

## Dear Hunter, The "Mustard"

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Here they are, the wicked  
A panic floods the field  
Deliverance, 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  
(Just have the sense to run away)

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  
(Want to)  
We're stuck in this disguise  
With leather skin these eyes designed to haunt you  
(Haunt you)  
But do 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

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