

Venke Knutson**"Schizo"**

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Children gather round him
Mystery surrounds him
What terrible secret does he hide
An ordinary man
Doing what he can
But what goes on inside his mind

The night draws nigh
With darkened sky's
Axe blade shines,
Midnight chimes

Morning comes around
Headless bodies found
Our little friend just sits and smiles ha ha
Take them home and love them
Read the bible to them
Be sure to kiss each one goodnight

But come the night
You'll freeze with fright
Axe drawn high
Another dies

Creeping and searching for victims unknowing
What fate doth await round each corner
The take in the night
He's got you in his sight

Now that I have warned you
Always look behind you
You'll never know just who'll be there
That harmless looking dear
May be the one to fear
So never trust those you don't know

But come the night
You'll freeze with fright
Axe drawn high
The bastards die

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