

Fistful of Demons

Ghoultown

I was born without a face
on some forgotten halloween
in 13 rusty mason jars my mother buried me
in some old shack behind the woods
where no one ever goes
but a soul don't rest in the devil's arms
cuz no one really knows

chorus:

I got a fistful of demons
I got some boots made of lead
the grave may cool my rotting bones
but it won't cure my head

I was horribly disfigured
a monster from a whore
the minute I saw life she up and slammed the door
cut me up in little pieces
thought I'd go away
but now I'm back you better believe
cuz hell has come to pay

in the dirty crawlspace underneath the house
you opened up your legs to squirt that demon out
the dog was lapping madly at the blood stain on the floor
dead and buried I was gone but now I'm back for more

I've got the frown of a satyr
the witnesses they say
a little boy who died down there but never went away
but you and I know better
now don't we mother dear?
how can a kid be frownin when he smiles from ear to ear?