Ghoul Hunter

Ghoul

One night as I crept through the cemetery gates
Seeking out the cause of the local mania
I bespied a ghastly sight, which gave me quite a fright
The legendary Ghouls of Creepsylvania
They were moshing to and fro,
And shrieking at the moon, you know
Howling banshees on a quest for human meat
I was shocked to see a Ghoul
That had both eyes pull out a tool
And chop the head from a body lying at his feet
My mind was racing as I watched the horrible carnage
They were stripping the rotten corpse to the bone
I started to slowly back away in horror
When the ground gave way beneath me and I fell into the catacombs
When I came to I was cloaked in darkness
There was a stench unlike any I had ever smelled before
I reached out and felt the ground around me
And my hand went straight into a puddle of gore!
Ghoul Hunter!
You can bet your life that you're going to die!
Ghoul Hunter!
We'll eat you baked, boiled, or fried!
Ghoul Hunter!
You'll look just like the jerk you are!
Ghoul Hunter!
We'll pickle your brain in a jelly jar!
As I was saying...
I lit a torch and began to explore
The tunnels wound and wound for many miles
There were coffins jutting from the walls and more
Burning bones, vats of guts, and skulls in piles
I came to a large room
And heard an echo in the gloom
The sound of metal chilled my very bones
There were riffs the beat the band,
Pounding drums I couldn't stand,
And the vocalists created shocking tones
I made my way towards the cacophony
A crucifix clutched tightly in my fist

And as I came to the torchlit room
I saw the shambling fiends getting pissed
They spotted me and began to shriek and snort
My cover was blown, so I started to run like mad
Digestor tackled me to the floor
And then it started really getting bad
Ghoul Hunter!
You can bet your life that you're going to die!
Ghoul Hunter!
We'll eat you baked, boiled, or fried!
Ghoul Hunter!
You'll look just like the jerk you are!
Ghoul Hunter!
We'll pickle your brain in a jelly jar!I was bound and gagged in the dining room
Surrounded by the funk of fetid breath
The quartet of maniacs hunched over me
And forced me to listen to Anthrax and Megadeth
I struggled in my restraints as they chortled with glee
While they poked at me and sliced apart my cheek
My muffled pleading only served to amuse them
As they expelled a very noxious sort of reek
I wriggled out of my ropes a bit
There was a struggle but I managed to prevail
Ghoul is still out there, haunting the graveyard
But I escaped and now I'm here to tell my tale
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Ghoul Hunter!
We'll pickle your brain in a jelly jar!

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