

Atrophy, Product Of The Past

[Music and lyrics: Chris Lykins]

The sun is down, the light go on
A glass and concrete hell
The beast aroused, begins to prowl
Aware of every smell
He notes perfume in the air
Sees footprints in the dust
Woman's blood upon the ground
A victim of his lust

[Chorus:]

He can't resist their call
His night will be their last
Sworn to have them all
A product of the past
Beaten at an early age
A scared and confused child
Fierce revenge on womanhood
Makes mother's wrath seem mild
Every night tortured sleep
No one there to care
Outcast of society
Trapped inside his lair

[Repeat chorus]

[1st solo: Rick]

[2nd solo: Chris]

Something more than animal
Yet something less than man
Striking fear in women's hearts
A sick and twisted plan
Stalking every unlit street
Searching for his prey
Stranger to compassion
Now violence is his way

[Repeat chorus]