

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 would rather share a home with spiders and bats,  
there he could reflect on the horrors he has invented,  
and wonder dark hallways alone and 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 Ebocrombi,  
in the hops of creating a horrible zombie.  
So he and his horrible zombie dog,  
could go searching for victims in the London fog.  
His thoughts though aren't only of goulish crime,  
he likes to paint and read to pass some of the time,  
While other kids read books like "Go Jane go",  
Vincent's favourite author is, Edgar Allan 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 flower bed.  
his mother send 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 doom,  
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'm possessed by this house and can never leave it again.  
his mother said: "you are not possessed and you are not almost dead,  
these games that you play are all in your head,  
you are not Vincent Price your'e Vincent Malloy,  
your'e 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 back slowly against the wall..  
The room started to sway to shiver in crick,  
his horrified insanity had reached it's peak.

he saw Ebocrombi his zombie slave,  
and heard his wife call form beyond the grave;  
she spoke from her coffin and made goulish demands,  
while through cracking walls reached skeleton hands.  
Every horror in his life that had crept through his dreams,  
swept his mad laughter to terrified screams.  
To escape the badness he reached to 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, nevermore."