

Faction, The

"Terror In The Streets"

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Time to go it's late, as the fog begins to lay
And you wish that you were at home in bed
Visions of evil and visions ill will
Are burning corners into your head
The echo of your steps
From the fence across the field
They're coming from close behind
The air drops to ten degrees, cob webs in the trees
Your door step seem so very far away
When dripping shadows start to move, when your
doubts begin to prove,
(tame day scenes get all construed) you feel terror in
the streets
Sweaty palms you feel the night as your body fills with
fright
You feel alright when you see the light at your house
But that feeling turns to panic and fright as you watch
the lights go out.

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