

# Samhain, All Murder, All Guts, All Fun

Murder, all guts, all fun  
All murder, all guts, all fun

A kick in the head, a gouged out eye  
Your intestines explode and your eyeballs pop  
And the taste of your blood will drive me on  
You see I get what I want, and I want when you bleed  
'Cause the things I can cause have the seal of the dead  
In humanity's fading glow

All Murder, All Guts, All Fun

Whose little arms encircle me to make me think of love  
Whose supple body aims to be a limbless bloody stump  
Do you, do you, do you realize  
That I like this thing I am

All murder, all guts, all fun  
Because I like when chests are torn apart  
The way that heads come off  
And the way that art starts to imitate life  
At the end of a gun  
At the edge of a knife

And all murder, all guts, all fun  
Go

Whose little arms encircle me to make me think of love  
Whose supple body aims to be a limbless bloody stump  
Do you, do you, do you realize  
That I like this thing I am, come on I'll kill you

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