

Haunted, The "Nothing Right"

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Hey hey, what do you say?
Do you want to be a part of the freakshow?
Look at 'em go. Evade, dodge. Collide and connect.
A split lip, a low kick. A moment of truth.
Deep down we all know what it means.
It's an animal urge to defy what you see.
But it's real. Right now I can almost relate.
A split second I can almost believe.

[Chorus:]

Right? Nothing. Right? Lets die just a little tonight.
Right? Step out line. Nothing's right!

Bruised knuckles and a gallon of gasoline.
Homocide rape and abuse.
Forced on a diet of hatred.
Shove it in. Shove it in. Shove it in. PUKE!
My life it will only begin when I finally see you go.
I will celebrate death - a divine pure grease -
To liberate me, and erase you.

[Chorus:]

Right? Nothing. Right? Lets die just a little tonight.
Right? Step out line. Nothing's right!

Hate me I will be fine.
Encourage me - and die.

[Chorus:]

Right? Nothing. Right? Lets die just a little tonight.
(Nothing you say mathers)
Right? Step out line. Nothing's right! (Erase)

Nothing's right.

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