

Suspekt

"The Coming Past"

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I ride the storm
I've gotta be cool
There's something wrong with me
As I try to be everything
Never should've left my mothers womb

Step aside for the genocide I'm a lonley man who's
mad
I alone could erase the world
There are precious lives at stake
Moving fast in the dark of night
I'm a hundred miles from home
Stare into my black deep eyes
And behold the coming past

The coming.
Of all the monsters made up in my mind
You better belive it
The coming.
Nothing remains except the clouded memories
The coming past

I'm sick, I'm drained
I try to stay cool
Like there's nothing wrong with me
When I feel I can do anything
It all just hits me right in the face
Hiding from it all
Wherever I step the ground beneath turns sour

The coming.
So I guess you've seen it all before
But you better belive it
The coming.
Get away before the truth unfolds on you.
I am a man about to burst

Crawling, feeding off the ground
Needing, craving, lust for blood
Moaning, yelling, screamign, shouting
Feeling nothing, couldn't care less

I hate you

I roam, I rule
At least I think I do, so help me now
If I ever had a chance
I would go back and change it all

Step aside for my genocide

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