

Preservation Of Death

Impaled

heir censure forced the decision
Their murder forced by incision

With furtive defiance I ended their lives
My allegiance to the scalpel has reshaped mine

Stuck with a codgerie of bodies
My aims have something new to embody

Flasks brimming with nutritive concoctions
To stave off decay and exsiccation

In vials suffused with anti-decomposotes
Concealed organelles, their discovery remote

Preservation of...
A post-mortem view to the nature of
Death
Preservation of...
A looking glass through to the traces of
Death

With our crimes concealed, we've time to reveal
Anatomical dogmas, so far not appealed

In perfect suspension, this gralloch begs the question
Past this mortal coil, can we affect reclamation

Preservation of...
Channels replete through which we aim to cheat death
Preservation of...
To our last breath, pursuing life after death

Information I'll procure from subjects matured
In a gripe's egg of our preserving tinctures