

Macabre, Shotgun Peterson

Halloween

This is no trick or treat

When I squeeze the trigger

I'll make you look like swiss cheese

Shotgun Peterson

Took his scattergun

Shot some people down

In Indiana towns

Your lives mean nothing

You're like clay pigeons to me

Killing you with my twelve gauge

Is just like shooting skeet

Shotgun Peterson

Took his scattergun

Shot some people down

In Indiana towns