

Hellizabeth

Lordi

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Up in the attic where her body was found laid to rest
This mansion's never gonna be at peace
Her soul will wander in these halls and she will never sleep

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Her name's Hellizabeth
Echoes of screams of death

Ghostly voices in the wishing well
Hellizabeth
Hear them calling, won't you lift your spell
Hellizabeth

The house has been deserted for some time
Rats and spiders only living things cause they don't mind
From the garden, there's a perfect view
In the attic, from a window, she stares back at you

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