

# Israel's Son

## 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

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