

# Carneous Cacoffiny

## Carcass

"Human remains in a beaker and tray and coffee pot. Bones which were being partly macerated, dissolved, in a margarine container which had engine coolant in it. It smelled very awful."

Striking up my discordant underture  
A carnal cacophony perversely penned  
Transposed...and decomposed  
On strings fashioned from human twine  
Lovingly wound and fretted upon my bow  
Garishly incarcerated...the dead resonate  
In a final death-throe

Vibrant as I thresh...  
Movements scripted for the dead...

Orchestral horrors I vehemently conduct  
My corpus concertos cordial  
Disinterred... and detuned  
With six feet below  
In harmony with the deceased  
My inspiration...your disintegration  
For my latest masterpiece

My scope creeps your flesh...  
Notes seep from sinewy frets...

But don't hold your breath  
As you wait for your god or the void  
Or the abyss of nothingness  
Your usefulness isn't through  
Your productivity I resume...

My sorbid, soiled handicrafts  
Will be your afterlife's handicap....

...My corrupt crescendos...  
...Will leave you out on a limbo...  
...Your disposition I unleash...  
...You will rest in my piece...

With deadly dynamics  
You're dead, buried and barred  
Your remains dampened and fingered  
Your mortal coil is barbed  
The death-bells are peeling  
Ringing out as you flake  
Shrieking out their recitals  
A celebration of your wake...

Enter my funereality  
My world two metres under  
A curious habitat  
Your muddy trench I plunder  
Pass on to ethereality  
Churned out under the sextant's blade  
You live your life in wretchedness  
And death is no escape...