

Wendy O. Williams "Thief In The Night"

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Far off in the distance, a shape in the night, alright
On a mission of mercy, if the price is right, it was
He tries to possess her, and she fights
He's a ritual slayer
But they done good
And now he's praying
For it's his turn to cry

Like a thief in the night, she breaks into his heart
Like a thief in the night, alright, alright
Like a thief in the night, she never leaves a mark
Like a thief in the night, alright...

In a hotel chamber, on a cryptic note
And where there's fire, there's gotta be smoke
Footsteps in the twilight, and red hands round his
throat
It's a ritual slaying, loves things that are dead
And now he's praying
But there's no turning back

Like a...

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