

Cinderella Effect, Black No. 1

Black No.1

(Type O Negative. Lyrics by Peter Steele)

She's in love with herself
She likes the dark
And on her milk white neck
The Devil's mark

Now it's all Hallows Eve
The moon is full
Will she trick or treat?
I bet she will

She's got a date at midnight
With Nosferatu
Oh baby, Lilly Munster
Ain't got nothing on you

Now when I called her evil
She just laughed
and cast that spell on me
Boo bitchcraft!

You wanna go out 'cause it's raining and blowing
You can't go out 'cause your roots are showing

Dye 'em black
Dye 'em black

Black, black, black, black No. 1
Black, black, black, black No. 1

Loving you
Loving you
La-La-Loving you
Was like loving the dead

Loving you was like loving the dead
Loving you was like loving the dead
Loving you was like loving the dead
Was like loving the dead
Was like loving the dead
Was like loving the dead

Little wolf skin boots
And clover cigarettes
An erotic funeral
For which she's dressed
Her perfume smells like
Burning leaves
Everyday is Halloween