

Naked and Cold

Thy Art Is Murder

what have we done
destroying every acre of our gift
one by one furthest from grace
there is no hand reaching down
it was never there because
a god would never stand
for such a fucking disgrace carry the carcasses over the plains
to the mountains
where we try to burn away the pain in a massive grave
the solution is to hide the mistakes
but the problem remains ingrained
let the necks of the bodies fall
and let our poor mothers cry
don't mutter any pointless prayers
we don't deserve to repent
we deserve to die alone the dead cry out, naked and cold
disconnected from the earth
we all die
we all die alone universally flawed
hopelessly sinking
into the frozen thaw
empty creations rooted out from under our feet
we gorge on our failures, we toast to our defeat of all that we've made
we'd throw it all away
together we decay
oh humanity what a shameful existence
if the world would stop spinning i don't think i'd miss it
the dead cry out, naked and cold disconnected from the earth
we all die
we all die alone universally flawed
hopelessly sinking
into the frozen thaw
we're only living cause we can't seem to leave the hunger of power is the demon of man
he awaits in the dark to be fed by our hand and the souls of our children won't quench the taste
we will all die together with our heads on the plate oh humanity what a shameful existence
if the world would stop spinning i don't think i'd miss it we don't deserve to be safe
we've earned the flames
engulf my shell
and let the embers sail into space let the necks of the bodies fall

and let our poor mothers cry
don't mutter any pointless prayers
we don't deserve to repent
we deserve to die alone we all die
we all die alone

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

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