

# Symphony Of Terror

**Jag Panzer**

[lyrics by Harry Conklin] With the curse of death he stands  
In the darkness cold and black  
Looking over the lands preparing his attack  
Hunger nagging at his belt  
Spreading his wings far and wide  
To sail across the countryside  
The impaler is known to everyone around  
He'll sneak into your room at night  
And feast without a sound He's a mysterious figure in black  
Roaming the city bringing death  
Pestilence from rats invaders by the score  
Plaguing the people with disease  
Running scared nowhere to go and nowhere to hide  
Running through the woods and over the countryside  
Must escape this nightmare, put an end to this dream  
Let us come together, put an end to all his schemes. Nosferatu is his name and he's spreading his curse  
'Cross the land, feel his eyes take your soul  
Heed my words, run if you can [Repeat] Taste of blood upon his teeth the beast is ready for to fly  
Soaring to his victory, she is virgin fare, I can taste her in my mouth  
Now he's in her parlor bending for a feast  
Looking up in wonder she seduced the evil beast  
"Oh, stay all night with me and you can have your way"  
Morning brings the sunlight and his ashes blow away

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