

# Kickback, On The Prowl

Prowl the streets, prowl this filth  
Heading for the strip where the night times's out  
Looking for some action  
Inside my brain, it's a burning hell  
Wasted faces, wretched lives  
Pathetic tool, worthless piece of meat  
Celebrate their failure  
Clandestine lust, private pleasures

In this sickness I come alive  
In this decay I indulge  
In this cesspool I wallow  
In this sickness I come alive

Came to look down, to wallow  
Come on cunt, swallow  
Come on honey, get down  
Down for pleasure

In your weakness I wallow  
It's your failure I waloow  
In your destruction I wallow  
In this sickness I come alive  
Prowl - reap the pleasures of new sadism

It never ceases to entertain  
A cheap kick at their expense  
A quick fix of reality

You, yes you  
You're the one I choose  
It's your lucky day  
You'll get no sympathy