

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