Running Wild "Dracula"

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Midnight tolls the bell, the full moon's glowing bright The counts awakening, the creature of the night

Oh the night, beware of the night When there's danger in sight, beware of the night He is out there!

The throat became so parched, longing for relief Declining urgent needs, bringing on the grief

Oh the night, beware of the night When there's danger in sight, beware of the night He is out there!

He spreads his wings to fly on a high and silver stream He is the final of your dream, Dracula!

He just arises from his dark and lonely grave He lets his longing grow to turn into its slave

Oh the night, beware of the night When there's danger in sight, beware of the night He is out there!

He spreads his wings to fly on a high and silver stream He is the final of your dream, Dracula!

The open window, he's gonna slide in Innocent sleep and he's ready to bite Sucking the blood, injecting the poison Vitality fades to become undead

The morning breaks, sunlight is rising The count returns to his lonely grave

The count he lays to rest now
His hunter knows what to do
To put a stake in position
He drives it through his heart now!

The counts unholyness just starts to fall apart

A tragic character with a damned but lonely heart

Oh the night, beware of the night When there's danger in sight, beware of the night He is out there!

He spreads his wings to fly on a high and silver stream He is the final of your dream, Dracula!

He's going to hell Caught in his spell He's torn apart His broken heart

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