

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 just like Vincent Price  
 He doesn't mind with his sister, dog and cats  
 Though he'd rather a home with spiders and bats  
 There he could on the horrors he's invented  
 And wander dark hallways, alone and tormented  
 Vincent is nice when his aunt comes him  
 But imagines her in wax for his wax museum  
 He likes on his dog Abercrombie  
 In the hopes of a horrible zombie  
 So he and his horrible zombie dog  
 Could go for victims in the London fog  
 His thoughts, though, aren't only of ghoulish crimes  
 He likes and read to pass some of the times  
 While other kids read books like Go, Jane, Go!  
 Vincent's favourite author is Edgar Allen Poe  
 One night, while reading a gruesome tale  
 He read a passage that made him pale  
 Such horrible news he could not  
 For his beautiful wife had been buried alive!  
 He dug out her grave sure she was dead  
 Unaware that her grave was his mother's flower bed  
 His mother sent Vincent off to his room  
 He knew he'd been banished to the tower of doom  
 Where he was sentenced the rest of his life  
 Alone with the portrait of his beautiful wife

to swell	share
to see	searching
leave	to experiment
survive	reflect
turn	
go out	to spend
	to be
to get	to talk
	creating
To escape	living
	dipping
	to paint
	to make

While alone and insane encased in his tomb  
 Vincent's mother burst suddenly into the room  
 She said: "If you want to, you can and play  
 It's sunny outside, and a beautiful day"  
 Vincent tried, 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 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 outside and have some real fun."  
 Her anger now spent, she walked out through the hall  
 And while Vincent backed slowly against the wall  
 The room started, to shiver and creak  
 His horrid insanity had reached its peak  
 He saw Abercrombie, his zombie slave  
 And heard his wife call from beyond the grave  
 She spoke from her coffin and made ghoulish 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!  
 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 Allen Poe:  
 "and my soul from out that shadow  
 that lies floating on the floor  
 shall be lifted?  
 Nevermore..."