

# The Misanthrope

Cadaver

Confined in a cell feed with dope  
Mankind is save from the misanthrope  
His weird disease made him choke  
Killing for air the misanthrope

He chose their fate  
With wrath and hate  
He couldn't face  
The human race

There is no cure, there is no hope  
His mind is obscure the misanthrope  
Slowly falling down the mental slope  
Until he reach the end the misanthrope

Sickness  
Anger  
Envy  
Detest

His spiteful mind  
Made him blind  
Complete insane  
He caused a lot of pain

Now he's confined  
They'll try to cure his mind  
For him it's too late  
To obliterate

His brain gets shrinked day by day  
Soon it all will fade away...

Between his hand they lied shocked and terrified  
Just waiting to die...

Sickness  
Anger  
Envy  
Detest

There is no cure, there is no hope  
His mind is obscure the misanthrope  
Slowly falling down the mental slope  
Until he reach the end the misanthrope