

Shaved Monkey

Angelspit

They can smell the freak on you, it could make them ill
they would try and kill you, but there's nothing left to kill
gross misuse of pheromones, this is bad for your health
this is what you have become - not suicidal, bored to death

(you're nothing more than a...)
Shaved Monkey
build your tomb
making ghosts out of good men (you're just a)
Shaved Monkey
burn it down,
again and again and again

This city turns decent folks, into nothing more than ghosts
Stepping on shadows and cracks, stopping the blood flow
bred to eat and be eaten, kill steal burry
overrun with thieves and rats - self loathing, hate and fury

(you're nothing more than a...)
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born in captivity
poverty raised
living in misery
dying depraved