Holy Hack Jack

Demented Are Go!

He got a sheath made of plastic
Grabs it over his head
Forty gallons of petrol
Gonna burn you all dead

A forty-five strapped to his side
A machete in his hand
What's the name what's the game
Holy hack jack's the man

He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
He hobbles along on a busted knee
Knife strapped to his thigh
Bombs and blades, hand grenades
Somebody's gonna die

With his cassocks an' his robes and his leather chaps
Covered by a plastic mack
He's sick he's insane
Holy hack jack's at it again
Sick sick, sick sick

Clapped out buggy down darkened streets
Likes to kill whoever he meets
He's sick he's insane
Holy hack jack's at it again
Sick sick, sick sick

He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
Sick sick, sick sick

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