

Latent images in solutions submerged  
A gallery of gore for posterity preserved  
Your visage shall endure long after you've been laid to rest  
Immortalized in celluloid as record of your death

A recremental work of art  
Artuated straight from the heart  
Your destiny is black and white  
A grisly study in still life  
A kalopsic collage is your patchwork grave  
The cutting room floor is where you spend your last days  
Anonymous atrocities, my subjects are the dead  
An amateur gorenographer cutting off heads

Glistening gralloch, a zoetrope of rot  
Exenterated torsos coacervate and clot  
Veristic works of art are developed and displayed  
Decomposed and posed as I prepare another plate

On my nefandous noctuary I diligently toil  
For a carcass exfodiated from hallowed soil  
An axunge prepared to grease the gears  
Lacking my wit, kin may shed tears  
Cohesive structure is what you lack  
A poultice of plaster will fill in the cracks  
Sculptures in flesh are my medium du jour  
Your puniceous effigy I faithfully restore

Abdomen is spliced and the lighting is set  
I'll develop your roll as my ensanguined subject  
Holes drilled in your skull form a camera obscura  
This document of death will be rather thorough  
My scrapbook of horror is your final epitaph  
Pictures from the after world, a corpse photographed  
Your countenance embossed in silver gelatin  
A gruesome reminder of your untimely end

A test sheet is used for the final cut  
Through trial and error I make my decision  
The template enlarged to a grainy print  
This excoriated exhibit, my final revision

Artistic license I must take  
Depleted bones I'm apt to break I strike the set, this shoot is a wrap  
Your casket occluded with residual scraps  
The harvest I find in a moldering crate  
A cadaverous curio with which I create