

# 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