

Take up pipe cleaners,
And take up buttons.
Take up paint and crayons,
And sparkling glitter!
Take up construction paper,
Take up glue.
Take up hatred.
Sea shells,
Cotton balls
And paint brushes,
And make me, a monster.

Strip me bare,
And stand me naked.
For all to see.
Then take your glue,
And slather it on the skin.
Apply cotton balls liberally,
Till white and fluffy you make me.
My heart hardens with the glue.
And make me, a monster.

Dip your brushes in the paint,
Colours red through purple,
And paint.
Paint me blue, paint me yellow,
Paint me purple, paint me orange,
Paint me red and paint me green,
Paint me, paint me paint me,
Till the colours all run together.
Paint me,
'Till I look nothing like me.
And make me, a monster.

Take my hands,
And hold them in your own.
Though sticky with glue and paint,
You can still feel the warmth.
Press guitar picks against the nails,
And sea shells, and razor blades.
A monster needs disfigured hands.
A hand that no one could hold.
That no one would hold.

No one would ever hold a monster's hand.

Now take up your pipe cleaners,
You'll need the red ones children.
And fashion for me horns!
Blood red horns of a devil!
Perhaps a tail as well.
All blood red.
And make me a monster.

Grab that green flannel,
And fashion for me a flannel graph loin cloth.
Smooth and green,
Perfect to tell stories upon my nether regions.
Stories of scandal stories of hate,
Blood red stories, on this pretty green flannel.
But leave Jesus off this flannel graph,
Leave Him upon your own.
Jesus does not touch monsters.

Take black tissue paper,
Take black construction paper.
For the creation of wings.
A good monster needs wicked wings!
The kind that inspire terror,
In the hearts of children and house wives.
Flap them in the wind,
Then adhere them to my spine,
And make me, a monster.

Take your scotch tape children,
Now you must hurry,
It's nearly snack time.
Wrap it around the head.
Till the jaw can not move.
I mus'nt be able to speak of these crimes,
Now, then to insure my silence children,
Take the hammer to it!
And smash that jaw into seven times seventy pieces.
And make me, a monster.

But one final step children,
Take your buttons,

And go for the eyes!
Those deceptive eyes,
They run wet!
Be careful of the tears,
They make it difficult,
You'll need a lot of glue.
Hmmm, it does not want to stick?
Then we need the hot glue!
Hot, hot glue!
Now stand back children,
You'd best let adults do this,
Covering up a soul is grown up work.

Now toss on some glitter,
And draw a smiling face,
And we're done.
There I stand in purple,
Blue, green, yellow, orange,
And blood red.
You've made a happy smiling wicked, depraved monster,
Out of me.

Now hurry children!
It's off to snack time!