

Fiend Without a Face

The Misfits

See the features of my rage
Begin to shoot the fiend without a face
My face

The fever rots
The brain goes numb inside
I feel the blackout coming
A boiled blister pops inside

My ears still bleed
With razor-sharp precision
Mouths that mouth the sweetness
Dank of final breath upon my chest

See the features of my rage
Begin to shoot the fiend without a face
My face

We lasted all night
The dogs keep up and snickering
Just stay with me one moment
Then I'll go away

My ears still bleed
With razor-sharp precision
I'll burn in hell
Before I plunge into life's darkness
Darkness

See the features of my rage
Begin to shoot the fiend without a face
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Begin to shoot the fiend without a face
My face

A fiend without a face
A fiend without a face
A fiend without a face
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