Midnight Meat Train

Manilla Road

Inside the Big Apple's subway
I slept upon the midnight train
I woke to horror and demise
What I now call end of the lineThe Butcher's hereThe bodies hung and all fileted
Inside this Midnight Meat Train
I killed the Butcher with his own knife
But the true horror had not diedPale cannibals with filed teeth
Had come as every night to feast
They ate the tounge within my mouth
I am the one to serve them now

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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