

Haunted, The "The Cynic"

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Keep your sticky fingers off me
I hate the stench of you
Sickening and stale

The sharp synthetic lies
Bleach aml, dust and sweat
Cold hands and shivers inside

Who was a victim
and who are you to say?
I was so much younger then
All these years I've kept my silence

Save your sympathies

Shut up and give in
There is no sin, nothing can change it (we're all alone)
Once the damage is done...

I never wanted this
I blame me

Shut up and give in
There is no sin, nothing can change it (nothing at all)
Once the damage is done...

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