Dead Of Night

Comascape

We're the horniest boys
With the corniest ploys
Who take the easiest girls
To our sleaziest worlds

With our lecherous plans
In our treacherous hands
You'd be wasting your time
Saying no, it's a crime

All that we live for you'll regret
All you remember we'll forget

We are the dead of night
We're in the zombie room
We're twilight's parasites
With self-inflicted wounds

We are the dead of night
We're in the zombie room
Heavenly oversights
Eating from silver spoons

With our decadent minds
And our innocent lines
You'll be playing our games
With your bodies in flames

When delirious fun
Has seriously begun
You'll be down on your knees
You'll be begging us please

All we're demanding you'll supply
All we're accused of we'll deny

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