

Freaks

Doctor Butcher

A frigid chill licks the night air,
as the neon lights cut the sky
In the darkest alleys the silhouettes appear,
beckoning the night
The Darkness calls them out,
stalking the street on a psychotic roundabout
No religions here,
no cross to bear,
no shelter from the beast
They lived the hard life
Scratched to survive

They come out at night,
on your fears they feast
Better run and hide,
Beware of the FREAKS!

Like fallen angels about to die,
demented delinquents on a one way ride
A figurehead,
degenerate from the bowels of the east
They took the hard life
He kills to survive

They come out at night,
on your fears they feast
Better run and hide,
Beware of the FREAKS!
Beware of the Freaks ...
they're coming to get ya!