

Theatre Of Ice "Creature"

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Have you ever heard the murderous screams
Like something from your darkest dreams
Or seen the red eyes that shine thru the night
Or the long white hands prepare the dark rite
Nothing can explain its drive to kill
In the stolid night nothing seems real
No one that's seen it has lived to tell
Of the creature that's come from hell

CREATURE, CREATURE, CREATURE

Barren and desolate the nights are stark
Only a fool dares venture after dark
Those of who do soon face its glare
Afterwards, noises incoherent fill the air
It can happen on any darkened night
When there's not even a hope of light
The screams of the slain will often be heard
Testifying another killing has occurred

CREATURE, CREATURE, CREATURE

The night is its kingdom and death is its lord
Those of who enter have their bodies gored
One upon another the corpses pile up
The blood used to fill its sacrificial cup
Do you ever hear on the darkest nights
The murderous screams of the sacrificial rites
Or see the red eyes that glow thru the mist
How could such a creature come to exist

CREATURE, CREATURE, CREATURE

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