

# 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

Songwriters

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