

[Marcus N. Colon]

Frantic, the journey's begun, fear gripping your mind, nightmare, lurking the hall, awaiting behind every door, evil invitations, in their fallen state, terror lashing its wrath, for your soul destruction.

Frantic and fighting, racing to beat, the evil covering the dream, doors are remaining, chances you have, to enter the tortuous trap.

Candles light, starting to dim, shadow, of my demon oppressors, frenzy fiendish attack, presence approaching, wicked depravity reigns, hands clenching reach, desperation surrounds me.

[Solo Marcus]

Frantic and bleeding, torn from within, seeking the haven beyond, crawling the corridor, faith's led me this far, to survive for the victory to come.

[Solo Bob]

Escape, finally I see, crawling the floors long fought, victory, shining ahead, for the way, truth and life, race for my life, salvation conquered the fight, danger, left behind me, lunging for heaven's door, frantic, now I know, how to conquer the race.

For Christ, He stands and waits, for those who race to win.