

## Hate In The Box

### "Beautiful Monsters"

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Wrap yourself in nightmares, a whisper in the dark.  
As you creep up old stairs, they know just where you  
are.

Desperately stumbling, too scared to look back  
When you know what you'll see.

Run, baby, RUN, close your eyes and pray.  
You can't drown out what they say:  
"Come, be one of us, a beautiful monster.  
Come, be one of us, under the bed.  
Come, be one of us, a beautiful monster.  
Come, be one of us, and dance with the DEAD."

You hear empty voices -a fraction of a scream.  
Beckoning you closer, deeper into the dream,  
Of walking blood-soaked halls,  
where nothing's what it seems.

Run, baby, RUN, close your eyes and pray.  
You can't drown out what they say:  
"Come, be one of us, a beautiful monster.  
Come, be one of us, under the bed.  
Come, be one of us, a beautiful monster.  
Come, be one of us, and dance with the DEAD."

Where you gonna go, where you gonna hide?  
These monsters are all INSIDE.  
Stranger in the mirror with the wicked smile,  
Gonna take you for a little ride...

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