

# Creatures

Judas Priest

The night wind blows  
Your heart rate grows  
Your pulse is racing faster

They're on your trail  
They know you'll fail  
You're flirting with disaster

Creatures

The frost lies thick  
Your breath comes quick  
No chance for your survival

Life takes it's toll  
And burns your soul  
They've never had a rival

Creatures of the night  
Born and raised to fight

Creatures of the night  
Creatures of the night

Their sense of smell  
Was honed in hell  
Their eyes sharp as needles

You're bathed in sweat  
You've lost your bet  
Caught in this upheaval

Creatures

You're on your own  
So scream and moan  
It's pointless now for praying

They'll run you through  
You'll get what's due  
Then they'll call it a day

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