

Abney Park, Tiny Monsters

Conceived in Darkness, late at night,
the creature turns out the light.

Slowly, creeping near,
whispering in her ear.

They take there cloths off, kiss her neck,
her nerves are trembling, she's a wreck,
Backs arch, he grabs her thigh,
their reaching for there greatest high.

Just then the Devil, plants his seed, feeding on his darkest need.

In the darkness, late at night,
the monster begins its life.

Deeply, it grows inside, feeding on it's mothers hide.

Softly, heart starts to beat, kicking tiny tiny its arms and feet.

Tiny monster, deep inside.

Draw the blinds up, you can't hide.

it steals your soul.

Tiny monster, takes it tole

The tiny tiny Monster, awakes inside, and prepares to come alive.

Come alive. Come alive. Come alive.