

# Decomposer

## General Surgery

Are we lying comfortably?  
I hope that you fear not  
Your stay here shall be lengthy  
Depending on just how quickly you rot

Apply a quicklime mud pack  
Hinder circulation  
Artificially inflicted gangrene  
Hasten the maceration

Rendered impeccably clean  
Stripped to the ivory core  
The cleansing of your fetid flesh  
Revealing the divine gleam of bone

Strings of muscle tissue  
Yanked away with ease  
Luckily I removed your tongue  
I'm distracted by agonized screams

It probably won't hurt too much  
The sedatives will bear you through  
The pain eventually subsides  
When your nerve ends turn to goo

Bound to be gored  
Intravenously fed  
Destined to rot  
Your skin to be shed

Trimming off loose sinew  
Your appearance is still a mess  
My psychopedantic maniacal glee  
Matches your distress

Cleanliness is godliness  
Unbound by rank decay  
I admire your skeletal remains  
As I hose your fetid carrion down the drain