

Out Come the Knives

The Paper Chase

Did sweet daddy die
Square on your birthday?
Some macabreish attempts
To see you'd rue the dayOr appear in the end
And be happy he made it back
To be just in time
To cut the cake and watch
You boil alive
In your own butterscotchHis ghost might appear
As a venomous backlash
His ghost might appear
As a motive and fearAnd everyone tells you
"There's nobody down there"
In between the chinging glasses where
They eat you up, slow down
To awkward againDid sweet daddy die
Square on your birthday?
Some macabreish attempts
To see you'd rue the day
Here againSo here comes the bride
And out stretch the hands
To one to chop and cut clean
And here come the chefs
Ante up the bets
See how long it'll beOut come the knives
Down swings the axe
To one to sharp it all inSo here comes the bride
Here comes the bride
Here comes the brideSo here comes the bride
And out stretch the hands
To one to chop and cut clean
And here come the chefs
Ante up the bets
See how long it'll beOut come the knives
Down swings the axe
To one to sharp it all inSo here comes the bride
Here comes the bride
Here comes the bride

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