

Inpropagation

Carcass

[Speech:]

"A body is committed to a public mortuary. Any victim of sudden or unexpected death will be brought here for a post-mortem by a pathologist; their job is to establish the cause of death. But sometimes a body is unrecognizable. Then it is vital, especially if murder is suspected, to establish identity..."

Inspid fumes bellow from the atrabilious chimney
Whilst in the sanctified crevet I calmly pillage and rake
For hot dry powdered human slag
Still steaming in the crematorium's grate

Bio-organic ebullition, bones tar, tallow dehydrates
For my deleterious horticulture so that I may cultivate

Your mortal mechanism dies - in nutrients rich
In the hallowed turf you lie - just for the taking

Charred sinew's as good as lime, no phosphates do I need
Deteriorated flesh used as top-soil, to replenish and nourish seed
Spreading this human potash, as ash matured
Recycling my rich harvest, bring out your dead...for use as manure...

Irrigating tears are shed, but the ground still must be fed

Tipping and dusting up the spilt contents of urns
Every morsel that glows like ember on the fire
Extinguishing all hope of beatrific dispatch
These charred chassis desired

Exequiet rites now performed, a coronach sooting up the flu
Enter my execrable inferno, even in the after-life there's work to do

The nitrogen content's high - but the flesh is weak
At the graveside mourners cry - you're never to wake again

Burnt brisket renews the ground, to germinate my seed
Cremated bodies are my spoil, to use them as plant-feed
Ploughing this abhorrent human manure
Seeding my rich harvest, bring out your dead...for the soils to devour...

Dry the dead are bled, because the ground must be fed
And there's still no rest for the dead

I propagate - dust in the grate
Ashes to ashes - dust to dust, diluted in water and sprayed on crops
Charcoal, fats, flesh and soot fertilising pasture with active fertile rot

Incumbent - latent calories are spent

Ashes to ashes - dust to dust renewing the land with corpses corrupt
Mortuary scrapings, hearses a must, to the hot hearth the deceased are trussed

Harvesting the defouled, to fertilize my soil
Rejuvenating the spent with my fecundate spoils...

Reaping the gone, to nourish the land
Replenishing exhausted pasture with my uncanny sleight of hand
Restoring the unnatural balance, sowing my seed
Defalcating the departed, I rapt and glean...

So I recite my contrite lament, lacrimation for the dead
Their rest which I disturb...
Where should stand row upon row of cold grey remembrance stones
My cash crops now grow...