Corpse Grinder

Bit-Tuner

Well, I've got a machine, yeah.
I keep it under my bed.
Why don't you come on over, baby?
And let me feed on your head.

Yeah, it's make minced meat,
Out of your legs and your feet,
Cause I'm a corpse grinder, baby.

Well, you know I love you,
But ain't life a drag?
I wanna chop you up fine,
And wrap you up in a bag, yeah.

Will I see you later,
In my refrigerator?
I'm a corpse grinder, baby, yeah.

You'll stay good for months to come,
At the back of the fridge, yeah, stay out of the sun.
I'll take you out when I'm on my own,
And defrost you so we can be alone.

Sharpen up the blades, yeah.
Go, on, oil the wheels.
Put your tongue on the belt,
Go on, see how it feels.

Well I know it's a sin,
But I'm gonna feed you in,
'Cause I'm a corpse grinder, baby.

Well, you'll stay good for months to come,
Back of the fridge, go on, stay out of the sun.
I'll take you out when I'm on my own,
And defrost you, baby, so we can be alone.

Sharpen up the blades, go on.
Go on, oil the wheels.
Put your tongue on the belt,

And tell me how it feels.

Yeah, I know it's a sin,
But let me feed you in,
'Cause I'm a corpse grinder, baby.

Well. I'm a corpse grinder-grinder baby,
Well, I'm a corpse grinder, baby.
Well, I'm a corpse grinder, baby, grinder, baby.
Well, I'm a corpse grinder, baby, let me feed you in.

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