

W.A.S.P., The Heretic (The Lost Child)

These fits of depression are torturing me
The lives that I seen won't breath again
A sad child of madness, they'll never be free
Born again to die, the agonies begin
And soldiers keep coming - like warriors they die
But gang land's alive when mothers cry
Cause hate's blind addictions, a killing machine
And it burns on the fuel of shattered lives - lost child, lost child

The seeds of all evil are sown in their minds
And harvest the sad fields of woe
Cause dead boys are martyr
That live on forever
But now it's too late for their souls
Standing on sanities too fragile edge
And worship the "Lord of Flies"
And wade through the slaughter
You've made of the brother
And drown in his blood then when he dies

You see in their eyes
They're the lost child
See in their eyes
You see in their eyes
They're the lost child
See in their eyes

Don't turn out the lights
Cause there's demons in the night
And they prey on the fears in us all
They hide inside and wait
And they shun the light of day
The screams in their dreams fill us all

Children of a night
Such a sad tune they rhyme
The bloody boys that sing a wicked song
And for all of them they're just memories in the wind

Rise and see
It's the down of insanity
Keeper of the gates of fire
And the Heretic has said
You don't have to be afraid
Till I - till I come to get ya
And child in time
On the swords edge you ride
And cast a spell of Heresy
And die in vain
Like a wild dog in chains
And no-one can save
Or set you free