

(Willcox / Bogen / Bush)

Wind ignites doors of midnight
Slams abuse into a broken street
A scream sparks the neons back to life
Born to the city we're your children in flames
Emerging from the sewers of the dark and insane
Our excuse is satanic saints
Our excuse is the satanic saints
Satan's little baby saints!

We'll penetrate your walls and slip inside
Set your soul on fire with cyanide
In your blueing flesh our seed will hide
To rejuvenate your body to fight for our side

The living dead, they cannot die
The living living won't survive
All that's left is suicide
Life is lonely in this empty town
I'm just hanging around

Times so morose to a suicide failure
I'm just another ghost of another failure
I'm still alive, insects crawl all over me
They're crawling up my legs, all over my body
They're inside of me

BITE!
BITE!

Times so morose to a suicide failure
I'm just another ghost of another failure
Oh I'm still alive, insects crawl inside of me
Insects are eating me!