

Wednesday 13, All American Massacre

The bodies were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that the family would soon be there
Skull soup for grandpa
And an eye for the dog
The main course is up before too long

Place the bloody bucket on the ground
Bring the bitch down, bring the bitch down
Let me tell you about our law
Its either sex or the saw yeah

All American massacre

Everyone knows theres no place like home
Like one thats filled with chain sawed fingers and bones
Who will survive, and what will be left of them
Just let God sort them out in the end

Run sally, run on through the night
Bring the bitch down, bring the bitch down
Place her firmly on the hook
Bon apptit, send my regards tot the cook yeah