

# Under the Knife

## Exhumed

Scalpels cleave and reave though crimson rivulets  
Weaving their cold and malignant minuets  
Carving out funereal figures in arcane alphabets  
Scars that will never heal or forget...

Like puzzle pieces, set askew, you've come undone  
The bleeding is ceaseless, you're turning blue, the end had begun  
Set down in writing, flesh, blood and bone, let death be done  
The pen is as mighty as the sword, sticks or stones, your end would be cast  
in stone, by either one...

Tenderly thanatographical threads are tread and traced  
Boiling blood will serve to warm this cold clinical embrace  
A clean precise cut to mark this morbid meeting place  
This knife - point where you and death came face to face...

The slab starts to spin around and around, as I take your hand in mine  
We move step by step within, without so much as a sound, death's dark design

in time  
A slice to the left, then cut back to the right, movements scripted in this  
dance of the dead  
Motions so deft, recalled by touch not by sight, footprints encrypted by  
blood running red...

A pirouette on razor's edge leaves you breathless  
The slab plays host to an incisive macabre ballet  
A savage, slicing slaughter of the senses  
Now splayed...

UNDER THE KNIFE - your death hangs in the balance, on the edge of the blade  
REMEMBER EVERY SLICE - of this jigsawed demise, and every part that I payed  
COLD STEEL BURNS LIKE ICE - leaves you dancing on nothing, loosed by  
unsteady hands  
UNDER THE KNIFE - The caress of steel, just before the end...  
Just before the end...

A bleeding patchwork design, in running scarlet writ  
Connected wounds intersecting from slit to bloody slit  
Such a tangled web of shreds and scars I've knit  
The liquid of life, leaks out through the red at your wrists...

May I have this last dance? As I take your last breath  
With a final flick of my wrist

...

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