

Children Of The Night

Calabrese

Dye your hair black and wear it in your face
Crawl onto a headstone
And lie inside the grave
Skip into the cemetery
Let the morning come
We don't mind
We don't care
The time has begun!

Why go home?
You're not wanted there
Stay with us tonight
Smoke your cigarettes and
Talk about those things that scare you
We will feed all your fears

Children of the night