The Howl

Samhain

There is a human slaughterhouse
Up on the hill, the road is red
And those who ignore
And those who pretend
It does not exist
End up in its hallMy blood goes to work
I hear the howlThere is a grove of bleached bones
Where lupins vomit children's limbs
Taking all their liberties
With parts of human anatomyAnd in the hollow of a restless soul
Lies no remorse and no disgust
Every kill is clean and pure
Every thought is cleansed in growls, yeahThere is a grove of tortured forms
Where all is dark and deeds are foul
And those who ignore
And those who pretend
That the howl is a joke
Their children lie deadMy blood goes to work
I hear the howlAnd then my blood just goes to work
And then I hear the howl
(There is a human slaughterhouse
Up on the hill
The road is red)And then my blood just goes to work
And then I hear the howl
(And those who ignore
And those who pretend
It does not exist
End up in its hall)And then my blood just goes to work
And then I hear the howl
Blood just goes to work
And then I hear the howl
Blood just goes to work
And then I hear the howl
Blood just goes to work
And then I hear the howl
And then my blood just goes to work
And then I hear the howl

Songwriters

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