

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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