

Cold Blooded Christmas

Jon Lajoie

It was late at night on Christmas eve
I was dreaming of the soft white snow
I was awoken by a noise near the Christmas tree
What it was i did not know

It was Santa clause he was bringing me some gifts
Unfortunately i did not know that
So i quietly snuck up behind him
And i shot him five times in the back

It went pow pow pow pow pow
He said "what the xxxx ow ow ow"
Then i shot him three more times in the head
Pieces of his brain flew out and he was dead

That's when i noticed his blood-soaked beard
And his red suit filled with bullet holes
I said "oh my god i killed Santa clause
I'm not going to jail for this asshole"

So i went to my shed and i got my saw
And i started to choppipty chop chop
I started with his arms then his legs then his head
And then the torso was a really long job

And the blood went spurt spurt spurt
It was really hard work work work
It was hard cutting through his spine
I must have vomited sixteen times

I burnt all the pieces in my fireplace
The smell of burning human flesh filled my nose
Eleven hours later there was nothing left
And that's when i heard my telephone

It was auntie jean looking for uncle bob
She said "he left the house dressed as Santa clause
But he didn't come home last night
Have you seen him god i hope he's alright"