

## An Unkind

Soundgarden

We see the vipers of distance  
Crawl into our lives everyday  
Breeding our Edens of hatred  
Pathetically stupid and unkind  
We couldn't look a saint in the eyes

On the storm  
It's time to go  
On the storm  
It's time to go

Marching in lines of contradiction  
Forgetting the history we make  
Loving our hangmen as the penultimate joke  
We lack the Moses... to look  
A saint in the eye