

# The Monster

Lovedrug

The sky is growing dark,  
You should pack your bags  
And leave your children behind,  
I hear Egypt is nice this time of year,  
The shadows from outside are creeping in,

In dreams it seems you're lacking of the  
Dreams you need to wake up,  
Just to run out of luck

Careful,  
The monster is round that corner  
And he's waiting for blood tonight,  
He knows that you might fight back

your eyes are growing dark,  
The windows to your soul are showing off,  
It's hard for me to say  
"That's how I like it," baby  
The screaming from the cellar never helps

You're dreams they seem to leave you alone,  
In dreams it seems you can't fight,  
But some weapons would be nice

Careful,  
The monster is down that hallway  
Drooling over your tasty arm,  
He knows that you can't harm him ever

But he doesn't know  
You've got an exorcism show,  
But he knows,  
Rot in hell, rot in hell