

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