

I'm the cobwebbed stairs, the ancient bones  
I'm the shadow rippling cobblestones,  
I'm the stagnant swamp, the black lagoon  
I'm the branches scratching at the moon  
I'm the funeral service, the unknown mourner  
I'm the demon cowering in the corner  
I'm the sexton's spade, the new thrown clay  
I'm what's left when they walk away  
I'm the ebony coffin, satin lining  
Pale thin lips in the back room dying  
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I'm the walking dead, the fly by night  
I'm the last of the fading light  
In the unbarred door, the open encasement  
I'm the stairs leading down to the basement  
The four post bed, the let down hair  
I'm the cross that you forgot to wear  
I'm the highest voltage, the shining slab  
The crack of midnight in the doctor's lab  
I'm the night before, the morning after  
Echoing of the baron's laughter  
Echoing of the baron's laughter  
I'm Jonathan Harker, I'm Lucy's trance  
Elegant count's hypnotic glance  
I'm the wooden mallet, the sharpened stake  
I'm the precautions you forgot to take  
I'm the mummy's curse, the passing bell  
I'm the fortune they wouldn't tell  
I'm pyromania, Transylvania  
I'm out of breath, I'm worse than death  
I'm the late night air, exhilarating  
I'm with you in the darkness, waiting