

Mister Heavenly

"Bigger Shop Of Horrors"

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I got a bigger shop of horrors
Much redder than yours
I got a bigger shop of horrors
There's evil stomping on the floor

Well, my bigger shop of horrors
Wants you on the display
Larger shop of terror
Won't you come on in and stay?
That itty bitty plant ain't scaring me
How could I be scared of clay, soil and seeds?

Well, it smells like a coroners
And the pipes drip rusty water
It's too dirty for the spiders
The floors could be a little whiter.

But they're too caked with blood, to even see the tiles
Every time we do it, I get nothing but smiles
Why is murdering illegal? It's just murdering man...
Let's have a blast!

So let your thorns rip out my eyes
Rip my chest wide open, take a bite inside
I'm sure all the fun we had will hurt
But we belong 6 feet under lots of dirt

But they're too caked with blood, to even see the tiles
Every time we do it, I get nothing but smiles
Why is murdering illegal? It's just murdering man...
Let's have a blast!

So let your thorns rip out my eyes
Rip my chest wide open, take a bite inside
I'm sure all the fun we had will hurt
But we belong 6 feet under lots of dirt
Now that fun we had is lost
Darling all that killing, honey, baby-doll, you're the
most
When I see dry blood on some rubber gloves
It takes me to the time when murdering meant love

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