

Haunting Season

Lordi

In the witching hour the moon is up
And lights the fields
Hear the distant sound of the owls cry
The night's surreal

In this forgotten graveyard
Where all forbidden things are
Buried and hiding, waiting
Headstones are slowly shaking
The buried ones will now awake

Resurrected from the dead
The haunting season has begun
The hunters horn calls shades of dogs
The games afoot and now the haunt is on

Resurrected from the dead
The haunting season has begun
The mortal fate to be ghostly prey
There's no escape because the haunt is on

They gather around and plan the haunt
Until the end
Make the people run - Let them tire
Ripped to shreds

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