

12 Hundred

Mushroomhead

Is there really anyone there
Fall on deaf ears all of my prayers

The mother of nothing
The mother of sin
The father of decadence within us
A brother of suffering inside

Is there really anyone there
Why can't you look at me now
I hope you like what you've done to me

Drown in your misery

We need something new you made up
When you give up it's never enough
When you give up it's never enough
Or this could be the day we rise
When you give up it's never enough
When you give up it's never enough

Why can't you look at me now

The mother of sin
The father of decadence within us
A brother of suffering inside

I hope you like what you've done to me
Uneased by the thought of me
Only through your suffering

Will you learn to forget
Will you learn to forget
Through your suffering

We need something new you made up
Or this could be the day we rise

I wonder why
Who will survive
When we try
With their life