

# Macabre, Ed Gein

I'm a killer, and a gravedigger  
My stew will be made out of you  
I eat women, I'm a cannibal  
And a necrophiliac too  
I make bracelets out of bodies  
And coffee drums made with flesh  
Organs frying in my kitchen  
And the skin of your chest is my vest

Ed Gein - He's crazy, He's mental, He's sick  
Ed Gein - The head of a girl in his sink  
Ed Gein - His soup bowl is made of a skull  
Ed Gein - Your face is a trophy on the wall

I'm a fiend, I'm so morbid  
That I sleep with your organs at night  
And have sex with decaying bodies  
To me it's such a delight  
Then I'll eat them in my kitchen  
I will savour the mortal meal  
It's delicious, I'm excited  
Just the thought of gives me a thrill

Ed Gein - He'll shoot you in the head  
Ed Gein - Then drag you home on a sled  
Ed Gein - He'll gut you in his woodshed  
Ed Gein - Does things to your corpse people dread