

Well aren't you just the Aleister Crowley of bad neighbourhoods
Aren't you just the dark spirit of the liquor store

Feeling of foreboding
Overwhelming sense of dread
A creeping headache
Transmission from the dead

You should have seen it coming
Some rocks should stay unturned
You never should have moved
You should have left him in time

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You should have got up running
What a time for all to clear
Never should have made an offer
Should have turned around in fear

But here you are
But here you are
But here you are
But here you are

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Overwhelming sense of dread
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You should have left him in time