

Bug in the Net

Hypocrisy

In 1961 at ten PM
The moon was three quarters full and cruising down the road to
hell
A bright light in the sky was pulsing back n forth
But a mile north of Lincoln
A light descends in front of them

Like a bug in the net
They snatch your souls
It's like playing Russian roulette
They put your life on hold

Like a bug in the net
They crush your hopes
It takes a blink of an eye
To control your thoughts

Thirty five miles down the road
Two hours of missing time
No memories of what have occurred
Just a terrifying feeling that something is wrong
Their clothes were torn apart, scars appears on their broken bo
dies
Nightmares that's horrifying, it starts to reveal itself

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