

General Surgery, Mortuary Wars

Scourging the morgue with sickly malice
Rank antagonism brought to a head
Disquiet on the forensic front
I sense the gathering of purulent adversary flesh

Slashing at blistered & ulcerous limbs
Keeping the rancid stiffs at bay
The ongoing struggle against dearly departed
A justified frenzy of pathological rage

Putrefactive waste I do adorn
A foul internecine reward
The gains of the battle, reeking of bile
To the victor the spoils of mortuary wars

Surgical tools aid my success
over the malodorous cadavers I dread
Their insidious advances I repulse with finesse
Strategical mind games with the recently dead

Necrobiosis prevailing
My ally in decomposition
A festering triumph accomplished by force
The shredded rank corpses my cowed and crushed foes

Putrefactive waste I do adorn
A foul internecine reward
The gains of the battle, reeking of bile
To the victor the spoils of mortuary wars

Scorch the fetid waste
Replenish the source of flesh
Gather a fresh batch of rancid, rank opponents

Joyfully await the the next occasion
For the fun to start again
To recreate with my malodorous chums
This thrilling, exhilarant game

The gains of the battle
The sweet stench of bile
To the victor the spoils of Mortuary wars