

Altar, Wrong Night

I walked into this place to meet the human race
To satisfy my thirst, to gather with my friends
Forget the foolish ways I got tired of today
To see what's going on with the freaks of the world
Yes, I was right 'bout the freaks of the night
I pretend I don't see but they come right to me
They mourn in my ear about the things that they fear
Why don't they stay home, with their family
It's the night of the living dead
You can run but you cannot hide
Tonight they are everywhere
They put me in a state of fight
Wrong people with wrong faces
Have put wrong music on
Wrong women with wrong asses
Dance on a stupid song
Wrong guys with wrong ideas
Sip from a cocktail glass
Wrong hips generation X
Are smoking too much grass