Sitting in the cellar, watching all the others

It was only yesterday, needles in my skin
THEY turned my last remains into this Puppet thing

Blood to walk, blood to see
Blood to walk again and Blood to be

I can see, but I cannot move at all Yet I have feelings, I know it's very strange

Blood to walk, blood to see
Blood to walk again and Blood to be

I'm on my shelf...Eternal eyes they never sleep I take a look...and in the dark I see Victoria

There is no mistake, that is my beloved Sitting on her shelf.. alone and so dead

There's a light outside the door
Mommy and Daddy are back for more.. "Let's play"

"Hello my children...In Blood I will teach you"

THEY take Victoria down from her shelf THEY sit her on the floor.. and me in front of her

Blood to walk, blood to see
Blood to walk again and Blood to be

There are strings attached to our heads
There are strings in arms and legs
The Puppet Master"s hands
Oh they keep us straight
Pressing the needle in...I feel the sting, it's Emerencia
Injecting Blood...Into the both of us...It's hot

I think I see her move
There's a tingle in our skin
I can't believe...That she can she again...

There is no mistake, that is my beloved I have missed you so.. oh no It's like a Horror Show without a word we know As we communicate.. with our eyes.. deep inside We wonder why

Why our minds are now in our eyes We can move without any strings

"They're alive...that's enough for today.. put them away"