

# **Frightmare "Slayride"**

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Christmas Eve, 1971. The family visits Granddad at the nuthouse.

Vegetative, he says not a word, til the parent's are gone, then he says to the kid:

"You know what happens on Christmas Eve? He comes to town to punish the naughty.

This is the scariest goddamn night of the year. You see Santa Claus you run for your life!"

With seeds wrought in cruel and traumatizing fear?

The madness now begins to take it's root.

An evil thing lies coiled behind the tears, it wants to be awakened.

On the way home, in the dark of night, his car blocks the road, he flags them down.

Murderous thief in the guise of St. Nick takes advantage of Dad and puts a hole in his head.

Billy runs off and hides in the brush

While the jolly attacker tries to rape Mom. He tears of her clothes.

And she gets in a shot, so he cuts her throat open in the eyes of her son.

Hot blood, frantic tears soak into the snow? He hides in the darkness, now an orphan.

His parents lie butchered there before him now? His hatred starts to grow.

Now a ward of the state, he calls the orphanage home.

Harbours images of death, and crayon gore.

Persecuted by the nuns, hypocritic evil cunts.

Whipped and punished for their sins? He fears

Beat by the mother and tied to his bed, his tortured screams seem to fall on deaf ears.

Forced in the face of a man that he dreads, his nightmares give way to a violent rage.

Now at 18, unleashed on the world, he takes up a job at a shitty toy store.

His boss is a jerk, the owner's a lush, emotional stress from a cockteasing whore.

Then absurdity occurs, when he has to wear the suit.  
His persona takes a turn for the worse.  
Bastard children on his knee, he assumed the deadly  
role  
Whispered promises of wrath most severe.

A party on Christmas, Sims gets him drunk, the tease  
disappears with that cocksucker Andy.  
He follows them into the storeroom to find the most  
naughty perversion he must rectify.  
Strangles his boss with the colourful lights, boxcuts the  
bitch from her guts to her tits and  
Finally dispatches that old drunkard Sims? Spits the old  
bag with a toy bow and arrow.

Santa's watching? Santa's waiting? Fractured psyche  
contemplating.  
Santa's stalking? Santa's slaying? Lock your doors and  
then start praying.  
Linnea Quinley, tits so sweet, hangs, impaled on  
Rudolph's antlers.  
Still the mayhem's not complete, watch the flick, if you  
want more.

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