

The Dear Hunter

"Mustard Gas"

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Here they are
The wicked
A panic floods the field
Deliver it
Unthinkable
They play the part performing oh so well

With empty cause, they carry on

A twisted soul
An apparition
Born of a beastly brand
They butcher purposely

Scream at the sky and beg.
Beg for a reason he would allow this
Look to the sky and say
We would be better off without this
Who would allow this?

We've never felt alive
But none of us can die just when we want to
We're stuck in this disguise
With leather skin these eyes decide to haunt you
[Haunt you]
But dare we haunt you?

Scream at the sky and beg
Beg for a reason he would allow this
Look to the sky and say
We would be better off without this
Who would allow this?

From the other side
[x8]

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