

## Body Parts

Ces Cru

Pop the lock box swingin' the sledge  
My freezer full of body parts:  
Legs, arms and heads  
I keep the intestines in bottles right up under my bed  
A batch of bladders bottled up in the shed  
I chuckled and said  
"Steven keep it cool and come walking in my direction  
Nothing personal, I need your intestines for my collection"  
Fetching for a serial killer  
But not fo' rilla  
No protection when I'm snatching your bladder like it was thriller  
Pounced on him like a gorilla  
Then vertically flipped the butterfly knife  
Covered his mouth, turned him over, stabbed him in the back twice  
Now in a pity the blood is starting to come out of his body  
Plus the front door is unlocked and the lights are still on in the lobby  
Somebody's home, drag the body knocked over the phone  
With a Collie growling at the gate that won't leave me alone  
See I realised the mess I made dragging him out the trunk  
Plus I'm too faded to operate then cleaned it all up  
Visual Shutdown  
Stitch with a serial killer shuts down  
Killing Steven because there wasn't no sluts 'round  
Dragging a 365 pound carcass around  
Not suspected just because I ain't the weirdest in town

I was making the nightly rounds in my dusty police cruiser  
Working the graveyard, alcoholic abuser  
Kahlua in my coffee  
Box of donuts on the dash  
Creepin' at 15 miles an hour with a limp foot on the gas  
Passing by dark houses its lights out, its looking quiet  
A burst of a barking dog in the night  
Breaking the silence  
I put on my front lights and my brights  
Straining my eyes trying to find a sign of violence  
With an anxious pain in my privates  
I spied it-  
What looked to be a Collie on a leash  
On the other side of the gate with red stains on its feet  
Hopping out of the cruiser  
Approaching the place with gun drawn  
Danger was inherent but upon me it doesn't dawn  
So I stumbled along the lawn trying to be cautious  
Shaking my head to get sober  
The blood's making me nauseous  
Swallowing hard, scared  
Following bloody paw prints  
Knowing that the killer was close in my subconscious

I heard some footsteps  
Either the dead is walking or the gig's up  
I heard something inside the house  
Its time for my pace to pick up  
Blood on the patio for that little Collie to lick up  
I put my gun in the holster started picking my night stick up  
Too much evidence

Its evident I'm not alone in residence  
So I expose the blade again except without the hesitance  
So who's there  
Answer or I'm coming out and stabbin'  
Put your hand up and weapons down  
This is officer Gavin of the KC police  
We've got the property surrounded  
Shit I don't believe in that when no sirens have even sounded  
Got a running start at the house  
And put my shoulder to the door  
I broke the hinges, lost my balance  
Dropped my night stick on the floor  
It made a splash  
Focused on the horror scene before me  
Feeling this real life not a Stephen King story  
I felt the knife hot in my back  
He must have stabbed me from behind  
And then again in the same spot but much harder this time  
I'm giving in  
He's twisting it  
Scraping against my spine  
Blood running down my sides  
Body parts (Body parts)