

H with a capital Hate
Out catching souls and drilling holes and
It can make you feel like Jesus
'Til that sword gets driven in
Stepped over on the homeless night
They sprayed the wall my desperate friend
Tried to climb in vain
They felt his pulse, they swept him clean away

Oh, you fucking fool, you left us carrying your useless
pain
We're trapped here 'til we die
We're trapped here 'til we die
We're trapped here 'til we die
We're trapped here 'til we die die die die die die die

The remains, the remains, the residue
The remains, the remains, the residue
The remains, the remains, the residue
The remains, the remains, now, is it you?
Is it you? Is it you?