

## Hallows Victim (Exhumed)

Saint Vitus

Panic in the air  
Awaken to the call  
Ghostly apparitions  
Making your skin crawl  
Incense, tambourines  
Sorcerors arise  
All you see are pools af blood  
And fire in their eyes

Grinning jack-o-lanterns  
Lit by candle-light  
Cauldrons bubble over-filled  
On this night of nights  
Leather bat-wings  
Slicing through the air  
Leaves your body white with shock  
You're wide-eyed and scared

Cross in your hand  
Time to make your stand  
Your bravery's fading somehow  
Garlic 'round your neck  
Paranoia's got you wrecked  
You jump at every little sound

Boney witches fingers  
Are scratching at your face  
Skeletons sit beside you  
Making your heart race  
Cold sweat is running  
Running from your brow  
You've got a one-way ticket  
To six feet underground