

## **S.O.D. "Freddy Krueger"**

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His hand spells death  
He breathes his vile breath  
No way you can stop him once his out  
He haunt your sleep  
In the tub he hides down deep  
He rips your face and no one hears you shout

CHORUS:

He's come for you, what wile you do  
He'll slash you and rip you and cut you in two  
His teeth are black  
Flex metal kmickles with a crack  
Masgots crawling all throughout his skin  
He'll get thear his call  
When the razors grip beneath their chin

CHORUS - MOSH PART

As the blood beging to splat  
In his sweater and his hat  
His rotted shouth smiles as you die  
His color's red and green  
His skin's not what it seams  
He rips at it and tears off his own flesh

CHORUS

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