

# Rob Rock, Streets of Madness

Voices in the shadows, whispers in the night  
Telling him that vengeance will make everything all right  
Tortured as a child, condemned by all his peers  
Thoughts that have no reason and a heart that's full of fear

Caught between denial and delusions of his mind  
No mercy in the system, there's no place left to hide  
Crazy like an angel who has fallen from on high  
Filled with rage and violence, he will not be denied

A twisted world of killing and crime  
The handiwork of Lucifer's kind

On the streets of madness  
The predator rules, stalking the night  
On the streets of madness  
The demons alive

Gaze into the valley, the valley of your greed  
Where money is the master, holding all the keys  
No time to raise the children, they're drowning in the sea  
Everyone's a victim in the city full of dreams

A twisted world of flesh and desire  
The handiwork of Lucifer's choir

On the streets of madness  
The predator rules, stalking the night  
On the streets of madness  
The demons alive  
On the streets of madness  
A sweet appetite for taking a life  
On the streets of madness  
Demons will rise

Voices in the shadows, whispers in the night  
Telling him that vengeance will make everything all right

On the streets of madness  
The predator rules, stalking the night  
On the streets of madness  
The demons alive

On the streets of madness  
A sweet appetite for taking a life  
On the streets of madness  
Demons will rise

Ruling the night, with killings and crime  
On the streets of madness