

Candy From A Madman

Wrathchild America

Step under the streetlight let me see your face
There's a madman loose in this neighborhood
He draws blood 'cause he likes the taste
Carries a knife, carries a gun
Run for your, life 'cause he's having fun
Life to him is a four-letter word
So hold your mother's hand and hide your eyes

He talks to his own reflection
Laughs at his dirty thoughts
He's a student of his own philosophy
He applies what he's been taught
So he licks his lips
Pulls his fingers through his air
Doesn't have a reason
'Cause he doesn't have a care
It's one man's world and he's in charge
As far as he's concerned you're better off dead

Don't take candy from a madman
Don't look too deep into his eyes
Don't take candy from a madman
Sweet bait always lies
It's the coldness of his blade
Deadly power of his blow
Dripping blood from wounded flesh
Insanity starts to flow
Twisted thoughts inside his head
Make it easier to kill
Fear entangled in his mine
But show it never will

Don't take candy from a madman
Don't look too deep into his eyes
Don't take candy from a madman
Sweet bait always lies

As he dances with his shadow
As he feverishly grins
As he buttons up his jacket
With cold and icy hands
As he sharpens up his blade
As he laughs about his pain
As he wipes his runny nose
As he walks into your room
Goodnight