

Girl's Got a Face Like Murder

Fear Before the March of Flames

...we could see in the distance hundreds of men.
their campsite illuminated by skin bound to stick. Like scarecrows: too tired to dance
Too ashamed to look up
Taunted by their shadows Their empty stares licked at your back
But at your parade we saw you stand tall
"Oh beautiful one" mother sheds a tear
"If only we could reach such heights"
We are dogs at our waist "This is my love" we hear you say
"This is my strength"
we catch your spit our lips shine prepared to sing your praises You lose your tongue at the scent of burning flesh
And your mouth was so proud of your existence I guess you won't be coming home a martyr...

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