Acres Of Skin

Zs

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

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