

Israel's Son

Silverchair

Hate is what I feel for you
And I want you to know that I want you dead
Your late for the execution
If your not here soon I'll kill a friend instead
Over pain I fear you
You'll then start to hear you
Over an hour I get to I hate you and your apathy
You can leave you can leave
I don't want you here
I'm playin this pantomime
But I don't see ya showing any signs of fear
Over pain I fear you
You'll then start to hear you
Over an hour, I get to
This time I'm for real
My pain cannot hear you
You will be dead when I'm through
Hate, is what I feel for you
And I want you to know that I want you dead
Your late, for the execution
If your not here soon I'll kill a friend instead
Over pain, I fear you
You'll then start to hear you
Over an hour, I get to
This time I'm for real
My pain cannot hear you
You will be dead when I'm through
Ohhh, ohhhhhh
Pain, and execution
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air
The air, yeah
Aaaarrggghhhh
I am, I am israel's son
Israel's son I am
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air
I am, I am israel's son
Israel's son I am
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air
Aaaarrggghhhh, yeah

