

Wednesday 13, Burn The Flames

Here I sit a vampire, and my piano.
The flames burn, glarringly higher.
And the eyes, that stare through the darkness,
though they have no form, there's no need for alarm.
So burn.

[Chorus]
So burn, burn the flames higher, and higher.
So burn, burn the flames never, to expire.

Here I sit a skeleton, and my organ.
The candles in my kettle all burn hellishly, hellish hell.
And the laughter, un-ending echoes through the haunted house,
a little Christmas spirit, ghostly haunting deadly spirit.
Every creature is stirring, even the mouse.
So burn.

[Chorus]
Here I sit myself, at my instruments.
Here they sit, at their intruments.
And the music feels, and feels,
terrifies, horrifies, forever scares.
Children of the night, what music we make.
So burn.

[Chorus]