

# 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