

# Iced Earth, Frankenstein

A mastermind in the old watchtower  
Prying eyes must never find.  
Playing God in the final hour  
Insanity, such a fine line  
Overwhelmed by the mourning process  
And the loss of his dearly loved  
The Doctor's work is now obsession  
What is life? What's beyond?

He wants to know what it's like to be God  
Creating life with his own hands  
To reanimate lifeless tissues  
The Devil's work, the doctor's plan  
A man of wealth and a genius mind  
A slave to passion and his morbid side  
Robbing graves of the newly dead  
Erratic tendencies, a troubled mind

I will create in my own image  
If God can then why can't I?  
No thought of the consequences  
I've got to know the meaning of life

Lightning strikes, it's the witching hour  
The monstrosity comes alive  
A victim of man's vanity  
Born in delirium, a deranged child  
He turns his back on his own creation  
Chaos ensues, the innocent die  
Who's the monster?  
Who's the victim?

Crucify!!! Crucify!!!