

## Backseat Of My Hearse

Calabrese

Leather pressed I envy how you scream  
Into your hands claw me  
Hypnotic hybrid dreams  
The howls, they're only gonna be sung

Night seeps into light  
I am not allowed to bite  
I can only wish for it  
I can only wait for the moment of...

In the backseat of my hearse  
We quit out talking  
The moon reveals it curse

Like a horror movie on a friday night  
You are not happy with your life  
Why do you act like everybody  
Music in my blood it's a sinister beat  
Demonic deeds and graveyard treats  
See u from the stage and we must know  
Can we drink your blood after the show