

Nothing - 1/1

Interprété par Schaft.

I scrape my name off the seven skins of excess
I hang my pickled brain on the rusty nail of success
I scratch my sodden skin stained eyes...
I scratch my sodden skin stained eyes
With the suffering of my kin and kind
With the suffering of my kin and kind
With the suffering my killing's kind
My killing kind
My killing kind
My killing's kind
My killing's kind

I wanna know how you feel from the inside out
I wanna know how it feels out of my sinside on your inside
I'm on the inside

This is the anthem of the dispossessed
This is the endless chain that sprouts aggression
This is the bigotry that grows and grows into oppression
I am the poison water that lies within your well
These words are wind though you wear them well
The wretched blade turns to your wrists
Endows it with its special gifts

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I scratch my sodden skin stained eyes
With the suffering of my killing kind
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