

## Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me

Pungent Stench

Child

He's coming for you

There's nothing that you could do

He lurks the night a ghoul with cruel intentions

Waiting for you to cross his way

A predator greedy for your intestines

Enjoying your cries of dismay

Child

Skelter

Run if you can

Flee from the boogieman

A cleaver

And a blade

He's watching

In the shade when you don't watch your back

He grabs you from behind

One well directed hack blistering and unkind

Drags you to his hideout

Welcomes you as his guest

No one will hear you shout

When he grubs in your chest

Savage routine

Medical education

Just tell the doctor when it hurts

The final stage

Is your annihilation

He scornful grins as your blood squirts

Child

Short was your life

Stopped with a surgical knife