

The Cynic

The Haunted

Keep your sticky fingers off me
I hate the stench of you
Sickening and stale
The sharp synthetic lies
Bleach amyl, dust and sweat
Cold hands and shivers inside
Who was a victim
and who are you to say?
I was so much younger then
all these years I've kept my silence
Save your sympathies
Shut up and give in
There is no sin, nothing can change it (we're all alone)
Once the damage is done...
I never wanted this
I blame me
Shut up and give in
There is no sin, nothing can change it (nothing at all)
Once the damage is done...