

12 Hundred

Mushroomhead

Is there really anyone there
Fall on deaf ears all of my prayersThe mother of nothing
The mother of sinThe father of decadence within
A brother of suffering insideWhy cant you look at me now
I hope you like what youve done to meDrown in your miseryWe need something new you made up
The more you give up its never enough
Or this could be the day we riseI hope you like what you've done to me
Uneased by the thought of me
Only through your sufferingWill you learn to forgetI wonder why will we survive
When we try
With their life

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