

Nightstalker Blues

The White Buffalo

I was only ten, 1985
Summer of Satan, we'll make it out alive
Well this is no delusion, no bad dream
Up jumped the boogey man, we're paralyzed like sheep

Well no-ones safe
Husbands kids and wives
We're lucky to live, luckier to die
Well there's an escalation, a killing spree
Time bomb of terror, the devils off the leash

Lock up the doors, better call the police
Creepin' at night, get you shaking in your sheets
Mutilate and murder, rape, rob, repeat
Swear to Satan, got you begging at his feet

Hammers, guns and knives
They wail and weep
Blow the head clean off, when you're sound asleep
Well there's blood on the walls, can't quench the thirst for si
n
Hobble up a little old lady
Carve a star in her skin

Lock up the doors, better call the police
Creepin' at night, got you shaking in your sheets
Mutilate and murder, rape, rob, repeat
Swear to Satan, got you begging at his feet

Well it was no big deal
All part of his plan
Death comes with the territory
See you in Disneyland