

Savatage, Necrophilia

Last time she touched me
I set a course for L.A.
Midnight flight

Now she tried to tell me
That she comes from the grave
Such a sight

Stay away
Your hands are cold
Frigid lips
Evil soul
Yeah
She's a deceiver
Disbeliever
Inconceiver
Necrophilia

Black candles burning
On her altar of ice
She's no fight
Heavy metal maiden
On her way through the night air

Get away
Your hands are cold
Cadaver eyes
Wicked soul
Yeah
No

Black candles burning
On her altar of ice
She's no fighting
Heavy metal maiden
On her way through the night air

Stay away
Your hands are cold
Frigid lips
Evil soul
Yeah
She's a deceiver
Disbeliever
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