

Faderhead, All Dead

Filthy whores, filthy priests
All the creatures in between
Broke my soul, deaf and cold
With sunken eyes and fists of stone
As we see the scenes in me
In my heart and in my dreams
Open mouth, twisted sounds
Face the man - pound for pound

My pain, your pain, our pain, we break
My pain, your pain, our pain, all dead

Break the needle, break the spoon
All your fears - still in bloom
Pick the leaves - she loves me not
Numbled by cheap discounter talk (great!)
Deviate from all the that's me
In my heart and in my dreams
See me rise, see me drown, pound for pound
Let's hear it for the hometown

Sold to the highest bidder
How does it feel to be me
All set up when the sky is silver
Tasting the hate that feels oh-so-sweet
Now it's time to check yourself
If you know who you are
You drop yourself on the damn shelf
Just another useless tool
Makes you see why it pays to be genuine, too