

Babydolls and teddy bears, packed tight with human guts
A cradle rocks with aborted fetus dripping on the floor
You hear the screaming from the furnace vent?
Its another bitch who wouldn't fuck for rent

Welcome to Splatterhouse
Where the blood of the innocent stains the walls
Just a slice of Hell right here on earth

Time to go and fetch up from the traps out in the woods
Had some luck this time
She's a little big so I'll eat for a while
You hear the rattling out on the porch?
It's strung up skulls banging in the wind

Lampshade made of skin dim lights the living room
And the Devil sits in my easy chair
"Master, have I done thy biddy well enough?"
Oh yes, my son you'll be a king in Hell.