

Monster Within

The Flower Kings

So you say that you cannot sleep, you're not into
counting sheep
All the monsters are for real, something out there, the
way you feel
Grown up man, you're still losing sleep, aliens hiding
in the deep
Nights of terror and gates of hell, can't get rid of
that brimstone smell

Something moving, you fire away and suddenly you're in
the play
Started something you can't control, survival means
you'll sell your soul
The boogie man has come to town and close your door for
the killing clown
The coffin master's house of rats, the pale white duke,
the lord of bats

It's so easy to slip away into the shades at the end of
the day
Into the world of make believe but things are not the
way they seem to be
There's something out there, they scare me too
They won't bring out the best of you
Someday they'll put a gun in your hand, a real gun, do
you understand?

You've got the right to protect yourself
You've got the nerve to ask for help
You've got the piece at a handy place
And babe you got the maze, you got the maze

There is something out there, there's always been
I've seen the killer, he lives within
I've heard the aliens screaming loud - Ho-ho-ho-ha

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the day
Into the world of make believe but things are not the
way they seem to be
There's something out there, they scare me too
They won't bring out the best of you
Someday they'll put a gun in your hand
A real gun, do you understand, do you understand?

There's a corner in this dark room of your mind
Where spiders spin their web
This black moon sadly shines, what a shame
What would you do if you did not belong
To the beautiful dream, being ugly and mean
Sinister thoughts just filled up your mind
To get your revenge, for the pain that is yours

See, see the black knife dancing upon his back
There is just no limit to the pain that he can take
Come see the hurricane inside his brain
There's no limit when the madness risin' wide awake

What becomes of our children, what is left of innocence
Who will feed them, who will teach them
When the sane is out for lunch
What becomes of our leaders, what is left, less of
trust
Ride this bitch that is power, incognito...into the
dusk
Mother Mary, she's left the building crying
Silent tears rolling down her cheek
Following the final breakdown, built this monster from
within!

Speaking to the mob, talking to yourself
Because you are not the same as anybody else
You are something bigger, you have bigger plans
You're the Pied Piper of intolerance!!

Something moving, you fire away
And suddenly you're in the play
Started something you can't control
Survival means you'll sell your soul
The boogie man has come to town
And close your door for the killing clown
The coffin master's house of rats
The pale white duke, the lord of bats