

# Saint Vitus, Bela

Do you know me  
I think you do  
I rise each night  
From my tomb  
My bone-dry lips  
Long for you  
I feed on humans  
Freshly brewed

My mortuary  
Is a gruesome sight  
As I play with you  
In the dead of night  
I'm never caught  
And I'm never seen  
As I crease the sky  
With the blackest wings

The crack of dawn  
Sends a chill through me  
I know that I must end my feast  
Into the dust I must go  
Until the next moonbeam glows