

Carentin "Twist Of Fate"

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Sit right down there sir
And tell to me a tale
I don't mean one with fancy diamonds
Or one about the Holy Grail
Speak of one
That will blow my mind
And fill me with indecision
How about one with a crazy doctor
Who loves to make incisions
Oh,
Tell me a story
Please make it nice and gory
A blood bath, hands reaching from the crypt
A soul stealing spectral
Into the perils of hell you'll slip
I need to know
My fear will grow
With the words that flow out from your tongue
With every sentence the further into terror I am flung
This guy and I
A campside ghost lure
Neither know what lies in store
When the terror rains on us with force
Mother Nature has taken it's course
A locust storm
Gigantic Swarm
Crops are gone
Money Lost!
Do you know what this is gonna cost?
Out in the old west
Oh this heat I detest
I'm so hungry
No vultures, I like to eat the birdies the best
Now that the bugs have strayed
Went away into the sunset
When they find this man
They're gonna accuse me I bet!
A heart attack
Vultures on his back
Makes it impossible to detect
How this wiseman was wrecked

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