

# Monster Within

The Flower Kings

So you say that you cannot sleep, you're not into  
counting sheep  
All the monsters are for real, something out there, the  
way you feel  
Grown up man, you're still losing sleep, aliens hiding  
in the deep  
Nights of terror and gates of hell, can't get rid of  
that brimstone smell

Something moving, you fire away and suddenly you're in  
the play  
Started something you can't control, survival means  
you'll sell your soul  
The boogie man has come to town and close your door for  
the killing clown  
The coffin master's house of rats, the pale white duke,  
the lord of bats

It's so easy to slip away into the shades at the end of  
the day  
Into the world of make believe but things are not the  
way they seem to be  
There's something out there, they scare me too  
They won't bring out the best of you  
Someday they'll put a gun in your hand, a real gun, do  
you understand?

You've got the right to protect yourself  
You've got the nerve to ask for help  
You've got the piece at a handy place  
And babe you got the maze, you got the maze

There is something out there, there's always been  
I've seen the killer, he lives within  
I've heard the aliens screaming loud - Ho-ho-ho-ha

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the day  
Into the world of make believe but things are not the  
way they seem to be  
There's something out there, they scare me too  
They won't bring out the best of you  
Someday they'll put a gun in your hand  
A real gun, do you understand, do you understand?

There's a corner in this dark room of your mind  
Where spiders spin their web  
This black moon sadly shines, what a shame  
What would you do if you did not belong  
To the beautiful dream, being ugly and mean  
Sinister thoughts just filled up your mind  
To get your revenge, for the pain that is yours

See, see the black knife dancing upon his back  
There is just no limit to the pain that he can take  
Come see the hurricane inside his brain  
There's no limit when the madness risin' wide awake

What becomes of our children, what is left of innocence  
Who will feed them, who will teach them  
When the sane is out for lunch  
What becomes of our leaders, what is left, less of  
trust  
Ride this bitch that is power, incognito...into the  
dusk  
Mother Mary, she's left the building crying  
Silent tears rolling down her cheek  
Following the final breakdown, built this monster from  
within!

Speaking to the mob, talking to yourself  
Because you are not the same as anybody else  
You are something bigger, you have bigger plans  
You're the Pied Piper of intolerance!!

Something moving, you fire away  
And suddenly you're in the play  
Started something you can't control  
Survival means you'll sell your soul  
The boogie man has come to town  
And close your door for the killing clown  
The coffin master's house of rats  
The pale white duke, the lord of bats