

Savage Grace, Curse The Night

Killer on the run hunted by lawman's gun
Fugitive from man's reform, curse the day that he Was born
Hiding in another land made so many selfish plans
Being free from the law's long reach,
Was what he thought would bring relief
But too many lives claimed his life,
Was never ending pain
Too many murders in his memory,
His conscience made him go insane
Feel the spirits right beside you
Feel the air cold as ice
Your soul so lonely starved of life
Ghosts your victims haunt your flight
CURSE THE NIGHT
No escape from himself,
Too late to cry for help
A victim of his victims' cries,
No earthly reason why
The forces of the night,
Have their way of righting right
For one so bold to dare,
I warn you all beware