

# Rigor Mortis, Freaks

The faces deformed and grotesque  
The disfigured bodies and limbs  
You cringe at the sickening sight  
The freaks are accepting you in

Hide your disgust as they greet you  
They cannot help their misfortune  
You can't seem to help but wonder  
Are their minds as warped as their form'

Unnatural humanoids proud to be one of their kind  
Unique imperfections bent for revenge on the world  
Plotting to turn all mankind into creatures obscene  
You shall be next to be transformed into one of them  
...Pray for your death!

Drugs of unknown chemicals  
Cruel hacksaw surgery  
Altered features of your head  
Make you a monstrosity

Soon you will realize that you are one of them  
No turning back now because you belong to them  
Seeing the horrible things that were done by them  
...You are a FREAK!

Forgetting the life you once knew  
Reality you must accept  
Knowing resistance is useless  
You will do what they expect

There soon will be hordes of people  
Who crave to view mutated flesh  
And you shall choose the next victim  
For hideous transformation!

You will obey the code of the freaks  
You'll help their cause till the world is one  
You love the freaks - you are a freak  
Long Live The Freaks!