

Cryptic Carnage, Francis T.

shadow like london's vice is creeping through
the night
protected ? by night and fog
covered ? in defiance of law and order

from new england came a quack to find his
victims
devilish ? sly in his mind
no clue will bring explanation, no
suspicion
scotland yard gropes in the dark

1) "i keep on hearing that the police will catch
me soon
i have laught about that they seem to look so
clever
they say I'm a doctor now
have you seen the devil with his
scalpel?"

2) "i love my work and want to start
again
you will soon hear of me and my funny little
games
the next job I'll do ? I shall put the ladys
ears of and
send it to the police officers just for joy
catch me if
you can ? GOOD LUCK...!"

Who will be able stop the devils
game...?
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