

# Grave Robber At Large

## Creature Feature

There is something strange down by the cemetery  
Emptying the graves left and right  
Ghastly schemes and ghoulish undertakings  
Underneath the pale moonlight

Curse the day they invented the crematory  
What a foolish waste of potential sales  
It's a damn shame to discard inventory  
Think outside the box if all else fails

Death is my business and business is good

There's a grave robber at large  
Ripping bodies from hallowed ground  
Desecrate those who rest in peace  
There's profit to be made from the recent deceased

Skeletal remains are safe in the ossuary  
They're quite stale and not worth a dime  
Don't think me a fiend, this is strictly monetary  
Fortune calls and I'll answer this time

In this occupation timing is instrumental  
A matter of hours can plummet the price  
The fact it's a crime is simply incidental  
Freshness is key, nothing else will suffice

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Midnight meetings inside the graveyard  
Crunching numbers, breaking the earth  
I'm not afraid to get my hands dirty  
Even if things seem a bit perverse

Though these deeds weigh heavy on my soul  
I will no doubt sleep perfectly sound  
While you struggle to keep your conscience  
A garden of riches rots in the ground

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