

Psycho

Metal Church

Stick your fingers in the eyes of night
Rip open the belly of death and you'll see what is real
Tear down the image of youth all around
Steal the dreams from their minds and you'll find all their lies
Can it be what you're thought to believe
It's nothing more than your mind can conceive
He's out there waiting, he's waiting for you
The psycho is ready to kill
Well you're a mean one, a bloody bastard son
You don't care what they say or what they do, it matters not to you
You've been warned not to set foot after dark
You think it's all just for fun but there's no setting sun
Can it be what you're thought to believe
It's nothing more than your mind can conceive
He's out there waiting, he's waiting for you
The psycho is ready to kill
One way all the time you can't seem to get it right
You never see the tunnel or the light, spend a million just to say you're hit
You got to find a way to get the thrill of your life
Trip the light, trip the light fantastic, party and you'll die
Someday you will die
3 a.m. you feel that twitch again
For a walk inside of the park, it's getting late
slip through the gate
The psycho jumps out from behind
Sticks his knife in your throat and you die

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