

# Incinerator

## Halo

Skeletons built to last in concrete  
Like tombstones in these barren lands  
Standing so strong in reflection  
Against the pale grey sky These suburbs are full of zombies  
Infected by plague and festering boils  
Foul scent of the rotting ones  
The decaying remains of a happier time Children of black coffins  
Awaiting to be sincerely torn  
Bones are crushed by machinery  
Their dust will be spread by the storm Inexhaustible crowds of graveyards  
Condemned to a life of rats  
Overwhelmed by endless torment  
The ones above are laughing at you Children of suburban wastelands  
Awaiting to be ground into sand  
Hopes are being crushed by machinery  
Their souls are burning across the land

Lyrics provided by

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