

Dem Bones

Creature Feature

Please don't be alarmed
I got the heart of a child
It's actually one of many
That I've slowly compiled
You have looks to die for
And a brain to match
I promise to remove it all
Without a scratch
Dem Bones!
Lest we forget
About your ravishing eyes
I'd love to see them both
Immaculately excised!
Now whatcha got hiding
Under all that meat?
I don't believe
That beauty's only skin deep

We all amass ghosts of our past
I display mine under glass
Perfection is fleeting
Commence the bleeding
And now I must propose
We Dig Dem Bones!

I bid you welcome, my guest
I have something to get off my chest
I am a fan of some degree of curiosities
Now now! Don't you fret
I have a spot for all of my guests
On the mantel or the bookcase
I can always make some space
All the beauty of our days
A shame it's got to wither away
You'll live on, rest assured
And forever be preserved

From here on in
You shall never age
Formaldehyde
Will keep those effects at bay
A piece of my collection
Always on display
An object to admire
Like a lost monet
Everybody shuns their skeleton
And hides it from all the fun
Elbow grease and soap
Will remove your pulp
And it will polish like a stone
When I scrub Dem Bones!

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Well is there something wrong with me?
I prefer my friends deceased
Disassembled and put on display
Deep inside the hallowed halls
Your bones will decorate the walls
Safe from inevitable decay
You'll soon agree that life is better
Without all that pesky leather
Skin is overrated, can't you see?
Would you prefer to rot and mold?
In a grave that's damp and cold
Or join my esteemed menagerie
Or you could choose to just grow old
Journey into the unknown
Spend your last breath all alone
Death waiting to lash out
Or will you become history
Or a sight for all to see
You must believe when I decree
Its what's inside that counts

We all amass ghosts of our past
I display mine under glass
Perfection is fleeting
Commence the bleeding
And now I must propose
We Dig Dem Bones!
Bones! Bones! Bones!
Scrub Dem Bones!