

# Exit-13, Open Season (The Story of Hunter Slaughter)

(Music: O'Donnell, Lyrics: Yurkiewicz)

While driving through Northern Pennsylvania on a cold December day  
He became enraged by the amount of deer hunters "at play"  
He swore to himself that he would absolutely not ignore  
this warped activity that he profoundly deplored...  
So he snuck into the woods to drop some sons and daddies  
He climbed into a tree stand and smoked a fatty  
Along came a brush bustin' deer blastin' fanatic  
The locals called his death an "accident" and "tragic";

Open season for hunter slaughter  
Open season for hunter slaughter  
Open season for hunter slaughter  
Open season for the hunter slaughter

It wasn't long before he was at it again  
Acting on the knowledge that hunting is sick and must end  
A fresh blanket of snow was on the ground  
The day that hunter gunned thirteen down  
He butchered 'em just like factoryed hogs  
He stacked near a cord of human logs  
"Hey you, STOP!" someone yelled  
It was the game warden so he ran like hell!!!

His ballistically vented hunter loathing  
Had caused a situation quite foreboding  
He ran... He ran...  
He blazed through the bush with the speed of a deer  
The bulbous game warden was no longer near  
He slyly circled finally reaching his car  
Toasting his escape with two quarts from a bar  
He drove, swilling beer to calm his nerves,  
He drove...

Only days passed before he crpt back in the woods  
To quell this sick sport as much as one man possibly could  
He passed spare time contemplating fantastic dreams...  
The end of all human folly so cruel and blatantly obscene  
He spied prey in his crosshairs  
Some sick fuck hunting bear  
Hunter clenched his gun and wryly smiled  
This pathetic "sportsman" was gonna die  
He yelled "Hey fuck you, dummy!"  
The 30-06 round ripped through his tummy  
He followed the blood trail but did not run  
Caved the prey's head in with the butt of his gun

Hunter still lurks in the woods of  
Northeast Pennsylvania!