

Death SS, Baron Samedi

It's the night of All Saints' Day
the Graveyard Master is here to stay.
Ritual drums and thunderlights
scan the rhythm on Voo-doo night.

Blood, black magic, drugs and sex:
this is the night of every excess!
When the virgin falls into a trance
all the dead will start to dance!

Dance! Baron Samedi.
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Dance! Baron Samedi.

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the Graveyard Master is here to stay.
Ritual drums and thunderlights
scan the rhythm on Voo-doo night.

Shake your head 'till your mind is blank!
Shake your body and break the rank!
Free yourself in every sense!
Give your soul up to this dance!

Dance! Baron Samedi.
Dance! Baron Samedi.
Dance! Baron Samedi.

I am the Bo-cor, the Deathlord's voice!
I'll lock your soul in my bottle,
then I'll steal your corpse.
Your will, will be mine!
Rest in peace, Baron Samedi!
Come to me, Dead, from your tombs!