

The Move, Night Of Fear

The silent night has turned to a night of fear
With windows howling wind into your ear
You listen to the spirits far behind
These things you hear are too much for your mind

The bell strikes and your spine chills like the grave
The chill that turns your blood from red to grey
You know that with these things you see and hear
The silent night has turned to a night of fear

Image on your bedroom wall, shadows marching in the hall
Just about to flip your mind, just about to trip your mind
Just about to flip your mind, just about to trip your mind

The green and purple lights affect your sight
Your mother cannot comfort you tonight
Your brain calls out for help that's never there
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