Lock up your children the axeman is coming Lock up your children the axeman is coming Lock up your children the axeman is running Lock up your children he's here!

He's coming SLAUGHTER!

Is he from the army or the S.A.S.? Rejected and shunned, left out on his own The skills he acquired are put to the test The tearing of flesh and the pulping of bone!

He's coming SLAUGHTER!

It's late and it's dark but one walks the streets An axe in his hand, no glint in his eye This mindless machine, he butcher, you meat! Calm and collected, but twisted inside!

He is here! SLAUGHTER!