The Last Vampire

Hollywood Vampires

He came up to the window, in the mist
As I'd seen him often before
But it was solid then, not a ghost
And his eyes were fierce
Like a man's when angry
He was laughing
When he turned to look back of the built of trees
Glinting in the moonlight
To where the dogs were barking
And then, he began promising me things
Not in words, but by doing them
Have you seen an awful din of hellish infamy
Where the very moonlight alive
Where Chris Lee ships
And every speck of dust that whirls in the wind
A devouring monster in embryo
Listen to them
The children of the night
What music they make

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