

Camp Blood

Capricorn

I know a camp at Crystal Lake
The moon is bright, the hour late
A touch of death among the trees

Remember in the man of horror
The cause of pain and blood and terror
You still can hear the echoes scream

Run away
Don't look back
Feel his breath
In your neck

You'll die in Camp Blood
If you think that he was burned
You'll die in Camp Blood
Soon you'll know
Murder has returned

He killed with instinct and with fun
Right now it seems like he has gone
But never trust that peaceful silence

You better run, run for your life
And leave the slaughter far behind
He will be back with all his violence

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