

Look at this poor boy
All dressed up in white
Now how can he smile
With a face of all eyes
He wanders the night
Through smears and words snide
Spinning round and round
His precious mind
Like dizzy neon lights

Can anybody find out
Any other way
It's choking up his throat now
And dripping out his mouth
Like liquefied dying sparks
Like burning butterflies
These creatures are vampires
They're killing by the night
They're falling from the dead trees
To silhouette your life

He sees this white face
Brains lit grey and cold
Trees grow in their throats
And crystals ignored
His cellophane mask has filled up with smoke
Look through the holes in his eyes
And see his red righteous soul

Can anybody find out
Any other way
It's choking up his throat now
And dripping out his mouth
These creatures are vampires
They're killing by the night
They're hanging from the dead trees
Like burning butterflies