

# Blitzkid, The Pumpkinpatch Murders

Out here in the pumpkinpatch beneath the dirt I hide  
To kill unknowing farmers and to strip them of their hides  
Such an unlikely place for atrocities of this kind  
My secret slaughterhouse is here in the garden's where I thrive  
(bridge)

The orange goblins speak to me in the night  
As the moon casts shadows the pumpkins come to life  
(chorus)

Pick-axe in my hand, plunged into your back  
Slicin off your arms and legs, murder in the punpkinpath tonight...

Dug many a shallow grave  
The soil isn't very ripe  
I like it when they scream so loud and beg for their lives  
Such an unlikely place to rip out someone's spine  
My secret slaughterhouse is here in the garden's where I thrive  
(bridge)  
(chorus)

(repeat chorus)  
Murder in the pumpkinpatch tonight! (x3)