The Pumpkinpatch Murders

Blitzkid

Out here in the pumpkinpatch beneath the dirt I hide
To kill unknowing farmers and to strip them of their hides
Such an unlikely place for atrocities of this kind
My secret slaughterhouse is here in the garden's where I thrive
(bridge)
The orange goblins speak to me in the night
As the moon casts shadows the pumpkins come to life
(chorus)
Pick-axe in my hand, plunged into your back
Slicin off your arms and legs, murder in the punpkinpath tonight...Dug many a shallow grave
The soil isn't very ripe
I like it when they scream so loud and beg for their lives
Such an unlikely place to rip out someone's spine
My secret slaughterhouse is here in the garden's where I thrive
(bridge)
(chorus)(repeat chorus)
Murder in the pumpkinpatch tonight! (x3)

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