

# Candy From A Madman

Wrathchild America

Step under the streetlight let me see your face  
There's a madman loose in this neighborhood  
He draws blood 'cause he likes the taste  
Carries a knife, carries a gun  
Run for your, life 'cause he's having fun  
Life to him is a four-letter word  
So hold your mother's hand and hide your eyes

He talks to his own reflection  
Laughs at his dirty thoughts  
He's a student of his own philosophy  
He applies what he's been taught  
So he licks his lips  
Pulls his fingers through his air  
Doesn't have a reason  
'Cause he doesn't have a care  
It's one man's world and he's in charge  
As far as he's concerned you're better off dead

Don't take candy from a madman  
Don't look too deep into his eyes  
Don't take candy from a madman  
Sweet bait always lies  
It's the coldness of his blade  
Deadly power of his blow  
Dripping blood from wounded flesh  
Insanity starts to flow  
Twisted thoughts inside his head  
Make it easier to kill  
Fear entangled in his mine  
But show it never will

Don't take candy from a madman  
Don't look too deep into his eyes  
Don't take candy from a madman  
Sweet bait always lies

As he dances with his shadow  
As he feverishly grins  
As he buttons up his jacket  
With cold and icy hands  
As he sharpens up his blade  
As he laughs about his pain  
As he wipes his runny nose  
As he walks into your room  
Goodnight