

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