

Skin of the Master

Otep

(A soft procession of endless hymns
Swallowing bullets like sleeping pills) Across the floor of an ancient room
It was not God, it was not the moon
The knives come out to protect the nest
Crying out in the wilderness They are not men
They are a flock
Mindless quarry
Less than livestock They are not men
They are a flock
They're here to
Cut them up Inside like swine
Broken bloated hive mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Inside my mind
Hidden beasts run wild
Until the prey subsides
The hunger will remain (A soft procession of endless hymns
Swallowing bullets like sleeping pills) The sound of the axe in the chopping block
The smell of the skin from afar
The night boils on to its cruel end
Crying out in the wilderness They are not men
They are a flock
Mindless quarry
Less than livestock They are not men
They are a flock
They're here to
Cut them up Inside like swine
Broken bloated hive mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Inside my mind
Hidden beasts run wild
Until the prey subsides
The hunger will remain My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
Skin of the master, mouth of the slave My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
Skin of the master, mouth of the slave The sound of the axe

The smell of the skin
The night boils onThey are not men
They are a flock
Mindless quarry
Less than livestockThey are not men
They are a flock
They're here to
Fuck them upInside like swine
Broken bloated hive mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Inside my mind
Hidden beasts run wild
Until the prey subsides
The hunger will remainInside my mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Devoted to betray
The hunger will remainThey are not men
They are not men
They are not men

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