

Bubblemath

"Doll Hammer"

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Family favorite, eight years old
"Girl, do what you're told!"
Sara sadly repeats her dreams
Dad wants company, it seems
Once more, his whispered warning
"You'll not tell a soul come morning!"

She reaches, deeply, a strange night's sleep
Swirling spirits creep
Their dance surrounds her with frenzied cries
"Girl, come forward and claim your prize!"
Smeared with the strangest feeling
And a vengeful passion congealing
She awakens, charged with their song
"Dad! I need you! Come here, please! I swear it won't
take long!"

As Dad comes in, Sara smiles and bites clean through
his skin
Now he screams, his booming voice is rising in his fall

By the time he hits the floor, he's just another doll
Cluttering the rug
"Hey, Dad! Come on over here now, and give your girl
a hug!"

As Dad runs, frantically, towards the door
Clutching, blindly, his curious sore
Sara snatches him by the thigh
And holds him up to her judging eye
Casting a final ballot
Now she grabs an iron mallet

And holds it over his tiny legs
Dad stares, horrified, as he begs
But Sara smugly ignores his pleas
And smashes down with a violent breeze
With every bit that she hits she's willed
To strike again till his end is filled

