

# Famine

## The Proletariat

I can't see your face  
And I can't breathe your air  
So I wonder why I get cold inside  
When I hear your name  
When we meet eye to eye  
I will ask how and why  
And when guilt has its way  
One lesser reason to stay  
And I will see her cry

Into the fire of our youth comes the devil again  
And you feel your way, feel your way  
Saw you standing nigh  
In the corner  
Told me that you had died  
And I would die when my heart was empty  
Become a ghost in perpetual void  
And neglect all reasons why

Lyrics provided by

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