The Mower

Halford

Hell brawl, a landscape of the bones
Still filled with no remorse
Such pickings for the crow
Who dances on a throne?
The mover

Let perish be the world
The culling of the heard
And end is what we seek

Suspended disbelief
Abominations grief
The sea of evolution
Our world of destitution

No light, no air, no light, no air, no exit

Excruciating pain
Demoralized again
The wrecking has begun
The sickening undone

No light, no air, no light, no air, no exit

For witness had it's way
Death sentence comes today
So struggle at the brink
It's time to be extinct
Upon a broken back
Hear every bone go crack

A gutless withered flesh
Led forward on it's leash
Flat line in the abyss
Where nightmares reminisce

No air, no light, no exit
No air, no light, no exit

The confrontations rest

No air no light no exit
Flat line in the abyss
No air, no light, no exit

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