

Cousteau "Portrait"

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His portrait hanging, face betraying,
Wicked gleamin eyes of Satan.
Cast us in their spell.
Cast us in their spell.
Raised out of Hell.
All the world waits with jaded
Sorrow that never sleeps.
Waiting for him to unlock
His door to the shallow...
People...
His evil lives
And my flesh crawls.
He's hanging from
My chamber wall.
Hypnotized,
My soul is waiting.
Waiting for his luring call!
Come!
Come!
Portrait hanging, face betraying,
Wicked gleaming eyes of Satan.
Cast us in their spell.
Cast us in their spell.
Cast us in their spell!

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