

# Atrophy, Product Of The Past

[Music and lyrics: Chris Lykins]

The sun is down, the light go on  
A glass and concrete hell  
The beast aroused, begins to prowl  
Aware of every smell  
He notes perfume in the air  
Sees footprints in the dust  
Woman's blood upon the ground  
A victim of his lust

[Chorus:]

He can't resist their call  
His night will be their last  
Sworn to have them all  
A product of the past  
Beaten at an early age  
A scared and confused child  
Fierce revenge on womanhood  
Makes mother's wrath seem mild  
Every night tortured sleep  
No one there to care  
Outcast of society  
Trapped inside his lair

[Repeat chorus]

[1st solo: Rick]

[2nd solo: Chris]

Something more than animal  
Yet something less than man  
Striking fear in women's hearts  
A sick and twisted plan  
Stalking every unlit street  
Searching for his prey  
Stranger to compassion  
Now violence is his way

[Repeat chorus]