

# We Belong Dead

Impaled

[music - Ross Sewage]

[lyrics - Ross Sewage]

A plague on mankind, a pox on the planet  
We are the surgeons of sickness and shit  
Innocent bystanders are subjected to the horror  
Our gruesome displays give rise to a furor  
Bodies were piled and defiantly defiled  
Up to our knees in blood, sweat, and bile  
For the means to achieve our deviant needs  
The guilty should die and the innocent bleed  
Doctors of death, practitioners of pain  
Morbid addictions cannot be restrained  
A need to dismember, disfigure, and maim  
By A.M.A. standards, we've gone quite insane  
Hippocrates turning in his grave  
The oath, broken, cannot be mended  
From the realms of science we've strayed  
And into the charnel house descended  
Vitriolic tinctures substituted for plasma  
Intra-venously rotted by a virulent miasma  
Appendages unnecessarily amputated  
To promote zero growth all were castrated  
A myopic nurse doles out the bonesaw  
The O.R. is now a functioning abbatoir  
Prescriptions meted out for an untimely demise  
Injections of fÄ|ces, our malicious advice  
Appointments were kept for the ceasing of lives  
Our promise to heal, a pack of lies  
A Hippocratic hypocrisy  
When the pledge is defiled  
The house of healing an atrocity  
The list of victims we've compiled  
Hung on a noose, drowned in the loam, sliced at the vein  
Let flow the red  
Choked on a pill, impaled through the brain  
We belong dead

[solo: "The Flesh and the Fiends" by S.C. McGrath]

Our clinic raided by the authorities  
Littered with corpses on all thirteen stories  
We toiled long in the laboratories  
Fueled by methamphetamines and forties  
Wading through offal and excrement  
Agents of law effect our detainment  
Judicial proceedings with malevolent prejudice  
Our heinous crimes lack any precedence  
Horrifying facts and aggregious evidence  
The lives and deaths of medical deviants  
Bloodstained hands assure guilt, ipso facto  
Our lives are forfeit for theirs, quid pro quo  
Lethal injection, gas chamber, or the chair  
Corporeal punishment for our brand of intensive care

[solo: "Age Actabile Anti-Hippocrate" by S.C. McGrath]

[solo: "The Doctor Is In... Sane" by A.S. LaBarre]

[solo: "Dead Men Walking" by S.C. McGrath]

[solo: "Throw the Switch" by A.S. LaBarre]

In memorium to Hippocrates  
Our corporeal bonds are severed

But our crimes against humanity  
In infamy, shall reign forever  
Hung on a noose, drowned in the loam, sliced at the vein  
Let flow the red  
Choked on a pill, impaled through the brain  
We belong dead  
[solo: "Physician, Kill Thyself" by A.S. LaBarre]