

Frankenstein Drag Queens From Planet 13, Dead

Well tonight you sit in our home
In a chair made of
Chainsawed fingers and bones
The ashes in the ash tray
Aren't from cigarettes
It's the charred remains
Of the family pet

The blood drips from your face
Now with my finger I take a taste
Granpa will be down soon
He's as fast as Jesse James and Cool Hand Luke
Now the cook is cooking up a stew
And the special ingredient is you
Stop your crying, don't make a fuss
You should be honored to be here with us
At this dead and breakfast

You know what they say
An apple a day
Won't keep the death away...