

# The Hunger

Misfits

We become  
Erupt in violence  
Destroy the silence  
Our time has come  
Go

We are the outcasted, ancient descendents  
The ones who've been calling and  
Would you still die for the dead, yet still living  
Starved of a time that's now come, whoa-oh

We are the children  
The hungry children

We become  
Erupt in violence  
Seduce the silence  
Our time has come  
Go

We are the kindred, Hell's ancient descendent slaves  
Begging the night not to go  
Would you still die for the dead, yet still living  
Starved of a life that's now gone, whoa-oh

We are the children  
The hungry children

We become  
Blood quench the hunger  
You want it, you need it  
Blood quench the hunger  
You want it, you need it  
Blood quench the hunger  
You want it, you need it

Oh, whoa