

Bloodfeast

The Misfits

When they pull out her tongue
Pull off her face, pluck out her eyes
Well, the blood runs cold for

When it drips from the mouth
Be forewarned, be prepared
For a grizzly bloodfeast

And that blood's so real
Because I just can't fake it
And that blood's so real
Because I just can't fake it

When you think of severed heads
Think of my face, think that you're alive
Well, I guess I fooled you

When you think of my face
Think of your blood, think that you're dead
'Cause it's a grizzly bloodfeast

I'm possessing your death
Possessing your blood
Possessing your head
'Cause it's a privileged bloodfeast

I'm possessing your heart
Possessing your tongue
Possessing your blood
'Cause it just won't fake you

And that blood's so real
Because I just can't fake it
And that blood's so real
Because I just can't fake it
And that blood, and that blood

I'm possessing your death
Possessing your blood
Possessing your demise
For a grizzly bloodfeast

I'm possessing your heart
Possessing your tongue
Possessing your blood
'Cause it just won't fake you

And that blood's so real
Because I just can't fake it
And that blood's so real
Because I just can't fake it
And that blood, and that blood