Gravemaker

Butcher Babies

I am a gravemaker you are all bleeding together
Your eyes, limbs, words
I can't be, I won't be your
A twisted pile of metal in my head
I'm tied to your fascist mold
I can't be, I won't be your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your god
Now tear me apart, waste me! Rip out my heart
I can't be, I won't be your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your godBent over bleeding
And my skin is crawling with leeches
From slumming they're feeding off my name
Exiled from my mind to hide the faces inside
I'll drag you to hell with me
I'll drag you to hell
I'll drag you to hell
To hell with meI am a casualty stripped of my cage
Extracting each vein to fit in
I can't be, I won't be your
Scratched from behind your pulling my nerves
From inside to cover your sins
Tear off my skin, make me bleed
I can't be, I won't be your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your godBent over bleeding
And my skin is crawling with leeches
From slumming they're feeding off my name
Exiled from my mind to hide the faces inside
I'll drag you to hell with me
I'll drag you to hell
I'll drag you to hell
To hell with me"Therefore, brethren. I call upon you, through the compassions and mercies of God, to present your bodies.
A sacrifice - living, sanctified, acceptable to God - your intelligent, spiritual service."I can't fix your human tragedy as I'm your victim
I can't be the leash you want me to be when I'm constricted
I won't be your god! I can't be your god! I won't be your god!
I'm not your fucking godI'll drag you to hell with me
I'll drag you to hell

To hell with me...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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