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## It Lurks Behind the Door

By Michael William Hogan

The monster lurks behind the door,  
please God don't let this be.  
'cause if its feet come 'cross the floor,  
there'll be no rest for me.

I'm nothing but a little girl,  
it doesn't seem to care.  
It has an endless appetite,  
impervious to prayer.

I wish this were a nightmare,  
from which I could awaken.  
This is too much for me to bear;  
my innocence he's taken.

The monster lurks behind the door,  
please God don't let this be.  
How can my mommy just ignore,  
when step-dad visits me?