

## Night Of The Living Dummy

Dr. Acula

Standing over your bed with a bat and an axe you lay lifeless and cold  
oh my god how could you commit such a crime how could you tell such a lie  
There is blood on my hands from your neck  
you are now mine  
yes tell the judge this is what i had to do  
tell the jury i'm coming for them  
theres splinters of wood and broken glass scaterred around you like flowers  
your pain is now beautiful  
now your dead  
i leave you to rot  
you've created a monster  
i live for this