

## Hour Of 13 "Missing Girl"

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I see her walking all alone  
On her way between her school and home  
I see her as she passes by  
Now I have the chance I'll make her mine  
Suddenly she disappears  
The reason no one is quite clear  
As if she vanished from this world  
No one knows just where's the missing girl  
Finders are the keepers  
So it sowed by the reapers  
Mine for the taking steal her soul just  
As her little heart is breaking  
At their feet she now rests beneath  
In my backyard her body burned and scarred  
Can it be they're just too blind to see  
Right in front of them she now belongs to me  
Her innocence is all that I would need  
In trade for a chance at immortality  
A life it seems more than a fair exchange  
For all the strength in turn that will be gained

For Satan be a sacrifice  
The ritual of power has its price  
Her vestal claret make me strong  
No one will miss when she is gone

It's always said the devil that he has his due  
Hell be paid in full before the end of day I through  
A life it seems to be more than faith exchange  
For all the strength in turn that will soon be gained  
Suddenly she disappears  
The reason why no one is clear  
As if she vanished from this world  
No one knows where's the missing girl  
Paint the wall with her blood as the cursing of God  
above  
Raping desecrating corpse  
For what it is worth I've no remorse

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