

Burn The Flames

Roky Erickson

Here I sit
A vampire at my piano
The flames burn glaringly higher
And the eyes that stare through the darkness
Though they have no form
There's no need for alarm

So burn, so burn, burn the flames
Higher and higher
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire

Here I sit
A skeleton at my organ
The candles in my candelabra
Burn hellishly hellish hell
And the laughter unending echoes
Through the haunted house
A little Christmas spirit ghostly haunting deadly spirit
Every creature is stirring
Even a mouse

So burn, so burn, burn the flames
Higher, higher, higher and higher
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire

So burn, so burn, burn the flames
Higher, higher, higher and higher
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire

Here I sit myself at my instruments
Here they sit at their instruments
And the music fills and fills, terrifies, horrifies, forever sc
ares
The children of the night
What music we make

So burn, so burn, burn the flames
Higher and higher
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire