

The Vampire Club

Voltaire

Oh, the moon was full and the color of blood
The night the pirates came to the Vampire Club
Their leader was tall and snide and slim
He looked like a gay Captain Morgan
Well, he recognized a vampire from his school
And he did something that was most uncool
He said, "Hey everybody, see that fool in the cape?
His name's Bernie Weinstein and he's in the eighth grade!"

Fangs were flying, capes were torn
Hell hath no fury like a vampire scorned
The number one rule in this game
Never call one by his real name
Wigs were pulled, top hats were crushed
By pointy boots in a rush
And Boris at the bar orders a Bud and says
"It's just another night at the Vampire Club"

Missi lost a fang in the ladies room
And we all laughed and called her Snaggleteeth
And Dee was mad 'cause he broke his cane
And he flushed his contacts down the drain
There was so much angst after the fight
Vlad and Akasha broke up that night
While some rivet-heads danced in a puddle of goo
That used to be "Father" you-know-who!

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Well, it's hard to believe, but we're still around
And when we hang out, it's always upside down
Dressed in black from toe to head, singing
"Bela Lugosi's still undead!"
A gaggle of goths is a peaceful sight
We'd do anything to avoid a fight
But if you really want to see some gore and blood
Wait 'til the Ravers come to the Vampire Club

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