

Dragula (Si Non Oscillas, Noli Tintinnare)

Rob Zombie

Superstition, fear and jealousy
Dead I am the one, exterminating son
Slipping through the trees, strangling the breeze
Dead I am the sky, watching angels cry
While they slowly turn, conquering the worm
Dig through the ditches
And burn through the witches
I slam in the back of my
Dragula! Dig through the ditches
And burn through the witches
I slam in the back of my
Dragula! Dead I am the pool, spreading from the fool
Weak and what you need, nowhere as you bleed
Dead I am the rat, feast upon the cat
Tender is the fur, dying as you purr
Dig through the ditches
And burn through the witches
I slam in the back of my
Dragula! Dig through the ditches
And burn through the witches
I slam in the back of my
Dragula! Do it baby, do it baby
Do it baby, do it baby
Burn like an animal
Dead I am the life, dig into the skin
Knuckle crack the bone, twenty one to win
Dead I am the dog, hound of hell you cry
Devil on your back, I can never die
Dig through the ditches
And burn through the witches
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Dragula!

Songwriters

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