

The Paper Chase

"Out Come The Knives"

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Did sweet daddy die
Square on your birthday?
Some macabrish attempts
To see you'd rue the day

Or appear in the end
And be happy he made it back
To be just in time
To cut the cake and watch
You boil alive
In your own butterscotch

His ghost might appear
As a venemous backlash
His ghost might appear
As a motive and fear

And everyone tells you
"There's nobody down there"
In between the chinging glasses where
They eat you up, slow down
To awkward again

Did sweet daddy die
Square on your birthday?
Some macabrish attempts
To see you'd rue the day
Here again

So here comes the bride
And out stretch the hands
To one to chop and cut clean
And here come the chefs
Ante up the bets
See how long it'll be

Out come the knives
Down swings the axe
To one to sharp it all in

So here comes the bride
Here comes the bride

Here comes the bride

So here comes the bride
And out stretch the hands
To one to chop and cut clean
And here come the chefs
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