

Be My Victim

Mortician

Innocent man, sentenced to death
Mutilated, covered with bees

Beaten and burned, hand is severed
A hundred years pass, revenge at last

Summoned from death, hook for a hand
Call him five times, candy man comes

Hook tears the flesh, rips you to death
Shreds your insides, jerks till you die

Spirit of death, resurrected
Hunting for blood, be my victim

Candy man comes, spilling flesh blood
Hunting your life, now you must die