

Witching Hour

Sematary

D-D-DJ Sorrow
Turn the fuck up!
Four in the morn', its the witching hou'
Arghhhh

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Meet me in the woods, be my ritual
I been reading grimoires
Walk up on us, we gon' skin you whole
Witching hou', witching hou'
Four in the morn', it's the witching hou'
Witching hou', witching hou'
Come up in my woods, we gon' skin you whole

Walk up in my woods, now the trees scowl
Stick my knife and dick in your bitch mouth
No state trooper will ever find you
Where the hoes at? I'll skin 'em alive
Bitch, I'm mean as fuck like a Chow Chow
Tear you apart, blood eagle
Scary bloody night, crucifixion
It's still Haunted Mound 'til I'm in the ground

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Come with me to hell, motherfuck some God believers
I keep murder tools to kill a goddamn Nazi
I don't like living but I still go harder than you
Four in the morn', it's a Haunted Mound ritual
Headless Horseman in the cancer smoke I'm blowing
You know I'm a dog but I'll do you Old Yeller
People always say one day I'll repent
I say when the sky turn red and Earth burn to nothing
Grave Man

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