

## Doctor Butcher

### "Freaks"

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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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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!

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