

Scream At The Sun

"Chant Of The Misanthropic"

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Marked by hatred for mankind
Isolated from society
They, them, all... are my enemies
I, am my own enemy
Here I sit, alone in the dark
The sun has set and black now covers me
... and still I sit, alone in the dark
Wondering what my soul looks like underneath all this
skin, and where do I begin
There's no sympathy today
... and nothing left to say

There you sit, alone in the dark
I wonder what your skull looks like underneath all that
skin
Where it ends, or it begins

There's nothing left for us to say
... and so we pass and go our separate ways
Your ways that way and I have lost my way home
No way home
No way home for me today

Underneath all that skin, your gonna leave an ugly skull
when you go
Ugly skull when you go
Ugly skull is how we leave this world
... and how we leave this world, is as an ugly skull

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