Dr. Sawbones

Creature Feature

There goes Dr. Sawbones
Creeping down the alleyway
Looking for a victim
The game of chance is underway
He is biding his time
Fleeting through the cabarets
Searching for a subject
To bring about their Judgement Day

There goes Dr. Sawbones
Slipping through the underbrush
Peering through your windows
Conspiring for your blood
He is stalking the night
Just as happy as can be
Waltzing through the graveyard
Praying for an entity

There is this longing for blood
That I am trying to quench
There is this yearning for pain
That is forever entrenched
There is this spot on my soul
And it will never come clean
There is this flaw in my brain
That is far from serene

There goes Dr. Sawbones
Readying his instruments
Making sure they're razor sharp
They have dark deeds to dispense

He is raising the stakes
Broadening his dossier
In this game of cat and mouse
He will take your breath away

There goes Dr. Sawbones

Strolling through the dirty streets
Judging which soul to confront
He is haunting the town
Drifting through the corridors
Disappearing in the fog
Watch your back lest you be gored

Oh look, here comes the doctor now
Dressed to the nines and on the prowl
An attaché case in his hands and dark thoughts of devious plans
…

He's the perfect picture
Of a charismatic gentleman
Magnetic and debonair
Chivalrous and spirited

But once he's got you in his sights

That's when the delirium ignites
The madness quickly takes control
And villainy engulfs his soul

Pray you never cross his path
Steal a glance and incite his wrath
His dashing demeanour gives away and depravity comes out to play

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