

## The Lonely Deceased

## The Black Dahlia Murder

What the old man don't know  
What his eyes yet have seen  
My sordid transpirings well into each eve  
While I'm paid so handsomely  
I would work here for free  
I stitch tight each orifice  
Once blessed with my seed  
The lonely deceased

Cryptic, sewn-mouthed their secrets  
Shameful their silence  
Dragged down to the grave

What happens on the slab  
Dies in this morgue with me  
In these four walls my grisly playground  
Where none rest in peace

No words have been spoken  
No reprimand said  
Concealing so carefully  
My lust for the dead  
Their insides are glistening  
Curiosities fed  
Forensically frolicking  
While god is in bed

Have I gone mad?  
Gruesome kingdom so lurid  
Hidden so convincingly  
They'd have my head  
Morbid morgue of malpractice  
I envy each death  
Are they finally free?

This flesh of ours  
An earthly cage, key six feet down in a grave

What harm's been done?  
The breathless have not any inhibition

Haunted in dreams of their dead faces come to life  
Death is my business, work diligently  
A forte I've taken all too seriously  
I'm swift with the trocar, I scalpel with glee  
Besides, I like f\*cking them, a small perk for me

The morgue is my sick whorehouse  
Their bodies, favourite toys  
Anointing them with ejaculate  
All the good little girls and boys

They'd call me mad, sickly, lifeless devotion  
Their blood and their innocence drained  
What's left unsaid  
Guilted damnening sentence  
If there is a god down in hell's where I'll be

This flesh of ours  
An earthly cage, key six feet down in a grave  
What crime's been done?  
The speechless won't contest this violation

Cold dolls of skin  
Mounting the slab, thrusting myself deep within  
Though frowned upon  
The company policy: termination