

Crooked Fingers

"The Strange Case"

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

Will hyde die upon the scaffold?
Or will he find the courage
To release himself at the last moment?
God knows; I am careles;
This is my true hour of death,
And what is to follow
Concerns another than myself.
Here then, as I lay down
The pen and proceed
To seal up my confession,
I bring the life of that unhappy
Henry jekyll to an end.

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

