

Lock Up Your Children

Morbid Saint

Lock 'em up, very tight
Left alone, in the night
Darkest dreams, we will paint
In the minds, of the saint

Lock up your children
From Destruction found
Lurking in their minds
The pain starts to pound

When at last, they awake
All sanity, we will take
Tortured souls, as they fell
Subject to, this living hell