

## Born Of The Board

Doctor Butcher

I sit and stare upon my trembling hand,  
as it starts to move once again  
Still I wonder why, is this all a lie,  
what does this all mean?  
Midnight the board awaits in a circle on the floor  
Many sins held within, many pleasures to behold  
Life's, Hell, Birth, Death Cast before my eyes  
Spirits spelling out my fate  
in a world that doesn't lie  
It's like being crucified  
No priest speaks my last rights  
I can't pretend it, I must confess it, no!

Born of the Board  
As I lay me down to rest  
Born of the Board  
Will I sleep in peace tonight?

Come! Forth! Spirits!  
I have summoned you  
Give me pleaseure, give me pain  
Ya know, round and round and round it goes, where it stops noon  
e knows  
Such a twisted game to play!  
It's like being crucified.  
No priest speaks my last rights  
I can't pretend it, I must confess it, no

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