

# Bedlam

## Impaled

[music - Ross Sewage and Sean McGrath, lyrics - Ross Sewage]

Vested in dementopia, government by lunatic  
Vestiges of hysteria in a legal system so sick  
A sovereign sanatorium, the policy of rule is insane  
Where moral restraints are overrun, Dementia Rex is to blame  
An ataxic coup is growing nascent  
Amok motivations are ingravescent  
Doctors deposed and jugulated in our white house of padded cages  
Our politico self-mandated, but psychosis will increase in stages  
Lacking the nourishment of maternity, we deemed ourselves brothers  
But found no solace in fraternity as the mad drew blood from each other  
Mansuete masses, the first to expire  
In a congerie of faeces, a visage is mired  
De-calcified ossuaries to break  
Waifen, flesh bags left cold and prostrate  
Dominance asserted with fisticuffs  
With shattered dentine, a countenance is stuffed  
Indoctrinated to pugilist acts  
A riot of two thousand maniacs  
The guts strewn from patulous torsos  
Our corpus juris in its final death throes  
Stewardship, icarian  
From unrestrained sadism  
A society undone  
It's a bloody bedlam  
Our hamartia's spun  
When scum is killing scum  
Thirsting for carrion  
It's a fucking bedlam

[solo: "Marshall Law" by A. S. LaBarre]

[solo: "The Atrocity Exhibition" by S. C. McGrath]

[solo: "Politics Make Strange Dead Fellows" by A. S. LaBarre]

[solo: "The Road to Hellville" by S. C. McGrath]

No hope for mad minds, no hope for mankind  
Decerebration will clear their heads  
Total diaschisis will leave them for dead  
A masochistic population makes an abbatoir of the asylum  
No control over desquamation, Dementia Rex a panjandrum  
Suffering echopraxia as our late doctors' butchery is imitated  
Internequine bouts prove dour as my kingdom is extirpated  
A charnel house where bloodlust doth reign  
Extremities snapped and craniums brained  
A gallimaufry of prone brethren  
Organs excised and ordure placed therein  
From a praetorian psyches devolution  
An arterial spray, the fruits of revolution  
With grumous gore, the halls are replete  
As cardial pulses surcease their beats  
Stewardship, icarian  
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