

# The Creeps

## Creature Feature

Out there is the [?] from out there  
Growing in the dead of night  
Giving you the creeps

Darkness, figures in the darkness  
Wandering just out of sight  
Giving you the creeps

You can run  
And you can hide  
But you just can't get away  
You can pray  
But you're the prey  
Until the break of day

Are you on the edge of your seat?  
Trembling bones and shallow breaths  
Heart skips a beat  
Nearly terrified to death  
At your wits end  
Curdled blood and stifled screams  
Darkness descends  
Watch out now, here come the creeps

Voices, disembodied voices  
Missed [?] and just out of reach  
Giving you the creeps

You can run  
And you can hide  
But you just can't get away  
You can pray  
But you're the prey  
Until the break of day

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Is there really something out there?  
Is it all inside of your head?  
Is there really something to fear?  
Or are you just joining the creeps?

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Watch out now, here come the creeps