

## Schaft "Nothing"

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I scrape my name off the seven sins of excess  
I hang my pickled brain on the rusty nail of success  
I scratch my sodden, sin-stained eyes  
I scratch my sodden, sin-stained eyes  
With the suffering of my kin and kind  
With the suffering of my kin and kind  
With the suffering my killing's kind  
My killing kind  
My killing kind  
My killing's kind  
My killing's kind

I wanna know how you feel from the inside out  
I wanna know how it feels out of my sinside on your  
inside  
I'm on the inside

This is the anthem of the dispossessed

This is the endless chain that sprouts aggression  
This is the bigotry that grows and grows into  
oppression  
I am the poison water that lies within your well  
These words are wind though you wear them well  
The wretched blade turns to your wrists  
Endows it with its special gifts

I scratch my sodden, sin-stained eyes  
I scratch my sodden, sin-stained eyes  
With the suffering of my killing kind  
My killing kind  
My killing kind  
My killing's kind  
My killing's kind

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