

A Song for the Dead

Exhumed

The ashen grey muse commissions a new verse
A song to while away the long sojourn in the hearse
Yet all of us who dance macabre to these dour, dismal tunes
Become cold, grim and hard as the dirt upon the tomb
In darkened dirges death's knell peals out it's toll
As another cadaver is consigned six feet down to its hole
But ere the last shovel of dirt falls on the wall of the box
We gravely offer a salute to those about to rot
So lift up your severed heads, in a song for the dead
Life's course ever runs red, so let no lyric remain unsaid
As from our mouths the melody is bled, in a symphony scripted in red
Like rats by the piper we're led, to join in this song for the dead

The humor of the gallons never fails to ring true
In this dead, bleak, sick world that we're hung, drawn and quartered though
As each internecine instrument plays its own bloody part
The hammering of coffin nails outpaces the beating of our hearts
Symphonic surgery orchestrated, a cleaver conducts
The execrable epiphany comes too late, just to reduce us to chunks
Rising up from the sod heaves a gross, putrid breath
As the chorus is joined in this song for the dead
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Truncated toccatas deranged, raked across barbed strings and hacked
Eviscerated etudes for the de-brained, plucked upon heartstring stretched
On the rack
Medicinal movements decomposed
Regurgitating oratorios obscene
Forensic fugues and de-boned
Mutilating the melody's method and means
The crepitated coda dies in mid-refrain
As the sheet-music is obscured by a sanguine scarlet stain
Shattered stave lodged in your split-open splattered brain
The ruptured meter falters as the bow is fretted once again
Acrid arias are screeched
The bloated thorax is breached
Abrading viscera with bleach
Grotesquely gavage the deceased

Cleaving the clef
Broken notes bleed into a mess
Falling on ears so deaf
So it ever is in death
Carbonized cantatas corrupt, ringing out, sewing seeds of dischord and
Dismay
Suppurated sonatas erupt, Purulent pizzicatos slicing every which way
The truncated cadence is sundered, Bloody scraps of sheet music
Unintelligibly scrawled
Threnodies resonate six feet under, To where all life's fractured melodies
Will finally resolve
The symphonic slaughter's swells without restraint
As the cacophonous cadenza splits your eardrums clean in twain
The repugnant orchestra pit an abattoir of death and pain
The hatchet falls in sharp staccato until everyone is slain