

## Grinder "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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