

Deadly Nightshade

The Jack Saints

come now my lovely, won't you
take a midnight stroll with me?
through the misty air the things
i keep i shouldn't dare
my garden's so inviting, and its
deadly blooms are hiding
be careful what you touch
lest the grave is what you lust
draw the blinds, you're getting tired
paralyzed, don't close your eyes
gripped with fear, your dreams become nightmares
from the deadly nightshade
each night at midnight
dating back into the fog of time
another victim falls
the things i've done; the voices call

the hourglass runs out on us
ashes to ashes, dust to dust
the killers must be fed, the soil is red
now that you're dead
draw the blinds, you're getting tired
paralyzed, don't close your eyes
gripped with fear, your dreams become nightmares
from the deadly nightshade
delirium ? your burning throat
mania ? your heart rate soars
hallucination ? you're losing your mind
suffocation ? cannot breathe; you're going blind
draw the blinds, you're getting tired
paralyzed, don't close your eyes
gripped with fear, your dreams become nightmares
from the deadly nightshade

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