

## Postmortem Procedures

### Exhumed

In the dissection of flesh and the sawing of bone  
I've coaxed confessions from the lips of the dead  
Postmortem scrutiny that has clinically shone  
The horrifying facts that would have never been said...  
Unbosoming their secrets in the sickening results of their demise  
Stomaching these wretched human riddles  
I carve, hack and slice  
Illuminating the dusty skeletons that lurk in closets, bones and entrails  
Enduring the ghastly visage of violent death in my forensic travails...  
Whether in pieces or completely decomposed  
I assess with clinical indifference  
The remnants of a life which grisly circumstance has brought to this office  
Ensuring that truth shall endure after the flesh has crumbled and rotted away  
Elucidating atrocities and carnage, the thankless job I perform day after day...  
Persistent incisions that cut to the quick are my stock in trade  
To scrutinize what remains of a life, painstaking effort will have to be made  
At times both evidence and flesh are profoundly encrypted and shrouded  
It can be murder to pry answers from the mouths of the dead...  
A gutted torso can pose a bevy of answerless questions to deliberate  
Probing with a scalpel  
I expose the morbid cavity that I now must eviscerate  
Unlocking death's mysteries with my forceps, tweezers and saw  
Wringing revelations from a fibula, fossa or jaw...  
Recording confessions that are uttered without making a sound  
From informants long dead that I've culled from the ground  
Beneath the pallid veil of cold flesh or enshrouded in the shredded remains of a face, Exhuming the truth is my occupation, no matter how decrepit it's resting place...  
Within the bowels of a horribly mutilated corpse or a splattered brain  
Picking apart flesh and deceit only the cold facts remain  
Dead men will tell tales if you know how to listen and learn  
Even when they've been stabbed, beaten, shot, hacked up and buried...  
This morbid quest for knowledge is not without its rewards  
Much can be extrapolated from a decrepit infant's gourd  
My bureau's a slab, my text is a corpse, and I've studied with sincere, ardent fervor

And found that often man's inhumanity to man is all too well deserved...