

Morgan Page

"Catacombs"

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The fallen children
Against evil they stand
Gathered together
Hand in hand
Too young to avoid their
Dreams reality
Too late to save their
Peace of mind
Their mission was their fate
Tomorrow it can be too late

I see what you do
We'll meet in the catacombs
Kill my practice jokes
But meet me in the catacombs

Down in the barrens
It's your turn to tell
On neibolt street twentynine
Too late to turn back
Rooms are moving
Reducing and growing
Hold together
Whatever you do
This is one of it's dwells
This is a dream taken from hell
Unlock the door
To the bathroom
They sure that
It stand there
Waiting to kill
I see what you do...
Come your friends
Are dying down here
You shall face me
And face your fear
And I know you shall
Die for my peace of mind
In my life
Cry for the pain I'll give you
And don't try to come near

Because I'm scared
There is the spider
Give her a punch
With your mindcraft
For the future
Don't go too far
Cause the turtle is dead
We must kill her once for all
I see what you do...
Skinflint skinflint
The alien from the past
Skinflint skinflint
The alien from the past
Skinflint skinflint
Skinflint skinflint

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