

Mad Eyes  
(Brent Newcomb)

Not of this world, not of this sun.  
    Amassing his army of corrupted ones.  
Skin vile as a snake, eyes black as pitch  
    Touch burns like fire. Powers of the witch.

**(mini chorus)**

Mad eyes cannot tell you.  
Mad eyes will not tell you.  
Mad eyes are the torture.  
All you feel is ... mad eyes.

Jack Ripper by night. Mr. Hyde by day.  
    Legions of zombies, leading the way.  
Nazi asshole, communist spy.  
    Abuser of women. Makes pink babies cry.

**(chorus)**

Mad eyes searching screaming.  
Mad eyes drowning in blood  
    No more buzz of corpse flies  
    Mad eyes, Mad eyes  
Mad eyes shriek in silence  
Mad eyes squeal your name.  
    Veins burst with sharp lies  
    Mad eyes, Mad eyes

Extracting secrets. Murdering dreams.  
    Foul, rank, gruesome. Dirty sick screams.  
No weakness known, no Achilles' heel.  
    No pity no mercy. Nothing he feels.

**(mini chorus)**

Hidden in buildings, pulling the strings.  
    Thugs in masks, girls in delicate things.  
Your life is in danger. There's nothing to do,  
    But say your sweet prayers; He's coming for you.

**(chorus then mini chorus repeats to end)**