

And One, Crimetime

Broken chains nothing more to find
Bloody faces scratching on the ground
Screaming bodies creeping wild
A king, a fool, a man, a child
When the sun goes down its time to hide
'Cause they're looking for a victim tonight
When it's crimetime they make a decision
People know to kill is their intention
People know - people know to kill
It's a crimetime
The clock strikes tonight
A crimetime
They coming out to fight
They coming out to fight
Run if you can
Hide yourself somewhere
Pay attention
They can be everywhere
Some things chop up
Reach out their hands
Silent sounds to keep you in trance
Crimetime - the clock ...