

Rob Rock

"Streets Of Madness"

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Voices in the shadows, whispers in the night
Telling him that vengeance will make everything all
right
Tortured as a child, condemned by all his peers
Thoughts that have no reason and a heart that's full of
fear

Caught between denial and delusions of his mind
No mercy in the system, there's no place left to hide
Crazy like an angel who has fallen from on high
Filled with rage and violence, he will not be denied

A twisted world of killing and crime
The handiwork of Lucifer's kind

On the streets of madness
The predator rules, stalking the night
On the streets of madness
The demons alive

Gaze into the valley, the valley of your greed
Where money is the master, holding all the keys
No time to raise the children, they're drowning in the
sea
Everyone's a victim in the city full of dreams

A twisted world of flesh and desire
The handiwork of Lucifer's choir

On the streets of madness
The predator rules, stalking the night
On the streets of madness
The demons alive
On the streets of madness
A sweet appetite for taking a life
On the streets of madness
Demons will rise

Voices in the shadows, whispers in the night
Telling him that vengeance will make everything all
right

On the streets of madness
The predator rules, stalking the night
On the streets of madness
The demons alive

On the streets of madness
A sweet appetite for taking a life
On the streets of madness
Demons will rise

Ruling the night, with killings and crime
On the streets of madness

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