

Creatures of the Night

12 Step Rebels

The moon guides my way back home.
It's late as I walk alone.
These woods are not inviting at this time of night,
so I pick up the pace.
In the air, I hear voices everywhere.
And it is so dark,
that I can't make out a face.

So I reach for my knife as the creatures of the night let me know they're here,
Won't do me no good, 'cause what's in these woods is that which I can't kill.

Well I sense something is about,
so I gather up my courage and I take a look around.
I look to my left and then to my right.
I should have never looked behind.
I run home as fast as I can.
I don't want to have to ever look back again.

Lyrics submitted by Valeria.

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