

Down Underground

The Suicide File

Hate comes in whispers, not angry yells.
Creeping through your nightmares, leaving putrid smells.
And there's a million stories of sordid private lives.
There's an army of skeletons behind a wall of lies.
Down underground.
Keep digging below.
Down underground.
You never know.
Beneath the plush hotels.
Beneath the oyster shells.
Beneath the glamour and grace.
Beneath the satin and lace.