

Willows

Sematary

Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Hauntaholics
Real Haunted Mound

Haunted Mound, we don't come around
Haunted Mound, where the trees frown
Haunted Mound, 'till I'm in the ground
Haaaauuuugh

'Round the Haunted Mound, where we come from
I'll skin you alive in my willows
We the scarecrows, rocking horseshoes
It all gonna burn, we don't care though
Willows, willows, we gone' take your soul in the willows
Willows, hollows
Willows

Well, I'm in the Screaming Forest, down by the willow tree
Rotting in my rocker jeans, carve a sigil in a tree
Haunted Mound boys, we pull up with them Husqvarnas
Walk up in my woods, bitch, you ain't ever comin' out
I'm still in the night, yeah, I'm still in the night
Maple sap my jaw, pine needles in my spine
Hackle with the .30, shoot a Nazi, watch 'em die
Riding chrome fire rims, ghost riders in the sky
Walk up, motherfucker, my cutter make you hollow
Baby, I'm a scarecrow, so I can't feel nothing
Drag 'em through the pumpkin patch, suffering for the summer
I see orbs, will o' wisp creeping through the weeping willows

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