

Hauntings

Those Poor Bastards

Hauntings, hauntings, hauntings
When will we wake
From this terrible dream?
My ears are weary
From the tormented screams
They're always there
They're always near

Hauntings, hauntings, hauntings

The barricades of blood
Are twenty feet high
We're the final victims
Of a human genocide
They're always here
They're always near

Hauntings, hauntings, hauntings

The sun has set and
It will never rise again
Upon these leaves and
Bones and shattered skeletons
Farewell, farewell

Hauntings, hauntings, hauntings
Hauntings