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There was a clubhouse, only kept special guests in Place much darker than the room I rest in Creepy spot where the dust covers the floor And some fishin' rods is hangin' on the door

Paintin' on the wall of stick figures That's rumored to walk out the frame and get bigger Where the imagination runs wild, like who's creepin' Neighbors are acres away and probably sleepin'

Wind dust blowin' makes the sounds of ghost [Incomprehensible] in the room makes you feel really close

Remind me of this late night thriller I watched the other night, they never caught the killer

Bats that's flyin' in every direction Got to stay low and roll with the protection Visitors that often stay for the summer They heart beat like the roll of a drummer

I can feel the presence all around me The scene isn't funny, I got those chills I can feel the presence all around me The scene isn't funny, it's all too real

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The room was full, the sky was black The bathroom, hear a crack, wolves roam in packs In the dinin' room, the chair rock back and forth Pull the table cloth to the sun, where it fell off

Cups and glass plates hit the floor and shattered Three Blind Mice heard the noise and scattered Front door was open, welcome mat was soakin' The blood of Christ, plus all four locks were broken

In the backyard, two dogs would growl

And barkin', the eyes and they teeth was sparklin' I started to sweat, they started to get closer
Then I saw a face on a wanted poster

An outlaw who stayed with an empty hoster Used to shoot mugs of beer off the coaster Make a room to turn the light switch on Chump up, my jacket was torn

Pages from the photo album, make a return Wax drip from the candle as it slowly burn Then the lights had started blinkin', as if the power was gone

The room become foggy, as if the shower was on

Words was written in the steam on the mirror In bold print, couldn't have been any clearer Teeth that was givin' out sounds without a picture And a voice kept sayin', "I'ma getcha"

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