

# Polterchrist

Lordi

Just on the edge of 16  
Inside her something obscene  
Speaking in tongues that are unknown

Her body in contortions  
Her face out of proportion  
An evil swallowing her soul

The demon has a name  
The prophesies proclaim  
She'll bring strife to us  
There's no way to win this, we must

Tie her up - Lock her in  
She'll tempt us all into sin  
She is possessed by Polterchrist

Must hide her and bind her  
Temper the bad inside her  
She will become the Polterchrist

Her power can not be tamed  
Her keepers driven insane  
The gates of hell about to break

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Objects are elevating, circling in the air  
The bed is levitating, now we should beware  
She's rising, she's rising

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