

Vio-Lence, Calling In The Coroner

Calm collector of the waste
I've come for the dead
Cold my feelings cannot be traced
There's no need, no patients for there
Muttering words, they are so few and forgotten
So please do spare me
This ain't a church and I ain't no priest
So save it for the funeral to be

Slice incision split your chest open autopsy
Precise my thoughts they cannot be broken
when brain-probing
I'm calling out for the next cadaver
son't delay, no corpse decay
And be swift, be quick with the scalpel
This man is dead, he's got only hell to pay

(Chorus)

An open-casket funeral for all to see
The body staring at you, carcass of seams
Our hat's off to ya, coroner, a job well done
the grieving proud of their funeral-faced son.

Accidents just waiting to happen tragically
Unstable mind's continuously snapping on society
Now I'm just here, a product of the country
I'm dealing with the mess that surrounds me
And you can see me on your public TV
Sports jacket, cool tie, and wheeling out the body

(CHORUS)

Distorted features as I picked him off the road
His body mangled, it took ten hours for me to sew together
Perfectly stitched sutured and closed
And staring through glass eyes
Just one more step for mother dear
Her first glance she looks and crys

CORONER CORONER - Pulse stops
CORONER CORONER - You must call him
CORONER CORONER - Deal in rot
CORONER CORONER - Coroner Collect!