

# Psycho

Metal Church

Stick your fingers in the eyes of night  
Rip open the Belly of Death  
Now you'll see  
What is real

Tear down the image of youth all around  
Steal the dreams from their minds  
And you'll be  
All their lies

Can it be what you're taught to believe  
It's nothing more than your mind can conceive  
He's out there waiting, he's waiting for you  
The psycho is ready to kill

Well you're a mean one, a bloody bastard son  
You don't care what they say or what they do  
It matters not to you

You've been warned not to set foot after dark  
You think it's all just for fun  
But there's no setting sun

Can it be what you're taught to believe  
It's nothing more than your mind can conceive  
He's out there waiting, he's waiting for you  
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One way all the time  
You can't seem to get it right  
You never see the tunnel  
Or the light  
Spend a million just to say  
You're hip  
You got to find a way  
To get the thrill of your life  
Trip the lights  
Trip the light fantastic  
Party and you'll die  
Someday you will die

3 am and you feel that twitch again  
For a walk in the park  
It's getting late  
Slip through the gate

The psycho jumps out from behind  
Sticks his knife in your throat  
And you die