

Hydra

Fit for An Autopsy

Death's breath on the back of our neck. The bitter taste of blood, flowing in floods.

Consuming all the rations, neglect is a crime of passion.

I don't believe we've earned our keep or deserve this peace, self centered catastrophes.

Armies of fools will fall. Nights of no end. Writing on the wall. War is now the will of your God. The prophets hands are stained.

War is now the will of your God. Heads Will Hang. All hail the antiheroes. Life reduced to ones and zeros.

Expand and expire. Voices of reason retire.

The threat is real, when you can feel the pain they feel. The writing's on the wall. War is now the will of your God. The prophets hands are stained.

War is now the will of your God. Heads Will Hang. Soul Seller. Fortune Teller. Plague Bearer.

The fog won't lift. These comforts are counterfeit. The kings of shame stretch the divide.

The pieces never fit. First world counterfeits. The great collapse now justified. Peace is merely a gift for the privileged, safeguarded from the pain.

This indifference is paid in blood. All hands are stained.

The grip of oppression tightens the noose, but when they kick out the chair, heads will hang.

War is now the will of your God.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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