

Feared by dogmatics and systematically oppressed
Science my crime, medicine I confess
Bearers of ignorance put a halt to my work
For in the coronal plane is where I would lurk
Forced underground, six feet deep is precise
A labour for knowledge by my own device
Maggots and worms my constant companions
Pillaging crypts and defiling their coffins

Archaic alchemists must be put to rest
Notions of prima matter I'll test
When the casket's exhumed and I've broken the seal
It's surely just flesh and blood I'll reveal

A nidorous air pervades through my lab
A noxious bi-product of the stiff on the slab
I meticulously sketch the skins contours and grains
Then probe sub-cutaneously for arteries and veins
Methodical excision to lay bare the bones
For understanding of anatomical unknowns
Though necrosis makes the facts harder to confer
I'm proud to be a cadaverous cartographer

Slicing through mortal shells
Discerning the secrets they tell
Engaged in necrology
Gross anatomy

Surgery on fresh human corpses
A putrid employ to read what the gore says
Knowledge my aim, blasphemes they claim
Negating all their spiritual discourses

Retractors split open the chest cavity
Ocular scopes provide a glimpse into humanity...
Inhumanity

Excavations are clear
There is no soul here

A labyrinth of nerves and muscles explored
Their designs in my necronomicon are stored
Spinal tendrils extend through all planes
Cognition lies not in the heart but the brain
Visceral gears are each recorded and weighed
A corporeal blueprint for mankind I have made
Surrounded by disemboweled organs, it would seem
We are all nothing but organic machines

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