
Stripped to the ivory core
The cleansing of your fetid flesh
Revealing the divine gleam of bone

Strings of muscle tissue
Yanked away with ease
Luckily I removed your tongue
I'm distracted by agonized screams

It probably won't hurt too much
The sedatives will bear you through
The pain eventually subsides
When your nerve ends turn to goo

Bound to be gored
Intravenously fed
Destined to rot
Your skin to be shed

Trimming off loose sinew
Your appearance is still a mess
My psychopedantic maniacal glee
Matches your distress

Cleanliness is godliness
Unbound by rank decay
I admire your skeletal remains
As I hose your fetid carrion down the drain