

Israel's Son

Silverchair

Hate is what I feel for you,
And I want you to know that I want you dead.
You're late for the execution...
If you're not here soon, I'll kill your friend instead.

All the pain I feel
Couldn't start to heal
Although I would like it to

I hate you and your apathy.
You can leave, you can leave, I don't want you here.
I'm playing this pantomime,
But I don't see you showing any signs of fear.

All the pain I feel
Couldn't start to heal
Although I would like it to
This time I'm for real
My pain can not heal
You will be dead when I'm through

Pain and execution
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air
The air... yeah

I am, I am Israel's son
Israel's son I am
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air