

The murders all took place in 1963,
A gruesome bloodbath in this southern valley, yeah.
Nobody remembered she was turning sweet sixteen.
She's gonna make 'em pay, pay so violently.

Come on, Mom and Dad, it ain't so bad.
It's just your time to die.
Made your mistake, but she won't feel no pain.
The fireplace mantle now reads:
"Happy birthday to me."

And so the legend goes she still exists up there,
Tormenting those who come around if they dare.
A morbid proclamation in her parents' blood
Can still be made out decades after it was done, and-

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Make a wish, baby.