

# Operating Theatre

Impaled

Baiting the vain and aesthetically challenged  
To my office of promise and false hope  
Demarcating lines of incision for corporeal revision  
The foundation laid for a malpractical joke

Tranquilized and secured on a gurney  
Associates throng for the spectacle on which they thrive  
Unconsciousness no escape as you lay wide awake  
Our peers observe as your placed under knife

We'd like to welcome you to the operating theatre

My scalpel marks perforations on your countenance  
Volsella securely fastened as I pull  
As ligature is excised with no anaesthesia  
I'm sure you'll find this process quite painful

Fourteen bones degloved as periosteum is exposed  
Bereft of palpebra, eyes starve for moisture  
The nasal conchae and zygoma  
Under chisel and mallet shall fissure

A jovial soiree for which our comrades have gathered  
Relinquished admission and collude in our laughter  
They applaud the disfiguring with needless suffering  
From this mutilation there will be no recovering

An abscinded face we'll replace with your posterior  
Gaze through a brown-eye as your shit-faced in the mirror  
Your visage is your end, the lips a sphincter instead  
In our surgical troupe you're cast as the shit-head

Piercing adipose tissue  
With rusted hooks and screws  
To keep the crowd amused  
You'll break a leg or two  
With needle and ink I stain  
Your skin, with text profane  
No part is left unmaimed  
This show's rather insane

We'll knock 'em dead in the operating theatre  
The show must gore on in the operating theatre

As the curtain falls on another corpus-plasty  
Chains jangle when the flesh they're sewn in twitches  
You shan't miss your cue as your body we abuse  
It's not the audience, but you we've left in stitches