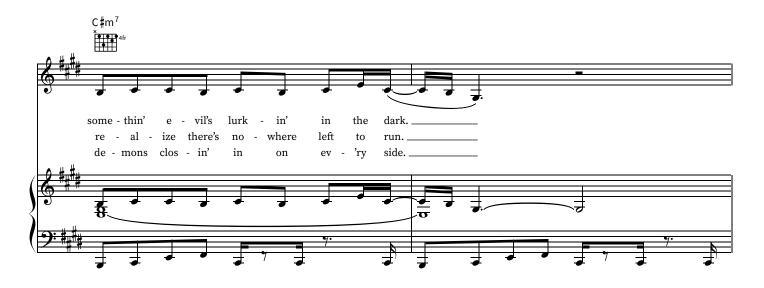
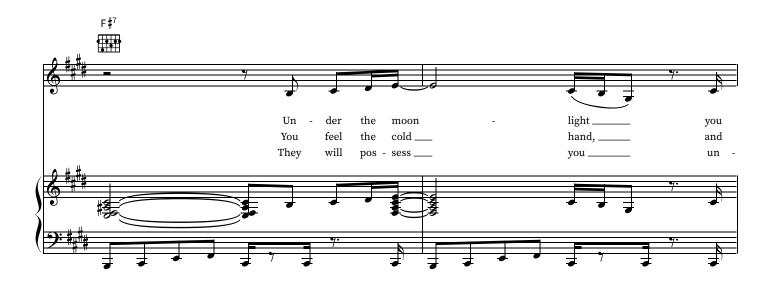
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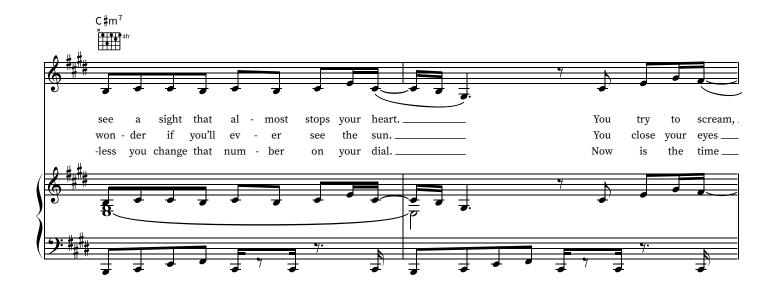
Words and Music by ROD TEMPERTON

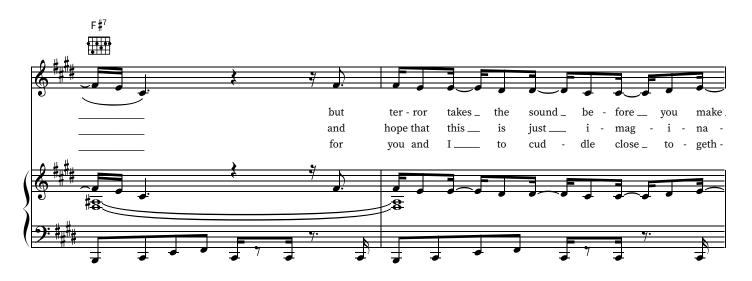


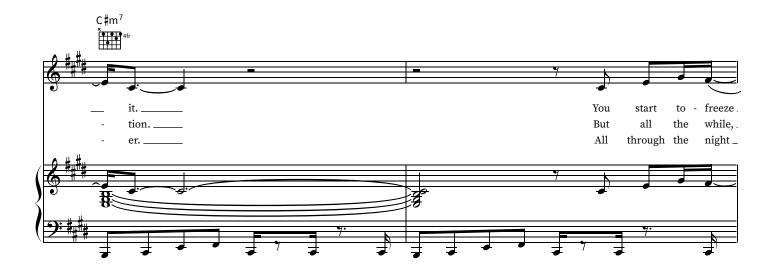
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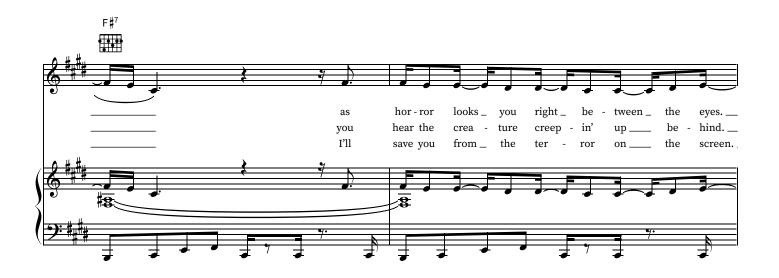


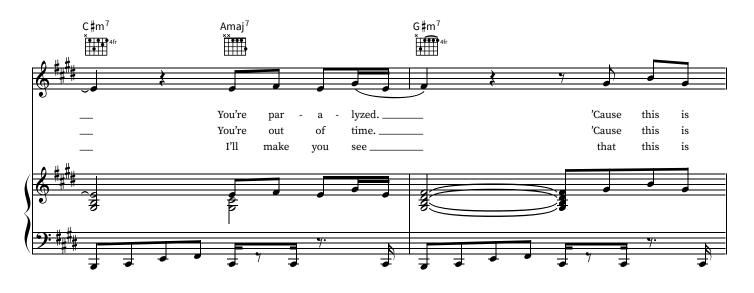


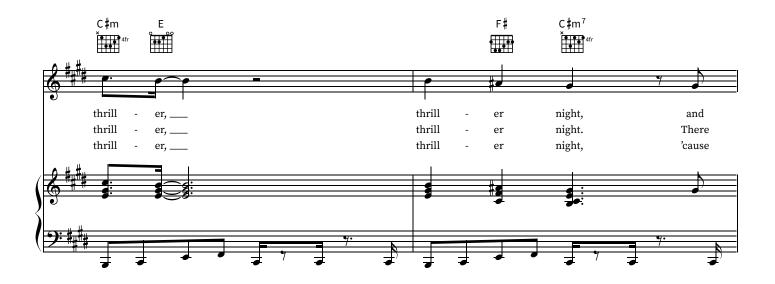


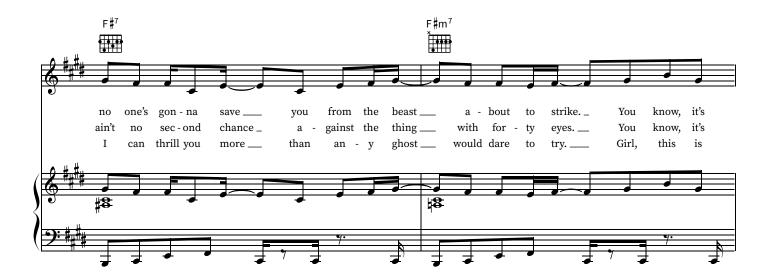


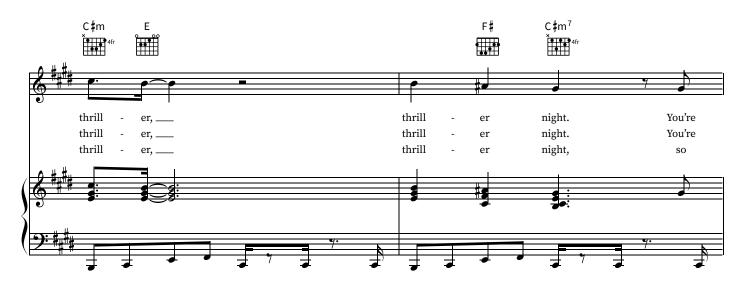


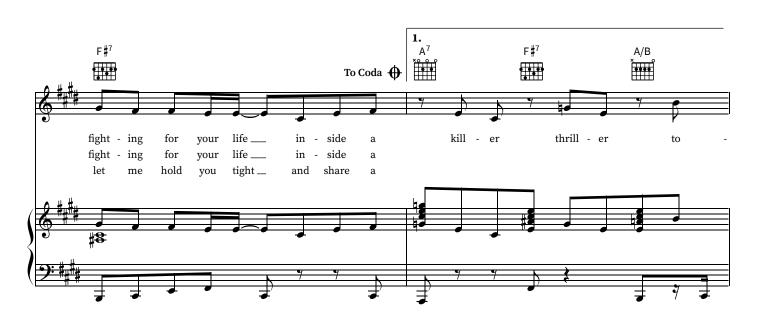














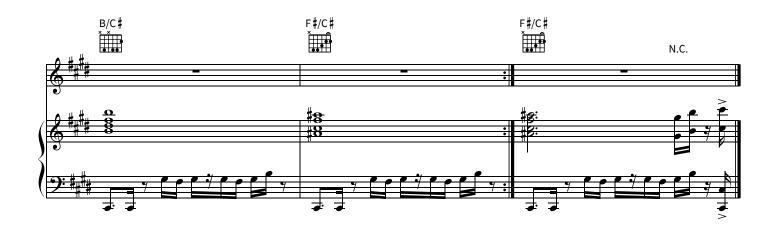












- 1. Darkness falls across the land.
 The midnight hour is close at hand.
 Creatures crawl in search of blood
 To terrorize y'all's neighborhood.
 And whosoever shall be found
 Without the soul for getting down
 Must stand and face the hounds of hell
 And rot inside a corpse's shell.
- 2. The foulest stench is in the air,
 The funk of forty thousand years,
 And grizzly ghouls from every tomb
 Are closing in to seal your doom.
 And though you fight to stay alive,
 Your body starts to shiver,
 For no mere mortal can resist
 The evil of a thriller.