

# 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.

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Lyrics submitted by Valeria.

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