

# 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