

Four Fingers Fatal To The Flesh

f.k.ü.

I woke up from a terrifying dream
A dark boiler room with pipes leaking steam
An evil figure in green and red
Looks like that hacked up chick is dead

He turns his head and looks at me
That burned face, that evil grin
No one can stop the awe I feel
That knitted sweater and those claws of steel

Four fingers, four fingers, four fingers
Fatal to the flesh
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They all believe that Freddy's dead
They all believe that it's in my head
They don't believe that he's made of flesh
Just wait and witness, your personal death

I went and bought a bunch of filet knives
And rivet them firmly to my gloves
I felt like I found myself in his shoes
Oh daddy Freddy won't you show me the moves

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I feel it pumping through my veins
This nightmare must commence
I can't hold back this urge to kill
My old life has to end
I pull the knitted sweater on
And dust off the ol' hat
I'm one of Freddy's minions now
A spawn of Krueger's hell
Come on mosh

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