

London After Midnight

Wrathchild America

Too many times they tried to kill
The Prince of the dark
To put an end to his evil life
By means of a stake through his heart
But every time the sun goes down
The terror starts to rise
The gas lamps over the streets of London
Flicker as his cape flies by

He lost his soul to the king of darkness
From the first lethal bite
He lives his death in fear of the cross
The urge to kill every night

Too many countries have chased him hard
To destroy his need for blood
To seal his coffin with the holy nail
To stop before he strikes again
But every time they invade his castle
Nosferatu was never there
Those foolish victims are his next meal
Death is in his stare

He lost his soul to the king of darkness
From the first lethal bite
He lives his death in fear of the cross
The urge to kill every night

London after midnight
Blood lust till the dawn
London after midnight
Your mortal life is gone

Even he who is pure in heart
And says his prayers by night
May become a bat when the vampire prowls
And the moon is full and bright

Watch your neck
What's that shadow on the wall
A virgin boy on a black stallion
Just walked across my grave

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