

Wehrmacht

"Night Of Pain"

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[Words: Tito, Riffs: Marco & Duffy]

There was a night, that you and I know about,
A night with fright and evil to let out.
There was man named Michael,
Whose thoughts were to kill and annoy
Since he was a quiet little boy.

Twisted demented slashing,
The shape started smashing,
Skulls crushed brains mushed,
The blood starts to rush steel thrushing in,
Horrid dying grin,
Face carved like a pumpkin on this deadly night of sin.

If he comes by, don't ask why,
Don't get in his way you might become prey.
If you want life,
Don't meet his butcher knife,
You may be the lucky guy to die.
Don't fuck around, before it's too late,
All you get is a fast rate of fate,
Stalking demon will grate your face
Unless you run and hide in another state or place.

[Chorus:]

Halloween - night of pain death and Samhain,
Night he came home
If you do take off,
He won't care,
He'll just snuff the next to dare,
But always beware of that deadly thrashing night,
'cause his idea of fun is killing everything in sight.

[Repeat chorus]

[Leads: Marco, Duffy.]

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