

## Schaft "The HERO INside"

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He comes to me  
The man with no face  
A hero in a mask of raw flesh  
He is a simple genius  
Flower blood cells  
The hero inside my brain

Oh, the burning sands, the greasy rope  
Electric hands, my broken hope  
My mind machine  
I feel my stomach churn  
[Bathsheba burns]  
The blood red rain will stain your name  
Behold the Lord of Pain

He speaks, I cannot hear  
But I understand  
He plugs me into his socket  
I slip into his brain  
Flower blood cells  
The hero inside my brain

Yours is the mark  
One hopeless dream

And comes your guilt  
This sordid stream  
My mind machine  
I feel my stomach churn  
Bathsheba burns  
The blood red rain will stain your name  
Behold the Lord of Pain

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Flower blood cells  
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Electric hands, my broken hope

My mind machine  
I feel my stomach churn  
Bathsheba burns  
The blood red rain will stain your name  
Behold the Lord of Pain!

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