

Grave Robber At Large

Creature Feature

There is something strange down by the cemetery
Emptying the graves left and right
Ghastly schemes and ghoulish undertakings
Underneath the pale moonlight

Curse the day they invented the crematory
What a foolish waste of potential sales
It's a damn shame to discard inventory
Think outside the box if all else fails

Death is my business and business is good

There's a grave robber at large
Ripping bodies from hallowed ground
Desecrate those who rest in peace
There's profit to be made from the recent deceased

Skeletal remains are safe in the ossuary
They're quite stale and not worth a dime
Don't think me a fiend, this is strictly monetary
Fortune calls and I'll answer this time

In this occupation timing is instrumental
A matter of hours can plummet the price
The fact it's a crime is simply incidental
Freshness is key, nothing else will suffice

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Midnight meetings inside the graveyard
Crunching numbers, breaking the earth
I'm not afraid to get my hands dirty
Even if things seem a bit perverse

Though these deeds weigh heavy on my soul
I will no doubt sleep perfectly sound
While you struggle to keep your conscience
A garden of riches rots in the ground

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