

Saint Vitus, Hallows Victim (Exhumed)

Panic in the air
Awaken to the call
Ghostly apparitions
Making your skin crawl
Incense, tambourines
Sorcerors arise
All you see are pools of blood
And fire in their eyes
Grinning Jack-O-Lanterns
Lit by candle light
Culdrons bubble over-filled
On this night of nights
Leather bat wings
Slicing through the air
Leaves your body white with shock
Wide-eyed and scared
Cross in your hand
Time to make your stand
Your bravery's fading somehow
Garlic round your neck
Paranoia's got you wrecked
You jump at every little sound
Boney, witches fingers
Scratching at your face
Skeletons sit beside you
Making your heart race
Cold sweat is runnin'
Runnin' from your brow
You've got a one-way ticket
To six feet underground