

12 Hundred

Mushroomhead

Is there really anyone there
Fall on deaf ears all of my prayers
The mother of nothing
The mother of sin
The father of decadence within
A brother of suffering inside
Why cant you look at me now
I hope you like what youve done to me
Drown in your misery

We need something new you made up
The more you give up its never enough
Or this could be the day we rise
I hope you like what you've done to me
Uneased by the thought of me
Only through your suffering
Will you learn to forget
I wonder why will we survive
When we try
With their life

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