

# Hollowman

## Entombed

The hollow sky is red  
the race is on  
faces are all dead  
the race is on

It's just a matter of time !

Bedrooms are tombs  
cradles are coffins  
tears I cannot shed  
a matter of time  
a matter of slugs  
'til the rats are fed

Who examines the doctors ?

I'm the hollowman

It's just a matter of bullets  
in hollow brain  
as I wander slowly  
thru bullet rains

My hollow eyes  
are staring down the hole  
jesus, satan, hitler  
bought my soul

It's rotten and sour  
but it's inside of me  
I've got faith in the end  
but you just can't see