

On The Prowl

Kickback

Prowl the streets, prowl this filth
Heading for the strip where the night times's out
Looking for some action
Inside my brain, it's a burning hell
Wasted faces, wretched lives
Pathetic tool, worthless piece of meat
Celebrate their failure
Clandestine lust, private pleasures

In this sickness I come alive
In this decay I indulge
In this cesspool I wallow
In this sickness I come alive

Came to look down, to wallow
Come on cunt, swallow
Come on honey, get down
Down for pleasure

In your weakness I wallow
It's your failure I wallow
In your destruction I wallow
In this sickness I come alive
Prowl - reap the pleasures of new sadism

It never ceases to entertain
A cheap kick at their expense
A quick fix of reality

You, yes you
You're the one I choose
It's your lucky day
You'll get no sympathy