

The Man Next Door Is Very Strange

Sol Invictus

A family inbred like serpents entwined
Had no heart and little mind
A clan of madness, a terrible scene
They cursed the earth - the Sawney Bean

Lurking in the fog a fearsome brood
Poor traveling folk they caught and slew
No graves have the victims of these ghouls and fiends
Those taken and eaten by - the Sawney Bean

From their flesh they made a meal
Their skin the floor for their bairns to kneel
Their skulls a table from which to feed
Alas the victims of - the Sawney Bean

They lived by the sword, were felled by the axe
And I say "nothing wrong with that"
But in their hellish caves worse than any dream
Cursed with the stench of - the Sawney Bean

[Repeat]

Some are haunted by the tolling bell
Some by the fiery pits of hell
But what haunts me is what we did see
When we entered the larder of - the Sawney Bean