

(Another bloodbath in the spot and draws the daily press...)

Tribal war, panic on their faces  
Guns ring out, bullets leave their traces  
the crowd in shock, what happened here  
a bloodshed caused by a young sick killer  
Carnivore - slaughter as a kind of game

[Chorus:]

There's panic in the streets tonight  
and terror rules  
There's panic in the streets tonight  
while (the) death incarnate roams  
There's panic in the streets tonight  
the killer from the Graveyard High  
There's panic in the streets tonight  
and terror terror terror rules

Leaden air, real guns are the right kick  
massacre - this time without joystick  
The blood, the shock - just temporary signs  
and soon forgotten till the next freak strikes  
Streets of gore - corpses are a wanted sight

The kids, the guns, the shocking truth:  
this town no longer BULLET-PROOF  
Final score - coppers 0, killers 8  
and nobody safe from murder...