Misfits, The Hunger (Demo)

We become
Erupt in violence
Destroy the silence
Our time has come
Go

We are the outcasted, ancient descendents
The ones who've been calling and
Would you still die for the dead, yet still living
Starved of a time that's now come, whoa-oh

We are the children
The hungry children

We become
Erupt in violence
Seduce the silence
Our time has come
Go

We are the kindred, Hell's ancient descendent slaves
Begging the night not to go
Would you still die for the dead, yet still living
Starved of a life that's now gone, whoa-oh

We are the children
The hungry children

We become
Blood quench the hunger
You want it, you need it
Blood quench the hunger
You want it, you need it
Blood quench the hunger
You want it, you need it

Oh, whoa