

# Calabrese, Inside The Coffin

Your parents hate us now  
And we don't really care  
We still leave the house when midnight comes  
They'll never understand  
The power that we hold  
spirits in our stereo whoaaah

Inside this coffin Oh Ohh Ohh  
Inside this coffin made for two  
Inside this coffin Oh Ohh Ohh  
I will be waiting here for you

We're eternal damned (?)  
And thats the way it'll be  
alone for ----- and every breath  
----- ----- of the dead  
Where ghost will place their bets  
it's not a -----

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(This girl was buried in a nearby cemetery yesterday.  
Only a few hours ago her body was stolen.)

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