

Hallows Victim (Exhumed)

Saint Vitus

Panic in the air
Awaken to the call
Ghostly apparitions
Making your skin crawl
Incense, tambourines
Sorcerors arise
All you see are pools of blood
And fire in their eyes

Grinning jack-o-lanterns
Lit by candle-light
Cauldrons bubble over-filled
On this night of nights
Leather bat-wings
Slicing through the air
Leaves your body white with shock
You're wide-eyed and scared

Cross in your hand
Time to make your stand
Your bravery's fading somehow
Garlic 'round your neck
Paranoia's got you wrecked
You jump at every little sound

Boney witches fingers
Are scratching at your face
Skeletons sit beside you
Making your heart race
Cold sweat is running
Running from your brow
You've got a one-way ticket
To six feet underground