

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 absconded 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