

Pungent Stench, Suffer The Little Children To Co

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 boogiemán

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