

Product Of The Past

Atrophy

The sun is down, the lights 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

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

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