

Acres Of Skin

Fear Factory

Walk through the ashes of man
Skin like fields on fire
Pain is only a weakness
Death is just an escape
We are connected like tissue
Feed on the shame you've raised
Why continue the harvest?
We are already dead
No one can reap
These scars we've sown
No one can reap
These scars we've sown
There is no morning sun
No falling rain
For acres of skin
Wait, can you hear the machines?
Gears that cultivate flesh
Why continue the harvest?
We are already dead
No one can reap
These scars we've sown
No one can reap
These scars we've sown
There is no morning sun
No falling rain
For acres of skin
All I want and wish for
Is to end this suffering
All alone and unaware
All primed up for dying
Without face
Without mind
Without dreams
Without memory
Without face
Without mind
Without dreams
Without memory
There is no morning sun
No falling rain
For acres of skin
There is no morning sun
No falling rain
For acres of skin