

Look at this poor boy  
All dressed up in white  
Now how can he smile  
With a face of all eyes  
He wanders the night  
Through smears and words snide  
Spinning round and round  
His precious mind  
Like dizzy neon lights

Can anybody find out  
Any other way  
It's choking up his throat now  
And dripping out his mouth  
Like liquefied dying sparks  
Like burning butterflies  
These creatures are vampires  
They're killing by the night  
They're falling from the dead trees  
To silhouette your life

He sees this white face  
Brains lit grey and cold  
Trees grow in their throats  
And crystals ignored  
His cellophane mask has filled up with smoke  
Look through the holes in his eyes  
And see his red righteous soul

Can anybody find out  
Any other way  
It's choking up his throat now  
And dripping out his mouth  
These creatures are vampires  
They're killing by the night  
They're hanging from the dead trees  
Like burning butterflies