

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..."