

## "The Puppeteer"

One night,  
I met a man who was never there,  
I was caught off guard,  
Yet frozen with fear,  
His intentions in mind,  
My expectations unclear,  
But the night she died,  
I met a man who was never there.  
The night we met,  
We were upon the stairs,  
I bumped into him,  
but he didn't seem to care,  
He just looked back at me,  
With his murderous sneer!  
But you see, this blood that he wears,  
it never smears...  
Because the one's he kills,  
their bodies he commandeers.  
Upon reaching the top of the stairs,  
I had a feeling so queer...  
For that wasn't a MAN,  
Who passed me so near...  
'Cause that blood that wouldn't smear,  
was even in her hair!??  
A crimson stain left here and there, this new story  
for me to share, The man who was never there  
now has her body to wear....

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