

Deathmask

Exhumed

A sombre study in an ashen shade of grey
The haunting eyes of the lifeless not yet rotten
Embalming fluid stave off incursive decay
Chemicals course through passages that life has forgotten
Preservatives bubble and fume shades of jaundice and amber
Sequestered alone in my embalming chamber
Unknowing, unseeing, and laid spread-eagle on the slab
A lackluster piece of meat
I polish, scrub, and swab...
Meticulously grooming and brushing, clipping with care
Each detail is attended to as I drag a comb through the hair
I beautify the blemished face of the deceased
In the hopes that the bereaved will be somewhat at peace...
This is my endeavour of dubious merit
My morbid application of sleight of hand
A charlatan for the mourning and timid
A touch up artist for the dead, gone, and bland...
To sanitize the ghastly countenance of death
Whose true rigors are best left unseen
Powders, puffs, and chemicals are all that is left
A corpse made to strut, prance, and preen...
Romanticizing rigor mortis, and death be not vain
Caked with layers of powder, toner, and deceit
I vomit on the floor at the leering, smiling face
Leaving the deception not yet fully complete...
My make-up kit now callously discarded
No more use for toners, blushes, and rouge
Extracting the tools of dissection
Forceps, scalpels, and pins I eagerly peruse...
A sanguinary frenzy now ensues
Carving, rending, and generally making a mess,
Carbonated embalming fluid foams from vacant eyesockets
Splattering and sullyng your sunday best...
Ineptly mangled and randomly remade
Taking a stab at plastic surgery on human remains
Weaving a wretched, fleshy tapestry of gore
A collage of tongue, skin, blood, sinew, and brain...
Your face stricken with total disfiguration
The dignity of death now cruelly erased
Somewhat innappropriately dressed for the somber occasion
No pretense remains as you're sent off to your wake...