

Forgotten, The "Horrorshow"

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Horrorshow monsters come rippin' outta pubs
Don't need no more booze cause the transformation's
done
Droolin' from their mouths and their bloodshot eyes
No one knows their true identity underneath their guise
White light!
Black night!
Shear terror!
Fist fight!
My life!
My strife!
Pure horror!
Tonight!
On the rampage they go crashin' through the clubs
Abusing everybody till the patrons turn and run
Howlin' in the bars smashing people up
Blazin' though the alleys cause the damage ain't
enough
White light!
Black night!
Shear terror!
Fist fight!
My life!
My strife!
Pure horror!
Tonight!
Out with the boys getting liquored again
In the nightly horrorshow
They're still drinkin' on the day they die
1, 2, 3, 4...
Monsters never hang they just know how to fight
They try to run the darkness with their switch blade life
Always in your face and never quite discrete
Angry ancient beasts on the modern modern streets

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