

Lovedrug, The Monster

The sky is growing dark
You should pack your bags and leave your children behind
I hear Egypt is nice this time of year
The shadows from outside are creeping in here
In dreams it seems youre lacking of
The dreams you need to wake up just to run out of luck
Careful, the monster is round that corner
And hes waiting for blood tonight
He knows that you might fight back
Your eyes are growing dark
The windows to your soul are showing off
Its hard for me to say thats how I like it, baby
The screaming from the cellar never helps
Youre dreams they seem to leave you so alone
In dreams it seems you cant fight but some weapons would be nice
Careful, the monster is down that hallway
Drooling over your tasty arm
He knows that you cant harm him ever
But he doesnt know, youve got an exorcism show
But now he knows
Rot in hell, rot in hell