

## Vincent

Vincent Malloy is seven years old  
He's always polite and does as 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 spiders and bats  
There he could reflect on the horrors he has invented  
and wander 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 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 aren't 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 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 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 incased 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 you play are all in your head  
You are 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 horrified insanity had reached its peak  
He saw Abercrombie, his zombie slave  
and heard his wife call from beyond the grave

She spoke through 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

To escape the badness, 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" by Edgar Allan Poe:  
"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted...Nevermore."

**Tim Burton - 1982**