

Inpropagation

Carcass

Insipid fumes bellow from the atrabilious chimney
Whilst in the sanctified crevet I calmly pillage and rake
For hot dry powdered human slag
Still steaming in the crematorium's grateBio-organic ebullition, bones tar, tallow dehydrates
For my deleterious horticulture so that I may cultivateYour mortal mechanism dies - in
nutrients rich
In the hallowed turf you lie - just for the takingCharred sinew's as good as lime, no phosphates
do I need
Deteriorated flesh used as top-soil, to replenish and nourish seed
Spreading this human potash, as ash matured
Recycling my rich harvest, bring out your dead... for use as manure...Irrigating tears are shed,
but the ground still must be fed
Tipping and dusting up the spilt contents of urns
Every morsel that glows like ember on the fire
Extinguishing all hope of beatrific dispatch
These charred chassis desiredExequiet rites now performed, a coronach sooting up the flu
Enter my execrable inferno, even in the after-life there's work to doThe nitrogen content's
high - but the flesh is weak
At the graveside mourners cry - you're never to wake againBurnt brisket renews the ground, to
germinate my seed
Cremated bodies are my spoil, to use them as plant-feed
Ploughing this abhorrent human manure
Seeding my rich harvest, bring out your dead... for the soils to devour...Dry the dead are bled,
because the ground must be fed
And there's still no rest for the deadI propagate - dust in the grate
Ashes to ashes - dust to dust, diluted in water and sprayed on crops
Charcoal, fats, flesh and soot fertilising pasture with active fertile rot
Incumbent - latent calories are spentAshes to ashes - dust to dust renewing the land with
corpses corrupt
Mortuary scrapings, hearses a must, to the hot hearth the deceased are trussedHarvesting the
defouled, to fertilize my soil
Rejuvenating the spent with my fecundate spoils...Reaping the gone, to nourish the land
Replenishing exhausted pasture with my uncanny sleight of hand
Restoring the unnatural balance, sowing my seed
Defalcating the departed, I rapt and glean...So I recite my contrite lament, lacrimation for the
dead
Their rest which I disturb...
Where should stand row upon row of cold grey remembrance stones
My cash crops now grow...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

