

Fancy

"Diary Of A Mad Werrwoulf"

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It's the night of the living dead
All the children are tucked in bed
With the full moon I have a date
In my lycanthropic state
I am afflicted I have been bitten
It's taking over me, lycanthropy
They devil's mark is tearing me apart
They cry of the wolf is taking over me
You'd better run you'd better hide
When you're a werewold no one's on your side
AAAHHOOOOOOOOO
When I was young I was attacked by the living dead
They made me into one of them
Tear the flesh from your face
Bury you in the coldest hell
Takeover your mind
For you it's the toll of the bell
AAAHHOOOOOOOOO

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