

# 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  
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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