

## Tribes

Venom

blood is fresh but you are dead  
Cross into the freaks domain  
See your fear feel your pain  
The prophesy has now begun  
You cannot hide you cannot run  
Leave you bleeding at my feet  
You are natural you are meat  
Tribes  
Below the graves  
Breed  
Refuge by day  
Tribes  
their home beneath  
Breed  
Alive but deceased  
Blessed with the gift of flight  
Changing shape and unseen sight  
Knowing why and knowing when  
Gifted with the dreams of men  
Out of sight out of mind  
Leave our world you're not of our kind  
What he fears he can't enjoy  
What man envies he destroys  
Leave the garden of your torment  
Through the gates that hold your fear  
Monsters freaks the cursed the gifted  
Day is gone the night is here  
Death by fire death by gun  
Death by knife death by sun  
Born apart they crave the same  
Living in their unreal pain  
Prejudice deeper than creed  
The reason for this hate is breed  
Not unholy but alone  
Just for this we burn their home  
Banished from the world of men  
Man beware they'll rise again