Something Wicked This Way Comes

Wednesday 13

Where do you come from?
The dust
Where will you go to
The grave
Darkness soon falls
Everyone calls
Something wicked this way comes.
Stirring up the brewing pot,
I like words that rhyme with death
And things that rot,
I got a bone to pick but I don't know where to start, baby.
There's something wicked, there's something wicked
And I like things that when they go wrong
And I prefer Godzilla to king-Kong
And what you call hell I can home, baby
There's something wicked, there's something wicked
Where do you come from?
The dust
Where will you go to
The grave
Darkness soon falls
Everyone calls
Something wicked this way comes
Where do you come from?
The dust
Here will you go to
The grave
Darkness soon falls
Everyone calls
Something wicked this way comes
Don't worry I'll hold my breath because the only certain Thing for me is
Death
But I'll always dress to depress, baby
There's something wicked, there's something wicked
Alice Cooper and G.I Joe, taught me everything I need to know

And when I hear 'HEY-HO', I scream 'LET'S GO', Baby.
There's something wicked, there's something wicked
Where do you come from?

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Where will you go to
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Darkness soon falls
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