

Grin Department

"Dear Mr. Sinister"

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Yes, I'm back to my requested culture
May I leave today?
My hands can't remember
The touch of blood anymore
Of having scored against creation
Of a pulse never to pound again
The sound of requiem

Dear Mr. Sinister
Let's start the screaming, please
Mr. Violent Nature
Give me a clue to untie my sleeve
Dear Mr. Prejudice
Is there no one to hate for me, please
Mr. Oh So Wicked
Amity's asleep
Anger's got to be freed

The memory of fear in the abandoned's eyes
Already left my force to be friendly mind
All of suspense has left my oh so lonely self

Yes, I'm back to my requested culture
May I leave today?
Sure the headlines miss me
My talent to invent the most disgusting cruelties
All of 'em remember
My perfect seizure technique

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