THRILLER



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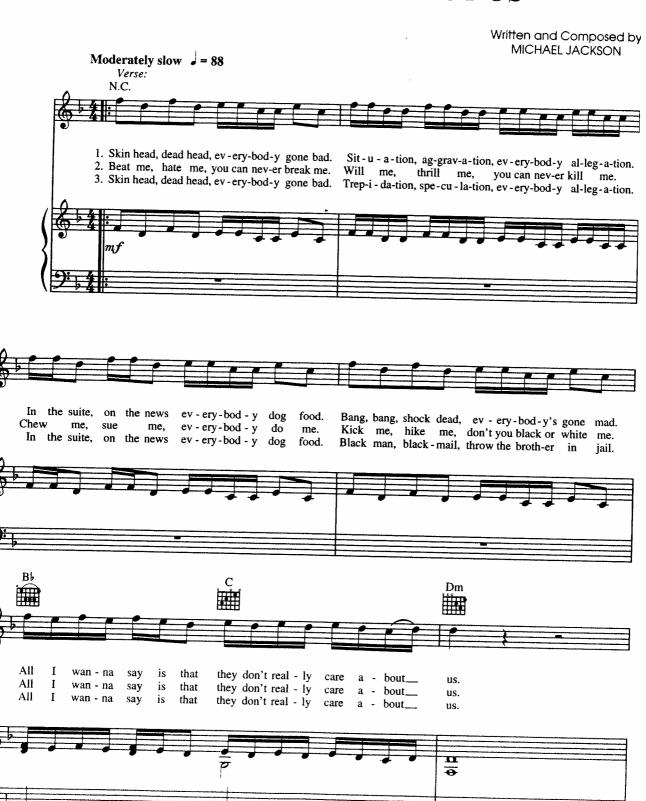




RAP: Darkness falls across the land.
The midnight hour is close at hand.
Creatures crawl in search of blood
To terrorize y'awl's neighborhood.
And whosoever shall be found
Without the soul for getting down
Must stand and face the hounds of hell
And rot inside a corpse's shell.

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.

THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT US



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