

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