

Angelspit, Shaved Monkey

They can smell the freak on you, it could make them ill
they would try and kill you, but there's nothing left to kill
gross misuse of pheromones, this is bad for your health
this is what you have become - not suicidal, bored to death
(you're nothing more than a...)

Shaved Monkey

build your tomb

making ghosts out of good men (you're just a)

Shaved Monkey

burn it down,

again and again and again

This city turns decent folks, into nothing more than ghosts

Stepping on shadows and cracks, stopping the blood flow

bred to eat and be eaten, kill steal burry

overrun with thieves and rats - self loathing, hate and fury

(you're nothing more than a...)

Shaved Monkey

build your tomb

making ghosts out of good men (you're just a)

Shaved Monkey

burn it down,

again and again and again

born in captivity

poverty raised

living in misery

dying depraved