

Resurrectionists

Impaled

A hammer to drive the chisel in
A chisel to alter bone and skin
An algid stiff to now provide
A link to where the soul resides

That still hearts should pulse with ichor
Is an ethical dilemma to be sure
That a body can be made to function
Is an enigma to decipher without compunction
That the dead may in mere slumber lie
Is a query that begs us to coax a reply
That rotting lungs shall heave with breath
Is truly a matter of life and death

The ressurectionists
The ressurectionists... no more death after life

Augers employed to crack and peel
Gilding steel teeth with paste of bone meal
Their skulls disassembled and scored
With sanguine expectations, meticulously gored

To reconnect nerve filled clusters
Our encaphalic skill, we muster
To reinstate arterial paths
Our hands engage in a blood bath
To reset joint and bone
Our mending powers are hewn
To restart cardial beating
Our defibrullator is heating

The ressurectionists
The ressurectionists... no more death after life

Intra-venously dripping a potion
To rekindle locomotion

Old hat at plundering lifeless shells
But I shall never get used to the smell

Sutures of catgut carefully stitched
Securing intestines in torsal pitch
Along the sciatic, nerves are defrayed
In our conclave, bodies remade

This brain in a solution submerged
From a cranium we've purged
This jellied ganglia to reconnect
From the medulla to the neck
This artery and vein shall rehydrate
From pulmonary functions we'll resuscitate
This human tabula rasa we've sewn
From it, coaxed, secrets to life unknown

The ressurectionists
The ressurectionists... no more death after life