

# Black Mammoth

## Fit for An Autopsy

Fools gold, siphoned and sold, merchants of death.

Dead in spirit, now dead in flesh.

Born of violent flames, landscapes of ashes. The roots soak up the rain, burning in acid.

The wounds are cauterized, and left unbandaged. Wilting beneath a sun, withered and damaged. Tragedy reigns forever. Rejoice in masses. The tribe collapses. The mother weeps in her dying breath.

Rise from the ashes, oh foul Black Mammoth. Dead in spirit, now dead in flesh. Tread on sacred terrain, envenomed and ravaged. The peace upon the plains, seized by the savage.

Primitive practices, uproot and vanish. Modern barbarians, new rite of passage

Rejoice in masses. The tribe collapses. The mother weeps in her dying breath.

Rise from the ashes, oh foul Black Mammoth. Dead in spirit, now dead in flesh.

Tragedy reigns forever.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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