

Israel's Son (Homebake Festival 1996)

Silverchair

Hate is what I feel for you
And I want you to know that I want you dead
You're late for the execution
If you're not here soon, I'll kill your friend insteadAll the pain I feel
Couldn't start to heal
Although I would like it toI hate you and your apathy
You can leave, you can leave, I don't want you here
I'm playing this pantomime
But I don't see you showing any signs of fearAll the pain I feel
Couldn't start to heal
Although I would like it toThis time I'm for real
My pain can not heal
You will be dead when I'm throughHate is what I feel for you
And I want you to know that I want you dead
You're late for the execution
If you're not here soon, I'll kill your friend insteadAll the pain I feel
Couldn't start to heal
Although I would like it toThis time I'm for real
My pain can not heal
You will be dead when I'm through, through, throughPain and execution
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air
The air, yeahI am, I am Israel's son
Israel's son I am
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the airI am, I am Israel's son
Israel's son I am
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air

Songwriters

DANIEL JOHNSPublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>