

And One "Crime Time"

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Broken chains nothing more to find
Bloody faces
Scratching on the ground
Screaming bodies creeping wild
A king, a fool, a man, a child

When the sun goes down
It's time to hide
Cause they're looking
For a victim tonight
When it's crimetype
They make a decision
People now to kill is their intention

It's a crimetype the clock strikes tonight
A crimetype
They're coming out to fight.

Run if you can
Hide yourself somewhere
Pay attention
They can be anywhere

Something's
Reach out their hands
Silent sounds to keep
You in trance

It's a crimetype the clock strikes tonight
A crimetype
They coming out to fight

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