

Vincent Malloy is seven years old.
He's always polite and does what he's told.
For a boy his age he's considerate and nice
but he wants to be just like Vincent Price.

He doesn't mind living with his sister, dog and cats.
Though he'd rather share a home with his 5 loose bats.
There he could reflect on the horrors he's invented,
and wander dark hallways and low men tormented.

Vincent is nice when his aunt comes to see him,
but imagines dipping her in wax for his wax museum.

He likes to experiment on his dog Abercrombie
in the hopes of creating a horrible zombie.
So he and his horrible zombie dog,
could go searching for victims in the London fog.

His thoughts though are not only of ghoulish crime.
He likes to paint and read to pass some of the time.
While other kids read books like Go Jane Go,
Vincent's favorite author is Edgar Allen Poe.

One night while reading a gruesome tale,
he read a passage that made him turn pale.
Such horrible news he could not survive,
for his beautiful wife had been buried alive.

He dug out her grave to make sure she was dead.
Unaware that her grave was his mother's flowerbed.

His mother sent Vincent off to his room.
He knew he'd been banished to the Tower of Doom
where he was sentenced to spend the rest of his life,
alone with the portrait of his beautiful wife.

While alone and insane encased in his tomb,
Vincent's mother burst suddenly into the room.
She said if you want to, you can go out and play.
It's sunny outside and a beautiful day.

Vincent tried to talk but he just couldn't speak.
The years of isolation had made him quite weak.
So he took out some paper and scrawled with a pen,
I am possessed by this house and can never leave it again.

His mother said you're not possessed and you're not almost dead.
These games that you play are all in your head.
You're not Vincent Price you're Vincent Malloy.
You're not tormented or insane you're just a young boy.
You're seven years old and you are my son.
I want you to get outside and have some real fun.

Her anger now spent she walked out through the hall
while Vincent backed slowly against the wall.
The room started to sway, to shiver and creak.
His horrid insanity had reached its peak.
He saw Abercrombie, his zombie slave
and heard his wife called from beyond the grave.
She spoke from her coffin and made ghoulish demands,
while through cracking walls, reached skeleton hands.

VINCENT

Every horror in his life that had ripped through his dreams,
swept his mad laughter to terrified screams.
To escape the madness he reached for the door
but fell limp and lifeless, down on the floor.
His voice was soft and very slow
as he quoted the Raven from Edgar Allan Poe.
And my soul from out that shadow
that lies floating on the floor
shall be lifted never more.

