

# The Missing

## A Shoreline Dream

Hey, God told us that we made

A very big sin

You don't know where

To begin

He says, 'Turn the other cheek?'

But that seems kind of weak

I just wanna beat up

Beat up the meek

He says, 'You'd be a better man

If you stick with the plan?'

But I don't think I can

Not with that kind of man

You love to be cruel

(To be cruel)

You love to be cruel

(To be cruel)

I'm not a good tool

(Good tool)

'Cause you love to be cruel

(To be cruel)

What now?

The cross has been greased

But I don't feel the heat nor the peace in the street

Everybody feels that's it

So just bury it in the pit

With the best of the sick

Ideological shit

You love to be cruel

(To be cruel)

You love to be cruel

(To be cruel)

I'm not a good tool

(Good tool)

'Cause you love to be cruel

You love to be cruel

You love to be cruel

You love to be cruel

You love to be cruel

Tell me

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