

## Terror In The Streets

The Faction

Time to go it's late, as the fog begins to lay  
And you wish that you were at home in bed  
Visions of evil and visions I'll will  
Are burning corners into your head  
The echo of your steps  
From the fence across the field  
They're coming from close behind  
The air drops to ten degrees, cob webs in the trees  
Your door step seem so very far away  
When dripping shadows start to move, when your doubts begin to  
prove,  
(tame day scenes get all construed) you feel terror in the stre  
ets  
Sweaty palms you feel the night as your body fills with fright  
You feel alright when you see the light at your house  
But that feeling turns to panic and fright as you watch the lig  
hts go out.