

Chapel Gates

Creepo

I'm in love with a bloodlust baby
With aspirations to be Mary Shelley
Whoa oh oh oh
Led by the hand through the cemetery
Laid down on her back in the mortuary
Whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh oh oh

She will sit and wait
By the chapel gates
I know she will
She's getting laid but not to rest
She's undead and undressed
My bloodlust girl

Not for the dearly or departed
Not for the living or weak-hearted
Whoa oh oh oh
Sharp as a knife, cold as a tomb
Laid in a deathbed built for two
Whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh oh oh

She will sit and wait
By the chapel gates
I know she will
She's getting laid but not to rest
She's undead and undressed
My bloodlust girl

"How sweet is the affection of others, to such a wretch as I am?"

She will sit and wait
By the chapel gates
I know she will
She's getting laid but not to rest
She's undead and undressed
My bloodlust girl