

The Patients Are Revolting

Impaled

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

Accorded to general population
Delusional psychosis, my sickness
Rallying a schizophrenic aggregation
Stoking the fires of madness
Death for the doctors... we'll execute
Victims of aesculapian abuse
Death dealing proctors... final judgement
Malicious dissent
Misfiring nodes of Ranvier are pulsing
Dendrites and axons cause afebrile convulsing
Egress secured in a time of ennui
Our charges detained with surgical tape
Nurses and orderlies regret apathy
Their perseity systematically raped
The sick are in charge... our will resolute
A grand hecatomb is not in dispute
The sickness discharged... a sane ascent
Sovereignty claimed with corpora rent
We are the walking dead
Our sanity is bled
Treatments so insulting
The patients are revolting
Metatarsals and tibia are cleaved by hobbling
Contusions and avascular necrosis cause throbbing
Phalanges are expelled from the appendicular
Neurogenic shock, a feeling so peculiar
Cranial bludgeoning
Coronal suture I pry
Cerebral haemorrhaging
You will die
Trachea implode, causatum of external pressure
Vitriolic strength from ire beyond measure
Vascular systems beset with oxidosis to accrue
Hematemesis, a sanguinary spew
Fouling the bedlam
Madmen are skulking
Ensanguined and lousy
Revolting

[solo: "Fustigation as Somatic Therapy" by A. S. LaBarre]

[solo: "Judge, Jury, and Deontologist" by S. C. McGrath]

Our quarters furnished with chartreuse cadavers
Accessories whose ends we've meted out
Their final words, a mucoid lather
Their final breaths, petered out
Physicians are next... we are quite vexed
Our protest is given murderous context
Physicians we'll wreck... we'll break their necks
Under my ascendancy as Dementia Rex
We are the walking dead
Our sanity is bled
Treatments so insulting
The patients are revolting