Thistopia

Dan Bull

When you're old and run down, what happens when you die? Not your soul but the dust and the ashes and the like After that time you've passed on and they're scattered and they lie Under the grass in a casket for time Until the last of your atoms has gone back to the matter That it had been a part of when the planet was gas dust At the instant you're officially a corpse This list of sick things begins kicking in with force The tempature of your body's inner core falls And this event is called algor mortis It's thought this happens cos your pulse has flattened So it halts the passage of the warmth and that But if you thought that that was a nauseous fact Then I ought to inform you what also happens The muscles in your ass pack up and relax So that all of that crap just stacks up in your pants Your blood runs back under the gravitational pull Then thickens and begins to coagulate plus Skin pallid, limbs all stiff This is called rigor mortis When you die Don't even bother thinking about floating to heaven When you die You won't burn in hell but you might roast in an oven When you die Don't even bother thinking of eternal paradise When you die You'll just be fertilising grass in this so-called afterlife After twenty-four hours or so You actually eventually swell up and bloat The gases inside you can't come out so they only Keep amassing 'til you're either really fat or explode But don't laugh, cos I mean it, that isn't a joke It'll happen to the Queen and the average bloke Bacteria starts devouring both Flesh and fat from your anatomy, out of your clothes Then it's down to the crows to come down and carry on Lunch out on carrion down to the bone Now you should know that even bones decompose If you leave them over an aeon or so There will be no trace of your dead corpse You'll be feeding potatoes and absorbed Dug up and eaten off a plate with salad raw I'm sorry to say I'm afraid that's the law Actions have reactions so it has to stop Every man since Adam's travelled back to the cosmos Rock to iron to steel and back to rust Ash to ash and dust to dust

Ashes to ashes And dust to dust Ashes to ashes And dust to dust Don't even bother thinking about floating to heaven When you die You won't burn in hell but you might roast in an oven When you die Don't even bother thinking of eternal paradise When you die You'll just be fertilising grass in this so-called afterlife