

Cold Storage Fever

General Surgery

In the company of fellow carrion the deceased seem to come around

In the hidden realms of the morgue
Contained behind locked doors

My thoroughly sound-proofed cellar
contains abducted corpses by the bulk
In the v.i.p. room of the morgue,
an orgy of dry-frozen hulks

Refrigerate the stifffs
Minimize the decay
A collection of fresh playmates
for a better day

Degeneration kept at bay
Necrological lust denied
A certain virtuosity
until the time feels right

A pathological binge
A sub-zero soiree

Mingle in the festering crowds
as the festivities slowly mount

Stiff-limbed hedonism
An orgy of dry-frozen hulks

A pathological binge
A sub-zero soiree