

Collectable

Lordi

There's a voodoo store in Harlem
They spell magic with a k
It's a stupid place to steal from
But you did it anyway
Now that you own me
Things are very strange
Cause some figurines aren't playthings
Now it's my turn to play

I'm collectible
But I come with a curse
You gotta have the set to save your soul
You feel the urge
I'm collectible

Evil spirit trapped in plastic
A demon in a toy
Playtime becomes drastic
Bloodbath after joy
No one should ever
Take me out of my box
I warp your mind until I'm real
Then I begin to talk

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And now
You need a sacrifice to get the final piece
(So sacrifice)
A heart will suffice as long as it still beats, yeah

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