

Eyes, cold dead eyes.  
Staring from the shadows to get you, and he'll get you.  
'cause you don't have a chance.  
Get away if you can.  
Stay away from the gray man.

He could be harmless, but he is craving for blood.  
Prey on the young, he's playing God.  
Cutting in bodies, perversion of his.  
Please Mr Fish, please Mr Fish.

Lives... all these lives.  
Extinguished by life in perversions.  
They don't stand a chance.  
How they cried when they ran.  
Ran away from the gray man.

He could be harmless, but he is craving for blood.  
Prey on the young, he's playing God.  
Cutting in bodies, perversion of his.  
Please Mr Fish, please Mr Fish.

Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the  
stones.

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Prey on the young, he's playing God.  
Cutting in bodies, perversion of his.  
Please Mr Fish, please Mr Fish.