

We Only Come Out at Night

Motionless in White

Listen to them, children of the night, what music they make
Paint your face, tonight we terrorize this town,
Coffin case, we gather, our time is now.
Ten thirty-one, we roam the streets in thirst for blood,
It all begins, with you, with your life
We are the children of the night and we are rising from the grave.
To haunt you in your sleep and drink you from your neck.
We only come out at night

Songwriters

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Published by
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