

# Ghoul, Ghoul Hunter

One night as I crept through the cemetery gates  
Seeking out the cause of the local mania  
I bespied a ghastly sight, which gave me quite a fright  
The legendary Ghouls of Creepsylvania  
They were moshing to and fro,  
And shrieking at the moon, you know  
Howling banshees on a quest for human meat  
I was shocked to see a Ghoul  
That had both eyes pull out a tool  
And chop the head from a body lying at his feet  
My mind was racing as I watched the horrible carnage  
They were stripping the rotten corpse to the bone  
I started to slowly back away in horror  
When the ground gave way beneath me and I fell into the catacombs  
When I came to I was cloaked in darkness  
There was a stench unlike any I had ever smelled before  
I reached out and felt the ground around me  
And my hand went straight into a puddle of gore!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
You can bet your life that you're going to die!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
We'll eat you baked, boiled, or fried!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
You'll look just like the jerk you are!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
We'll pickle your brain in a jelly jar!  
As I was saying...  
I lit a torch and began to explore  
The tunnels wound and wound for many miles  
There were coffins jutting from the walls and more  
Burning bones, vats of guts, and skulls in piles  
I came to a large room  
And heard an echo in the gloom  
The sound of metal chilled my very bones  
There were riffs the beat the band,  
Pounding drums I couldn't stand,  
And the vocalists created shocking tones  
I made my way towards the cacophony  
A crucifix clutched tightly in my fist  
And as I came to the torchlit room  
I saw the shambling fiends getting pissed  
They spotted me and began to shriek and snort  
My cover was blown, so I started to run like mad  
Digester tackled me to the floor  
And then it started really getting bad  
Ghoul Hunter!  
You can bet your life that you're going to die!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
We'll eat you baked, boiled, or fried!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
You'll look just like the jerk you are!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
We'll pickle your brain in a jelly jar!

I was bound and gagged in the dining room  
Surrounded by the funk of fetid breath  
The quartet of maniacs hunched over me  
And forced me to listen to Anthrax and Megadeth  
I struggled in my restraints as they chortled with glee  
While they poked at me and sliced apart my cheek  
My muffled pleading only served to amuse them  
As they expelled a very noxious sort of reek  
I wriggled out of my ropes a bit  
There was a struggle but I managed to prevail

Ghoul is still out there, haunting the graveyard  
But I escaped and now I'm here to tell my tale  
Ghoul Hunter!  
You can bet your life that you're going to die!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
We'll eat you baked, boiled, or fried!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
You'll look just like the jerk you are!  
Ghoul Hunter!  
We'll pickle your brain in a jelly jar!