

An Unkind

Soundgarden

We see the vipers of distance
Crawl into our lives everyday
Breeding our Edens of hatred
Pathetically stupid and unkind
We couldn't look a saint in the eyes
On the storm
It's time to go
On the storm
It's time to go
Marching in lines of contradiction
Forgetting the history we make
Loving our hangmen as the penultimate joke
We lack the Moses to look
A saint in the eye

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