

Corrosion Of Conformity, Kiss Of Death

Paralyzed alone and frightened
Laying low so you won't be sighted
Something out there wishes you death
You'll have to run or fight til you last breath
Faint sounds in the alley
City beast is out there prowling
Rabid pack with sirens howling
Already on the way
Hiss and growl of the radio
Telling the fat beasts where to go
Lights reflect red and blue
And you know they're onto you
Faint sounds in the alley
City beast is out there prowling
Rabid pack with sirens howling
Already on the way