

Fiend Without a Face

Misfits

See the features of my rage
Begin to shoot the fiend without a face, my faceThe fever rots
The brain goes numb inside
I feel the blackout coming
A boiled blister pops insideMy ears still bleed
With razor-sharp precision
Mouths that mouth the sweetness
Dank of final breath upon my chestSee the features of my rage
Begin to shoot the fiend without a face, my faceWe lasted all night
The dogs keep up and snickering
Just stay with me one moment
Then I'll go awayMy ears still bleed
With razor-sharp precision
I'll burn in hell
Before I plunge into life's darkness, darknessSee the features of my rage
Begin to shoot the fiend without a face
See the features of my rage
Begin to shoot the fiend without a face, my faceA fiend without a face
A fiend without a face
A fiend without a face
A fiend without a face

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