

Ghoul, Boneless

Grab a hood to hide your face
Tie a shirt around your waist
Pull a sk8 from off the wall
It's time to crash the funeral hall

The Ghoul Hunter is out tonight
But we don't really care
We're gonna give this town a fright
So citizens beware
We're homicidal retards
We're not afraid of cops
Our mission: Carve the Graveyard
We'll sk8 until we stop!

Waxing curbs and coffins too
The wax we use we made from you
If we see a bowl we'll fuckin shred
Gonna carve it up like we did your head

Our decks are made from tombstones
The trucks are hewn from bone
Slimeballs are the wheels of choice
The bearings? Kidney stones
Cobwebs are our grip tape
And grip they surely do
Tonight we're gonna tear it up
And then we'll tear up you!

We're boneless in the boneyard

Well we took a swig of some numbskull
And headed out into the frigid night
We were cruising the town when we all heard a sound
The Ghoul Hunter had us in his sights
We came at him with our sk8boards
He got a Pop Shove-It to the lip
I did a McTwist and landed on his wrist
And knocked the rifle right out of his grip
Cremator did a Blunt Slide off his back
Switching to a Disaster Grind
The Ghoul Hunter racked by our Ollie attacks
Was beginning to lose his mind

He had one more trick up his sleeve
A smoke bomb he quickly deployed
Once again he escaped, but not before getting scraped
A pastime we've come to enjoy

We sk8ed back to the graveyard in a rush
Our wheels trailing remnants of Ghoul Hunter mush
Vengeance he vowed to exact and employ
We think he might really be getting annoyed