

Cheery Children

By Umby

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I haven't posted in a while.

Oh noes.

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It's the suicidal macarena, as we hold blades as we dance.
Stabbing generously into every appendage so no one feels left out.
We've all learned from Barney to share, so I'll let you use my razor,
As we finish this graceful yet naive and immature dance.

Which then we convert into the childishly morbid Cha Cha Slide.
Slip the blade into your stomach, slide it to the left, slash to the right.
Now with the very sin that has killed us,
We'll truly see the meaning behind "How low can you go?"

And then, we'll shift into the highly praised Funky Chicken
With a shake of the tail feather we come closer to Hell,
Well lower ourselves upon these daggers,
Ever conveniently placed by our eradicators

Ring around the Rosies never felt so enchanting,
As the flames in which we hate begin to burnt more than skin deep.
Our flesh will smolder and blaze till we release, and decree
"Ashes, Ashes, We all fall down..."