

# Altar, Wrong Night

I walked into this place to meet the human race  
To satisfy my thirst, to gather with my friends  
Forget the foolish ways I got tired of today  
To see what's going on with the freaks of the world  
Yes, I was right 'bout the freaks of the night  
I pretend I don't see but they come right to me  
They mourn in my ear about the things that they fear  
Why don't they stay home, with their family  
It's the night of the living dead  
You can run but you cannot hide  
Tonight they are everywhere  
They put me in a state of fight  
Wrong people with wrong faces  
Have put wrong music on  
Wrong women with wrong asses  
Dance on a stupid song  
Wrong guys with wrong ideas  
Sip from a cocktail glass  
Wrong hips generation X  
Are smoking too much grass