

# 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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