

Saint Vitus

"Hallows Victim"

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Panic in the air
Ghostly apparitions
Awaken to the call
Making your skin crawl
Incense,tambourines
All you see are pools of blood
Sorcerors arise
Lit by candle light
And fire in their eyes
Culdrons bubble over-filled
Grinning Jack-O-Lanterns
On this night of nights
Leather bat wings
Slicing through the air
Leaves your body white with shock
Wide-eyed and scared
Cross in your hand
Your bravery's fading somehow
Garlic round your neck
Time to make your stand
Paranoia's got you wrecked
Boney,witches fingers
You jump at every little sound
Scratching at your face
Skeletons sit beside you
Making your heart race
Cold sweat is runnin'
You've got a one-way ticket
Runnin' from your brow
To six feet underground

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