

Midasuno, Tear

Choking back on polythene Its time to bleach my conscience clean
The telepathy of sympathy a headache synchronised his weak frame breathes
A strike at mankind teach them all for me
Ignorance has set them free
I'm born a sinner was born a man
Oestrogen onslaught will rule against

She said she'd take my head and put it somewhere else

They'll never find him I guarantee the only trace left has disappeared this time
Today a balance an even keel will end it al the truth its time to feel