

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