Night Stalker

Stormwitch

It's midnight, a night-owl
is howling on a withering tree
but watch out, there's something
Going on, on the cemetery
the body-snatcher
is digging up the graves
bone-marauding
no human corpse is safeHe's a night stalker
he's a grave-robber
he's a madman
he's eager for some prey
he's a night stalker
he's a grave-robber
You got to call on him
ten pounds are his payBy the light of a candle
he's doing his dirty work
he shatters the coffins
and the black rats are on the lurk
the grave is plundered
a dead dog lies close by
a cab's removing
the dawn is in the skyhe's a night stalker....

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