## **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

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, 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 same 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