

Parasite

Metz

I get the feeling when the day is getting late
I hear the sound of heavy breathing rising from the sewer grate
I hear the bastards
I hear the bastards
I hear the bastards
They're coming faster again

I feel them drift like sand
I say I feel them drift like sand
I hear the bastards
I hear the bastards
Got no compassion
I hear the bastards again

Why so many faces in the crowd?
Why so many lost and never found?

I hear the
I hear the
I hear the

I hear the bastards
I hear the bastards
They're coming faster
I hear the bastards
I hear the
I hear the
I hear the
I hear the
Again
Why so many faces in the crowd?