

Metal Church

"Nightmare"

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Better flood that restless soul of ecstasy and fright
In a path, splattered gore all through the night
Wakin' up at midnight, my bodies soaked in sweat
All my friends are down the stairs, watching the TV set

Hearing now a scratching noise outside my window
pane
Wondering if it's real or am I going insane
Running fast to lock the doors, a banshee now awaits
Seconds count, I warn my friends, or is it now too late?

A friend of mine is the first one out to check
[inaudible]
Ripping flesh, [something] fly, we hear them slowly die
Then the cry of the banshee..., we run for our life

Scream! Scream for your life!
Scream! Scream for your life!
Ahh! No!

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