

# 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