

Crooked Fingers

"Hyde Park"

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Wake up, mr hyde
Stop to think what is right
To hell with you mr kind
I damn you out of my mind

Wake up, mr hyde
Stop to care about your lies
To hell with you mr kind
You'll never get what is mine

Is it cold where you are?
Do you fell safe in the dark?
You really want to go this far?

All alone in your hyde park

Farewell, mr kind
There's nothing left to hide
I know, I must take your life
To release what lies inside

Farewell, mr kind
It's time for you to die
I have to sacrifice you
To feel - to feel alive

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