

## 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

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