

Bats In The Belfry

Inquisicion

A restless spirit, deprived too young of life's sweet
joys
The day they hang me I still curse
No cemetery pyre will make me decompose
Now at nightfall I start to roam

A maiden's neck
White and tender
I long to find

Fast wings, eager fangs
Like a bat I hunt

Garlic nor crosses will stop an undead villain
As you may always have believed
Only rays of sun can scare me into my old grave
To sleep concealed in earth of home

Nothing's hard cause
Ladies do like
Being sucked

Fast wings, eager fangs
Like a bat I hunt

Blood, steal from innocent virgins

Red, drops tickle in my tongue and throat

Screams, rebound as I hasten away

Night, will eternally hide my sins