

Gutter Sirens "Horror Makers"

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(Every night, every day
Entertainment made of fear)

I wander through the streets of fear
I approach the crossing
The brightest is the red star
Which demands too much from me

I walk along the desert road
The physical item of time
One's hand - it's not fata morgana
The bucket of cold water into my face

The riders of darkness don't create horrors
Ghosts, evil forces and the black
Television show, the misery of the news
The meal of violence and tears

I know what to fear

Hope! Where have you gone, I'm your son
You've left me forever and gone there
Into the valley of forgetfulness moments that were not
reached
Where the streams of tears died but nothing did except
them

Fear and uncertainty are building up
The sound is building up, the bells are ringing
Siren's scream loud and thrilling
Someone died or is suffering

Impatient about the end of the world
The end in the form of dreams
I'd like to see marvelous shine
So different from the fear and cry

The riders of darkness don't create horrors
Ghosts, evil forces and the black
Television show, the misery of the news
The meal of violence and tears

I know what to fear

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