

96 Quite Bitter Beings

[CKY](#)

With my perceptions in a mix
Down twenty miles through the sticks
To the cloudy town of hellview: population 96
Excessive vacancy, well maybe
In the shadow of an eye
All the strangers pass right through
Where the rules just don't apply
At the fork turn left a store
But on the right stay free from sight
'cause 96 quite bitter beings
Like to stack the bodies high
The only way to ever leave is
Overflooded by the storm
And entanglement in hellview
Brings you fear in fifty forms
They've deleted all the tourists
At the bottom of the lake
And not one supports the cause
To leave the blood stay in the veins
Here, three miles back is where we are
All we ever wanted was an answer
Civilized are close but way too far
All we ever wanted was an answer
Footprints giving clue to where we are
All we ever wanted was an answer
Civilized are close but way too far
All we ever wanted...

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