

# The Ripper

Pagan Altar

Through fog-filled streets and alleys,  
where fantails walk the night  
A cloaked figure waits and watches,  
from beyond the dim gas light  
What dark reason lies behind the veil,  
and drives him on to kill  
These petticoats have no valuables,  
there's nothing for him to steal  
So why the senseless slaughter,  
of the ones they deem so low  
It's certainly not for monetary gain,  
so perhaps it's what they know

Dank air glistens on blackened tenement walls,  
the hovels of the poor  
Where poverty is a way of life,  
behind every bolted door  
From such homes these wretches came,  
and are forced to walk the streets  
To eke a living in its most basic form,  
with every stranger that they meet  
So why the needless slaughter,  
Of the ones they deem so low  
It can't be for any other reason,  
it must be what they know.  
The need to exist will drive them out,  
from behind their own locked doors  
To venture forth into the night,  
to work the streets as whores  
For them there is no future,  
no reason for them to be  
And the momentary glimpse of a flashing blade,  
is the last thing they will see  
In death there needs to be some pride,  
even for those deemed so low  
Not lie disembowelled in a filthy street,  
just for what they know  
So who will be the scapegoat,  
who will take the blame  
When the compass and the setsquare,  
rears its head again.

Who will they use to hide the truth,  
and avert the public's gaze  
From the intrigue that in reality,  
Lies behind the political maze

Albert Victor's name is whispered,  
from behind the crumbling walls  
That the prince's bastard offspring,  
will be the next to rule  
A Catholic heir in waiting,  
first in line to the throne  
A situation that could not exist,  
and couldn't be condoned  
Was this the knowledge shared by the ones,  
who people deemed so low

Perhaps this is what the secret is,  
perhaps this is what they know

Does the ripper still exist today,  
but in a different form

To carry out the subversive acts,  
to protect these royal born  
Who is it that hides behind the cloak,  
this friend without a face  
And how many of his victims,  
will disappear without a trace  
How many more will meet the fate,  
of the ones they deem so low  
And how many more will have to die,  
because of what they know

So who will be the scapegoat,  
who will take the blame  
When the compass and the setsquare,  
rears its head again.