

Dead Next Door

Creature Feature

There's a decaying house by the cemetery
Not a soul can be caught passing there after dark
Someone lives there unseen, left in solitary
An estate bordering the city of the dead

Every night in the midst of the witching hour
A dark shape can be seen silently treading the graves
What grim madness occurs, quiet as a whisper
A ghoul haunts the headstones under the veil of fog

What does he do at night?
Concealed and out of sight
Digging by lantern-light in the graveyard
On the outskirts of town
Working without a sound
Six feet into the ground in the graveyard

Long before the moon wanes over the ossuary
A lone phantom departs, fleeing without a trace
Now the graves are empty, hidden by the shadows
The departed inside vanished without a trace

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What lies in this quiet home?
Down and from the catacombs
What's inside of every room?
Bodies snatched from their tombs
Corpses posed in effigy
Exhumed a new family

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