

# Scarecrow

Lordi

Legends talk of the evil  
Lurking in the corn  
Something's wrong with the straw-man  
Who looks so forlorn

The blood moon's light will shine  
And he'll come to life  
(Come to life)  
You cut across his field  
So you're next in line  
Next in line

You should beware the Scarecrow  
You are what he craves  
He needs  
Flesh and bone  
You won't escape the Scarecrow  
You will take his place  
Up there on the pole

He's a thing made of worn out cloths  
And witch's curse  
All he needs is to find someone  
To quench his thirst

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And he'll come to life  
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The Cornfield whispers your name  
You scream as you start to change  
He crumbles to the ground  
'Cause you're the Scarecrow now

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