

# 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 you  
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 on  
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 love  
you 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

Lyrics provided by  
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