Evil Dead (Words & Music by Kjetel A Idland)

I draw from the book of pain, between the living & the dead
From the days of roses, you die before you wake

From the unwritten pages, he hunts for greatness
Wish for someones head, oh I used to know you
But now you rot instead

It's my demon Fred
He's an evil dead
It's my demon Fred

Howl through a silver spoon, then talk to elephants
Smell of a woman's kiss, I know said the telephat
Consider your legacy we all get born to die
Hear the silent majority It's the day of the dead

It's my demon Fred
He's an evil dead
It's my demon Fred
He's an evil dead

You got a moment of evil
You got a moment of evil
It's your moment of evil

It's my demon Fred
He's an evil dead
It's my demon Fred
He's an evil dead