

# Night Of The Knife

Abattoir

Back alley ways  
Is there he stalks  
The feel the blade tucked near his heart  
The cold, the mist sets floatingly  
Street lights ablaze haughtingly

Nasty surprise or jack the knife  
The fate comes back from the dead  
Repeating the crime deep in his mind  
For vengeance or has been said  
The papers will read he is still free  
Victims will fall from his quest  
Roaming around he'll never be found  
And with slice he'll lay to rest

Night  
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Angel of death brings tyranny  
To steal your mind and slice your dreams  
You try to run but your too late  
A victim of an endless fate

Dark side of town an eerie sight  
The moon reflects the only light  
You see the blade you hear the slice  
Now it's too late he's taken your life