

Random images of carved pumpkins pixelate to nothing
Like thought bubbles that pop into thin air during discussions
Seasons coming, leaves rustle beneath the bustle of on-goers
That don't even notice that summer's over and fall has come to its feet
With a celebration of dead folks and humans in costumes and bags of trick or
treats
Dark nights and full moons to light the pathway
And horrific stories to keep children afraid of Samhein
Ghostly goblins and phantoms and apparitions
Want to give the living what they been wanting and missing
Like an answer is there life after this here physical chapter
Or when you're dead, create a harvest your soul and it doesn't matter
Carve a confused face in a jack-o'-lantern
Then angry one sharp teeth and repeat till there's a pattern
Gather it all together and go in the graves and scatter
And place the pumpkins on the graves and wait until they chatter

I got the jack-o'-lantern pumpkin in the graveyard tonight
Dead on the night, dead come and talk to me
Anybody home? Who's listening to this?
Help me, I'm down in here and I can't see shit
A whole spirit tried to come through a pumpkin
It was a whole Halloween, it tried to come through a pumpkin
It was a hallow eve

I remember it well, since then a living hell
Murder right in front of my eyes, I shouldn't dwell
Surprised I could even tell when it was a simple smell
That could bring me to my knees
I can't believe that she's deceased
Somebody's gotta help me, help me please
I just wanna ask her a couple of, a couple of things
Was it painful when you passed out?
Did you get you look at the shooter even though he had a mask on?
It happened in a flash, gone
Like cigarette ash is in the bad stone
Go on to the camp for no way to prepare for
Did not say a prayer but it was answered right there lord
I was told that I could talk to the dead
Through placing jack-o'-lanterns on the tombstone there
So I ran a greater pumpkin and did just what it said
And sure as shit, it started talking, now I'm talking to the dead

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