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Owen Temple "Kill The Wabbit"

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In an abandoned warehouse with no lights.
Just shadows, and soon no rabbits.
The purpose of the event is to pass the torch.
From one generation of heavy metal to the next.
And there lie... in his black leather hunting outfit.
With a shotgun guitar with spikes coming out of it,
Ozzy Fudd the Rabbit Slayer!

In the dead of night
A shimmewing wight
Gweem of a bwade
And the devil was paid
When the axe comes down
A chewing sound
Steel against the head
Another wabbit's dead
I'm a wabbit swayer
A guitar pwayer
With a nasty habbit
Kill the wabbit!
(Hah hah hah)
AhhhaahooOhhh

I'm a mean mistweater
A wabbit feaster
And I pwedict
A bwoody Easter
A scuwwowing shadow
And the shadow wants to stab it
In the night of echoes
Kill the wabbit!

KILL THE WABBIT!
KILL THE WABBIT!
KILL THE WABBIT!
KILL THE WABBIT!
KILL THE WABBIT!
KILL THE WABBIT!
KILL THE WABBIT!
KILL THE WABBIT!

Ohhhh...

And there won't be any more wabbits awound!
No more Wodger Wabbit
No more Peter Wabbit
And no more Pwayboy Bunny Wabbits!
Ah ha ha ha!
Be vewy vewy careful. Oooh...
Cwazy wabbits...

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