Frankenstein

Iced Earth

A mastermind in the old watchtower
Prying eyes must never find.
Playing God in the final hour
Insanity, such a fine line
Overwhelmed by the mourning process
And the loss of his dearly loved
The Doctor's work is now obsession
What is life? What's beyond?
He wants to know what it's like to be God
Creating life with his own hands
To reanimate lifeless tissues
The Devil's work, the doctors plan
A man of wealth and a genius mind
A slave to passion and his morbid side
Robbing graves of the nearly(replace with newly?) dead
Erratic tendencies, a troubled mindChorus:
I will create in my own image
If God can then why can't I?
No thought of the consequences
I've got to know the meaning of lifeLightning strikes, it's the witching hour
The monstrosity comes alive
A victim of man's vanity
Born in delirium, a deranged child
He turns his back on his own creation
Chaos ensues, the innocent die
Who's the monster?
Who's the victim?Crucify! Crucify!

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