

# Necrophilia

## Savatage

Last time she touched me  
I set a course for L.A.  
Midnight flight  
Now she tried to tell me  
That she comes from the grave  
Such a sight Stay away  
Your hands are cold  
Frigid lips  
Evil soul Yeah, she's a deceiver  
Disbeliever  
In conceiver  
Necrophilia Black candles burning on her altar of ice  
She's no fight  
Heavy metal maiden  
On her way through the night air Get away  
Your hands are cold  
Cadaver eyes  
Wicked soul, yeah Black candles burning on her altar of ice  
She's no fighting  
Heavy metal maiden  
On her way through the night air Stay away  
Your hands are cold  
Frigid lips  
Evil soul Yeah, she's a deceiver  
Disbeliever  
In conceiver  
Necrophilia

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