Metal Church, Psycho

[D. Wayne / K. Vanderhoof / C. Wells / K. Arrington]

Stick your fingers in the eyes of night Rip open the Belly of Death Now you'll see What is real

Tear down the image of youth all around Steal the dreams from their minds And you'll be All their lies

Can it be what you're taught to believe It's nothing more than your mind can conceive He's out there waiting, he's waiting for you The psycho is ready to kill

Well you're a mean one, a bloody bastard son You don't care what they say or what they do It matters not to you

You've been warned not to set foot after dark You think it's all just for fun But there's no setting sun

Can it be what you're taught to believe It's nothing more than your mind can conceive He's out there waiting, he's waiting for you The psycho is ready to kill

One way all the time
You can't seem to get it right
You never see the tunnel
Or the light
Spend a million just to say
You're hip
You got to find a way
To get the thrill of your life
Trip the lights
Trip the light fantastic
Party and you'll die
Someday you will die

3 am and you feel that twitch again For a walk in the park It's getting late Slip through the gate

The psycho jumps out from behind Sticks his knife in your throat And you die