

The Feast of the Ghouls

Claws we slash with, teeth we gnash with
‘till our hunger pains have ceased
We are not dead, nor are living
We are neither man nor beast

Ghouls we are, the dark undead
Bony hands and rotting head
See us joining in the feast
‘till our hunger pains have ceased

We stalk the graveyard late at night
Searching for a tasty bite
Open coffin, dig up tomb
Look for corpses to consume

Gnaw the bones and chew the flesh
Devour bodies laid to rest
Search the graves for yummy treats
Rotting corpses can’t be beat

If you see us in the night
You’re sure to get an awful fright
But worry not your pretty head
We only eat things that are dead

But watch your step, don’t come too close
Especially if you’re nice and fat
If you’re alive, you should take care
For we know how to remedy that

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