

The Flesh Mechanic

Broken Hope

Some writhe in the flesh, as I work in it deep,
Grim is the labor for my macabre and creative dreams,
I remake the dead until I'm hellishly satisfied,
Reworked anatomy expresses my morbid imagination.
These are the tales of the flesh mechanic,
The nefarious deeds of a carcass fanatic,
Cadavers hold a cosmos of ghastly fascination,
I exploit body worlds through gore-iffic fascination.

I'm the flesh mechanic/insane skin repairman,
Bloody meat magician/corpse craftsman.

Gutted, rebuilt, and preserved, they deter decomposition,
Manipulated pieces, exposed parts I shape and fashion.

Vulgar aesthetics, I turn natural features into horror,
Clinical dissection, bodies disfigured by my skills,
My vision dubbed obscene, but my point of view is art,
First see what you are, then what you will become.

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