

Crupp

"The Catcher"

Visit "[The Catcher](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Every night
A grim shade passes by
A raven in disguise
A tortured soul
Midnight strikes
Fear shivers every spine
Don't let him near your child
Protect your own

Children laugh and mock him
Calling out his name
He shies the world
Never walks the streets by day
At night he reigns
They hear him play
A ballad to each life he strained
A child is out there
Crying out in tears
The catcher plays for thee

By their beds
He plays a lullaby
Confusing their young minds
With broken chords
With song and rhyme
He's known to mesmerize
The spark inside them dies
Turns dark and cold

A distant clock strikes midnight
The catcher's on the prowl
The mere sound of his cane
Scares man and beast
People drag their children
Horror is back in town
His lonely flute
Sounds morbid in the streets
The catcher plays for me

Visit [Crupp](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

