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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 sallow...

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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