

Born Of The Board

Doctor Butcher

I sit and stare upon my trembling hand,
as it starts to move once again
Still I wonder why, is this all a lie,
what does this all mean?
Midnight the board awaits in a circle on the floor
Many sins held within, many pleasures to behold
Life's, Hell, Birth, Death Cast before my eyes
Spirits spelling out my fate
in a world that doesn't lie
It's like being crucified
No priest speaks my last rights
I can't pretend it, I must confess it, no!

Born of the Board
As I lay me down to rest
Born of the Board
Will I sleep in peace tonight?

Come! Forth! Spirits!
I have summoned you
Give me pleaseure, give me pain
Ya know, round and round and round it goes, where it stops noon
e knows
Such a twisted game to play!
It's like being crucified.
No priest speaks my last rights
I can't pretend it, I must confess it, no

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Will I sleep in peace tonight?