Undead

The Haunted

Cold skin clings to my face,
more dead than alive.
Spend your days without a trace,
fed up with the lies.I'm one of the few undead,
I've seen through the lie,
live life hanging by a thread.
I'm evil undisguised.Cut the strings that tie you down,
refuse to play the clown.
Bite every hand that feeds,
make sure society bleeds.I'm one of the few undead,
I've seen through the lie,
live life hanging by a thread,
I'm evil undisguised.Do you know how it feels,
staring down the barrel of a gun,
everyday more or less the same,
just a wait 'til your days are done,
You work your fingers to the bone,
grind your body underneath the stone,
stains of red flash across your back,
seize the power to return the attack...I've seen through all the lies.
I'm evil undisguised...If you wonder what drove me insane,
take a look at my scars again.
They go deeper than the skin,
so with a gun I'm back to win.I'm one of the few undead,
I've seen through the lie,
live life hanging by a thread,
I'm evil undisguised...Fuck.

Songwriters
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