

Mushroomhead, 12 Hundred

Is there really anyone there
Fall on deaf ears all of my prayers

The mother of nothing
The mother of sin

The father of decadence within us
A brother of suffering inside

Why cant you look at me now
I hope you like what youve done to me

Drown in your misery

We need something new you made up
When you give up its never enough
Or this could be the day we rise

Uneased by the thought of me
Only through your suffering

Will you learn to forget

I wonder why who will survive
When we try

With their life