Shaved Monkey

Angelspit

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...)
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build your tomb
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born in captivity poverty raised living in misery dying depraved