

Under the Knife

Exhumed

Scalpels cleave and reave though crimson rivulets
Weaving their cold and malignant minuets
Carving out funereal figures in arcane alphabets
Scars that will never heal or forget...

Like puzzle pieces, set askew, you've come undone
The bleeding is ceaseless, you're turning blue, the end had begun
Set down in writing, flesh, blood and bone, let death be done
The pen is as mighty as the sword, sticks or stones, your end would be cast
in stone, by either one...

Tenderly thanatographical threads are tread and traced
Boiling blood will serve to warm this cold clinical embrace
A clean precise cut to mark this morbid meeting place
This knife - point where you and death came face to face...

The slab starts to spin around and around, as I take your hand in mine
We move step by step within, without so much as a sound, death's dark design

in time
A slice to the left, then cut back to the right, movements scripted in this
dance of the dead
Motions so deft, recalled by touch not by sight, footprints encrypted by
blood running red...

A pirouette on razor's edge leaves you breathless
The slab plays host to an incisive macabre ballet
A savage, slicing slaughter of the senses
Now splayed...

UNDER THE KNIFE - your death hangs in the balance, on the edge of the blade
REMEMBER EVERY SLICE - of this jigsawed demise, and every part that I payed
COLD STEEL BURNS LIKE ICE - leaves you dancing on nothing, loosed by
unsteady hands
UNDER THE KNIFE - The caress of steel, just before the end...
Just before the end...

A bleeding patchwork design, in running scarlet writ
Connected wounds intersecting from slit to bloody slit
Such a tangled web of shreds and scars I've knit
The liquid of life, leaks out through the red at your wrists...

May I have this last dance? As I take your last breath
With a final flick of my wrist

...

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