

## Servitude Of Souls

### Spawn of Possession

Souls are to some  
the key to living  
but these can be severely hidden.  
a cellar so sordid  
home to a doctor born morbid.  
his quest in life  
was to cut out souls with his knife.  
snatched his victims  
after night's fall, random targets  
all humans have a soul  
then one night, out and stalking he saw a glow  
around a lonely walker whom he tracked, jumped and overthrew  
this had to be a special one,  
he tied her up and brought her home.  
dragged downstairs, head bumped the steps, all bruised and swelled  
on the gurney strapped and gagged her screaming yap  
steady breath  
behind the surgical mask no thought  
of giving anesthesia

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the knife went deep, the shining grew  
her spastic body of pain showed proof  
secret sermon uttered for the soul to stay intact before caught  
she bit off her own tongue  
a jar of glass placed carefully next to the...  
...open wound she watched her soul slip into it  
closed the lid and smiled as he let her die,  
cold and empty. now came the time to merge with glowing treasure of his  
his dirty glasses reflected his hands as they slowly opened a drawer  
pulled out a vast collection of jars  
they all contained his victims sparks  
the thievish doctor had formed a plan  
through surgery insert them all into his body  
slashed a laceration and poured them in, the dead was lying rotting and wouldn't miss a thing

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