

The Misanthrope

Cadaver

Confined in a cell feed with dope
Mankind is save from the misanthrope
His weird disease made him choke
Killing for air the misanthrope

He chose their fate
With wrath and hate
He couldn't face
The human race

There is no cure, there is no hope
His mind is obscure the misanthrope
Slowly falling down the mental slope
Until he reach the end the misanthrope

Sickness
Anger
Envy
Detest

His spiteful mind
Made him blind
Complete insane
He caused a lot of pain

Now he's confined
They'll try to cure his mind
For him it's too late
To obliterate

His brain gets shrinked day by day
Soon it all will fade away...

Between his hand they lied shocked and terrified
Just waiting to die...

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