

# 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...