Canned Heat

"Special Message From Hell To Korea"

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Early hours, open road, family of five-on their way home

Having enjoyed a day in the sun, their encounter with gore has just begun

A homicidal fool not knowing left from right, now has the family in his sight

Trying to perceive if he's blind or insane, he steers his car into the other lane

Both of them collide, expressions horrified Head on at full speed, the vultures will soon feed

The father of three was impaled on the wheel, as his skull became part of the dash

His eyeballs ejected his sight uneffected, he saw his own organs collapse

His seatbelt was useless for holding him back, it simply cut him in two

Legs were crushed, out leaked puss as his spinal cord took off and flew

The mother took a flight through the glass, and ended up impaled on a sign

Her intestines stretched from the car down the road for a quarter of mile

Fourth child on the way, won't live another day
Fetus on the road, with mangled little bones
Little children fly, not a chance to wonder why
Smashed against the ceiling, all their skin burning and
peeling

Schards of glass explode, chest and skull now implode Corpses they've become, and graves will have to be dug

Underneath the wheels, burning rubber on your face Bleeding from your eyes, the slaughtered victim lies Knowing what he's done, he just backs up one more time

Laughing at the mess, a pile of meat on the street

One child left slowly dying now, arteries gushing blood

Now it's time to feed on flesh, the gore has just begun

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A homicidal fool not knowing left from right, now has the family in his sight

Trying to perceive if he's blind or insane, he steers his car into the other lane

The look of death in my eye Surely no-one survive Just a pile of mush Left to dry in the sun

I see my fresh kill Left in the road Remains of your body Mangled and torn

One child left slowly dying now, arteries gushing blood Now it's time to feed on flesh, the gore has just begun

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