

# 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

Songwriters

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