

## the end of the beginning

Twiztid

Under the blanket of night  
When the children awaken in fright  
Something is calling them off in the wind  
Something more wicked than demons and sin  
Could it be him, the one that we curse  
Who fell from the ceiling corrupting the earth  
We don't mention his name, no not in these parts  
Especially not now in this hour of dark  
But one thing's for sure, these children we were  
No longer are taught to be seen and not heard  
We answer to no one but that of ourself  
So back away monster and return thee to hell