

Rob Zombie

"Transylvania Transmission"

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I was waiting for you, you look drunk
Oh, it's nothing just the readjustment, your eyes?
You look drunk
Oh, it's nothing just the readjustment, your eyes?

This idea is sufficiently plausible
In an attempt to account
For the phenomenon the sickness
And the sentence of blood

I could no longer stubble
Every moment threatened to be the last
There was pain, dizziness
And profuse bleeding at the pores

How is this possible?
The transmission was transfusing
In a moment the sober eye
Of reason would detect a vibration in the flesh
Creeping, incoherent, bearing no mark of a human
hand

The vision comes and goes but tonight I saw very
clearly
The vision comes and goes but tonight I saw very
clearly
[Incomprehensible]

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