

# Out Come The Knives

The pAper chAse

Did sweet daddy die  
Square on your birthday?  
Some macabrish attempts  
To see you'd rue the day  
Or appear in the end  
And be happy he made it back  
To be just in time  
To cut the cake and watch  
You boil alive  
In your own butterscotch  
His ghost might appear  
As a venomous backlash  
His ghost might appear  
As a motive and fear  
And everyone tells you  
"There's nobody down there"  
In between the chinging glasses where  
They eat you up, slow down  
To awkward again  
Did sweet daddy die  
Square on your birthday?  
Some macabrish attempts  
To see you'd rue the day  
Here again  
So here comes the bride  
And out stretch the hands  
To one to chop and cut clean  
And here come the chefs  
Ante up the bets  
See how long it'll be  
Out come the knives  
Down swings the axe  
To one to sharp it all in  
So here comes the bride  
Here comes the bride  
Here comes the bride  
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