

Michale Graves, Queen Taste

Up in the haunted hills of Halloween
Lived a monster god and
His beautiful serpent demon queen
She slides on her belly
She craves meat, something sweet

Down in the village
Where the poor folk dwell
Trick or treats

And the rainstorms never end
Wash away the tears
Blood soaked goblin babies
Breeding for the queen's taste
Kill them while their sleeping

Up in the haunted, hallowed hills of Halloween
Lived green, ignorance and sin and hell
Dead demon queen

We tore at the belly
We knew they'd eat
Revenge is sweet

Back to the village
Where the poor folk dwell
Trick or treat

And the rainstorms never end
Wash away the tears
Blood soaked goblin babies
Breeding for the queen's taste
Kill them while their sleeping

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