

O Humid Night  
(Melody: "O Holy Night")

O Humid Night  
Anopheline mosquitoes  
Are circling you in the hope of a meal.  
She takes a bite, saliva from her mouthparts  
Drool parasites which you can't see or feel

Your brain can get sick,  
You will have a coma  
After the rage and the headaches have passed  
You're veggie soup, home to protozoa,  
Mosquito lands, time to go home at last..

Fall on your knees,  
Pale, burning with fever  
Plasmodia  
Are in your blood, were in your spleen  
Malaria  
There's no real cure, just in your dreams...