The Witching Hour

Hotcakes

don't try to hide it. i can read you like a book
i know your kind of girl
i can tell just by the way you look
so sweet and innocent but you're filthy inside out
i know you want it too
gonna have my wicked ways with youpre-chorus
i want your love. come feel my body
i can't get enough
i need your touch, come closer to me
come on, come on, come onchorus
in the witching hour. i'm burning like a funeral pyre
feel the power, in the dead of the night
i'm feeding on your loveyou screams of pleasure and
your make-up smothered face
you're nothing but a whore with your body on display
not sweet or innocent but filthy inside out
say that you want it oo
gonna love you black and blue

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