

# Abscess, Flesh Candy

Creepy Cart Squeaky Wheels  
Dangling Horror Frightened Squeals

Rusted Blades Hatchets Knives  
Cruel Scissors Fear Arrives  
Around The Corner  
He Comes with his Wares  
Reciting Twisted Poetry  
with an Evil Glare  
Darkness Gathered 'Round Him  
Terror From His Lips  
Get Too Close  
You'll Lose your Fingertips

Through the Gate you blindly pass  
This Pleasure Visit could be your last  
Little Men and Whirling Blades  
Pain or Death for those who stray

Dawn the Hatch to Burn and Melt  
Bloated Purple Busted Belt  
Flung to Pieces Shrunken Down  
Up the Pipe Boiler Bound