

## Mustard Gas

### The Dear Hunter

Here they are; the wicked  
A panic floods the fields  
Deliverance; unthinkable

They play their part, performing oh so well

With empty cores they carry on  
"A twisted soul"  
"An apparition"  
Born of a beastly brand  
They butcher purposely

(Just have the sense to run away)

Scream at the sky and beg  
Beg for a reason he would allow this  
Look to the sky and say  
We would be better off without this  
Who would allow this?

We've never felt alive  
But none of us will lie  
Just when we want to

We're stuck in this disguise  
This leather skin; with eyes  
Designed to haunt you

But do we haunt you?

Scream at the sky and beg  
Beg for a reason he would allow this  
Look to the sky and say  
We would be better off without this  
Who would allow this?

From the other side  
From the other side  
From the other side  
From the other side  
From the other side  
From the other side  
From the other side  
From the other side