

## Abracadavers

### The Classic Crime

It's like I never had time to look away.  
Bodies stuck between death and decay,  
are plastic and set up on display.  
And their eyes are wide and they are looking my way.  
Each ligament exposed, each muscle connected.  
And every organ that I proudly neglected.  
I've been arranged for the common collective.  
Stomaching the sight of human flesh resurrected.  
It seems we're fearfully made and designed.  
But it's a shame we can be so blind.  
We're all the same,  
made of hair and bones and water and blood cells.  
We're all to blame,  
for spending way too much time on ourselves.  
I have been blessed and now I'm blind.  
A veil's been pulled over my eyes.  
Now every bad season that kept me believing seems so  
contrived.  
There's more glory to be seen  
and savored through suffering  
than ever was through self-serving escape.  
It seems we're fearfully made and designed.  
But it's a shame we can be so blind.  
We're all the same,  
made of hair and bones and water and blood cells.  
We're all to blame,  
for spending way too much time on ourselves.  
Ashes to ashes  
And dust to dust!  
'Cause we're all the same,  
made of hair and bones and water and blood cells.  
We're all to blame,  
for spending way too much time on ourselves.