Bela

Saint Vitus

Do you know me
I think you do
From my tomb
I rise each night
My bone-dry lips
Long for you
I feed on humans
My mortuary
Freshly brewedAs I play with you
Is a gruesome sight
I'm never caught
In the dead of night
And I'm never seenAs I crease the sky
With the blackest wings
The crack of dawn
I know that I must end my feast
Until the next moonbeam glowsSends a chill through me
Into the dust I must go

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/