Macabre, Fritz Haarmann The Butcher

In a far away town
many years ago
There lived a man
who caused much woe
He'd murder young men
and slice up the meat
And sell to hungry town people to eat

Fritz Haarmann-
He chopped up young men
The Butcher
Made steaks out of them
Fritz Haarmann-
He sold them as meat
The Butcher-
For the people to eat

Young men were missing
nowhere in sight
But they ate their steak
with hungry delight
They'd go to Fritz Haarmann
to get more meat
But they didn't know
young men they'd eat

Fritz Haarmann-
Made young men into meat
The butcher-
sold them on the street
Fritz Haarmann-
He'd sell them as steaks
The Butcher-
For the profit he'd make