

## London After Midnight

Wrathchild America

Too many times they tried to kill  
The Prince of the dark  
To put an end to his evil life  
By means of a stake through his heart  
But every time the sun goes down  
The terror starts to rise  
The gas lamps over the streets of London  
Flicker as his cape flies by

He lost his soul to the king of darkness  
From the first lethal bite  
He lives his death in fear of the cross  
The urge to kill every night

Too many countries have chased him hard  
To destroy his need for blood  
To seal his coffin with the holy nail  
To stop before he strikes again  
But every time they invade his castle  
Nosferatu was never there  
Those foolish victims are his next meal  
Death is in his stare

He lost his soul to the king of darkness  
From the first lethal bite  
He lives his death in fear of the cross  
The urge to kill every night

London after midnight  
Blood lust till the dawn  
London after midnight  
Your mortal life is gone

Even he who is pure in heart  
And says his prayers by night  
May become a bat when the vampire prowls  
And the moon is full and bright

Watch your neck  
What's that shadow on the wall  
A virgin boy on a black stallion  
Just walked across my grave

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