## Saint Vitus, Bela

Do you know me I think you do I rise each night From my tomb My bone-dry lips Long for you I feed on humans Freshly brewed

My mortuary
Is a gruesome sight
As I play with you
In the dead of night
I'm never caught
And I'm never seen
As I crease the sky
With the blackest wings

The crack of dawn Sends a chill through me I know that I must end my feast Into the dust I must go Until the next moonbeam glows