

## Bats In The Belfry

### Inquisicion

A restless spirit, deprived too young of life's sweet  
joys  
The day they hang me I still curse  
No cemetery pyre will make me decompose  
Now at nightfall I start to roam

A maiden's neck  
White and tender  
I long to find

Fast wings, eager fangs  
Like a bat I hunt

Garlic nor crosses will stop an undead villain  
As you may always have believed  
Only rays of sun can scare me into my old grave  
To sleep concealed in earth of home

Nothing's hard cause  
Ladies do like  
Being sucked

Fast wings, eager fangs  
Like a bat I hunt

Blood, steal from innocent virgins

Red, drops tickle in my tongue and throat

Screams, rebound as I hasten away

Night, will eternally hide my sins