

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