

Freddie Wadling, The Freaks

When I'm awake and standing on the frozen floor
I cannot speak and no one can see me no more
My mirror fades and spiders creeps across the door
And nothing really means anything no more

When I'm asleep and standing on the kitchen floor
I'm in distress and captured by the creatures roar
A dinosaur is riding in my elevator
But I'm too dead to care about it anymore

We are the freaks who walks among you
We are the creeps who lives in vain
We are the freaks who walks among you
We are the creeps in your brain