

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

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