

# Calabrese, Children Of The Night

Whoa~ (x4)

Dye your hair black and wear it in your face  
Crawl onto a headstone  
And lie inside the grave  
Skip into the cemetery  
Let the morning come  
We don't mind  
We don't care  
The time has begun!

Whoa~ (x4)

Why go home?  
You're not wanted there  
Stay with us tonight  
Smoke your cigarettes and  
Talk about those things that scare you  
We will feed all your fears

Children of the night (x4)

Whoa~ (4)