

# Mustard Gas

## The Dear Hunter

Here they are  
The wicked  
A panic floods the field  
Deliver it  
Unthinkable  
They play the part performing oh so well

With empty cause, they carry on

A twisted soul  
An apparition  
Born of a beastly (brand?)  
They butcher purposely

(...?)

Beg for a reason he would allow this  
Look to the sky and say  
We would be better off without this  
Who would allow this?

We've never felt alive  
But none of us can die just when we want to  
We're stuck in this disguise  
With leather skin these eyes decide to haunt you  
[Haunt you]  
But do we haunt you?

(...?)

Beg for a reason he would allow this  
Look to the sky and say  
We would be better off without this  
Who would allow this?

[Repeat: x8]

From the other (side?)

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