

Wizzard "Little Lyndsey"

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The silver rays of full moon intrude
Into the room of a virgin innocent
A girl yet in her best bloom
A seductive target for the demonic powers about to
ascend

At the time she was only 16
When she started to get messages from the other side
First a victim of infernal nightmares
Tonight the horny flames are already embracing her
bed - Incubus rise!

Little Lyndsey she's lying there
Shivering of sudden cold and fear
From the down below the demons of Hell rise
Little Lyndsey it is useless to cry
You know that innocence must die
He will grant you immortality

Little Lyndsey are you there?
We bring you the regards from the Lord of Hell
You should be proud and not afraid
'Cos you have been chosen to carry his infernal seed

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