Boneyard

Impetigo

Strolling through my boneyard
A ghoulish midnight stride
A walk among the corpses
Fills my heart with pride...
A score of screaming victims
To me they scream no more
Forty or four hundred, I've lost count
Buried 'neath the earthen floor...
One by one they meet their doom
Through macabre and nepharious means
Midnight in my boneyard
The wind blows through the trees...

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