

Rob Zombie

"Transylvanian Transmissions"

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{I was waiting for you
Tell me what's wrong
Oh it's nothing, it's just a readjustment
Your eyes
Tell me what's wrong
Oh it's nothing, it's just a 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 struggle 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
Bearin' 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 a very clearly
Very deeply}

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