Bloody Murdered Bloody Soul Bloody Suspect

Dan Bull

My name's Detective Ronan O'Connor In my line of work, I'm facing death daily But now it's me who's a goner In Salem P.D. of all the homicides, Lord I'd never say that it'd be me lying on the sidewalk But whatever I thought, it's become irrelevant My skeleton's regressing through the elements And evidently, I'm undead till I seek and get the evidence One foot in the grave has made me one step ahead of him I'll make him taste his own medicine: the Bell Killer Devout sinner, I doubt we're dealing with a swell fella How did it happen? I need help with it Throw the laws of physics out the window, go to town with it I can walk through substances to suss out who the suspect is But can't discuss or talk about the subject with them 'cause I must exist I'm an ethereal, Pulp Noir serial star But this is real despite appearing immaterial

I can't explain it, I'm on a hunt for the truth
To why my assailant made me plummet from under the roof
Salem is a place containing hundreds of clues
And my presumption is that somewhere in it somebody goofed

Woke up in a murder scene, a ghost interred in Purgatory A dude determined to determine who has murdered me Woke up in a murder scene, interred in Purgatory A dude determined to determine who has murdered me

Murder scene, Purgatory
A dude determined to determine who has murdered me

How can I trust girls I find in the Dusk World?

It's dank musty musk must just blur lines

Slur words, disrupt and usurp minds

A corruption of the worst kind

But I need all the aid that I can find

Between mediums and demons, I will mainly have to pry

Maybe have to find, a shady patch and hide

From their crazy appetite, I'm not a tasty snack, am I?

I've already made the sacrifice of life

And the fact is I would like to not have to die twice

My mind keeps rewinding back to that night

The facts of what happened don't just stack up quite right

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Whodunit? Who-a-whodunit? Whodunit? Who-a-whodunit? Who-a-whodunit? Whodunit? Who-a-whodunit?