## The Greenhornes "Shadow"

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Follow the brainsick widow in her last show She s the dark side, the bitch of my soul The hidden side, a force of destruction in my head She will rest only when I am dead

Survive is my taste, she hopes I will fail Too many excuses for her inner cruelty She knows my dirty thoughts and vile secrets Criticises my every flow with all signs of perversity

SHADOW let my sins fade away MOON my only bride Forgive my coming acts, don't force me to survive

She likes to place me in the most deadly situation she can

And forces my will to indulge in many terrible acts Her ultimate goal is to shatter my will with terror Loving my disbelief, when I see what I have become

Survive is my taste, she hopes I will fail Too many excuses for her inner cruelty My final breath dies in the water Where I slowly drown to kill the damned whore

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