

I'm surrounded, each doorway covered  
By at least twenty men  
And they're going to take me, throw me in prison  
I ain't coming back again  
I ain't coming back again

When I was younger, handsomer and stronger  
I felt like I could do anything  
But all of these people making all these faces  
Didn't seem like my kith and kin  
Didn't seem like my kith and kin

Colin Kincaid from the twelfth grade  
I guess you could say he was my best friend  
Lived in a big tall house out on Westfall  
Where we would hide when the rain rolled in  
Where we would hide when the rain rolled in

We went out one night and took a flashlight  
Out with these two girls Colin knew from Kenwood Christian  
One was named Laurie, that's what the story  
Said next week in the Guardian  
Said next week in the Guardian

And when I killed her it was so easy  
That I wanted to kill her again  
I got down on both of my knees and  
She ain't coming back again  
She ain't coming back again

Now, with all these cameras focused on my face  
You'd think they could see it through my skin  
They're looking for evil, thinking they can trace it, but  
Evil don't look like anything  
Evil don't look like anything

Evil don't look like anything  
Evil don't look like anything  
Evil don't look like anything  
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Evil don't look like anything  
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