

Dr. Woofenstein

The Damned

Wake up, this is not a dream...
Mr. President wake up, this is not a dream...
Mr. President wake up...

Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window
Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do

Down in his hole he waits
and plans with patience
nobody knows what he sees
or devises in silence
it's not a ploy he enjoys
to retreat to the shadows
his satellites have gone blind
but his demons breathe

Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window
Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do

His promises are empty
but full is his mind
and as the end burneth nigh
back home he made plenty
warmed by the fires of his hate
and the ice in his veins
and when the earth stops to breathe
will he rest in peace?

Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window
Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do

And will nobody take him for real?
pull the curtains away to reveal?

La, la, la...

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Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do
Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window

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