

Blood Red Head On Fire

Black Light Burns

Blood red head
Blood red head

No one knows who sent it
Or what it first was called
No one knows who made it
Or when it first was mauled
No one understands why
It burns but never dies
One thing is for sure though
That burning bastard flies

Here comes the burning blood red head on fire
As laser beams shoot from the eyes of the choir
It doesn't need a body 'cause it flies through the air
It's the blood red head on fire and it doesn't care

If you think you're bad-ass
And you try to stand your ground
It will look into your eyes and make it's awful sound
Then it will suddenly fly at you
And hit you in the head or chest
Then your body will disintegrate
Because the blood red head's the best

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Razor sharp fangs in a gross mouth
Yellow burning eyes, surprise
Gordy cauliflower ears
And talons growing out of its face
8 feet off the ground
Moving fast and looking down
The people scatter as the foul death spreads

You may think Duke Lion
Could defeat this awful foe
You may be right
'Cause they fought about a week ago
The blood red head on fire
Was immune to Duke's fireballs
So Duke gave up and went on a quest
For the ice sword of Gaultry

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