

## All American Massacre

Wednesday 13

The bodies were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that that 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,  
It's either sex or the saw yeah.

All American Massacre.

Everyone knows there's no place like home,  
Like on that's 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 appetit send my regards to the cook yeah.

All American Massacre.

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