

Mana

"Wasps"

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Father, how long since you have gone
Father, this house is not our home anymore
It's in the hands of a bunch of sick dogs
The walls infested with flies and rats are running
around
The floor is covered with slime and bats are flying
around
It's in the hands of a bunch of deranged criminals

The wasps are chasing me all over the place
Maybe I can escape, maybe I can escape

I hope you'll die soon like a dog in the street
I hope you'll drown soon in an ocean of filth
Wherever you may run, may you never find peace
Wherever you may hide, I will be your disease
I want to burn all the books that you wrote to make you
look right
I hate your future destiny because you stole mine
I hate the smell of your fake smiles
I hate the sound of your new shoes
and all the things that you touch with your rotten hands
and all the things that you said with your poison
tongues

wasps are buzzing all over the place?
wasps are buzzing in my head?

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