

## The Cynic

## The Haunted

Keep your sticky fingers off me  
I hate the stench of you  
Sickening and stale  
The sharp synthetic lies  
Bleach amyl, dust and sweat  
Cold hands and shivers inside  
Who was a victim  
and who are you to say?  
I was so much younger then  
all these years I've kept my silence  
Save your sympathies  
Shut up and give in  
There is no sin, nothing can change it (we're all alone)  
Once the damage is done...  
I never wanted this  
I blame me  
Shut up and give in  
There is no sin, nothing can change it (nothing at all)  
Once the damage is done...