

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