

# The Coming Past

Susperia

I ride the storm  
I've gotta be cool  
There's something wrong with me  
As I try to be everything  
Never should've left my mothers womb

Step aside for the genocide I'm a lonley man who's mad  
I alone could erase the world  
There are precious lives at stake  
Moving fast in the dark of night  
I'm a hundred miles from home  
Stare into my black deep eyes  
and behold the coming past

The coming.  
of all the monsters made up in my mind  
You better belive it  
The coming.  
Nothing remains except the clouded memories  
The coming past

I'm sick, I'm drained  
I try to stay cool  
Like there's nothing wrong with me  
When I feel I can do anything  
It all just hits me right in the face  
Hiding from it all  
Wherever I step the ground beneath turns sour

The coming.  
so I guess you've seen it all before  
But you better belive it  
The coming.  
Get away before the truth unfolds on you.  
I am a man about to burst

Crawling, feeding off the ground  
Needing, craving, lust for blood  
Moaning, yelling, screamign, shouting  
Feeling nothing, couldn't care less  
I hate you

I roam, I rule  
At least I think I do, so help me now  
If I ever had a chance  
I would go back and change it all

Step aside for my genocide