

## Mad Season

### "Outro"

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Choking back on polythene it's time to bleach my  
conscience clean  
The telepathy of sympathy a headache synchronised  
his weak frame breathes  
A strike at mankind teach them all for me  
Ignorance has set them free  
Im born a sinner was born a man  
Oestrogen onslaught will rule against  
She said she'd take my head and put it somewhere  
else  
They'll never find him I guarantee the only trace left  
has disappeared this time  
Today a balance an even keel will end it al the truth it's  
time to feel

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