Blind Bleeding the Blind

Carcass

Parched with thirst our cup over floweth
With the crimson milk of human blindness
In channel towers of ivory besieged
The bones of subjugation are picked clean
In barren decadence, tears are the only affluence
Welling eyes are indifferent, as the blind bleedBlood and tear out damn spot out
The fruits of perpetual decay
Pouring the salts in open wounds out damn spot out
The scars remain, will stay perpetual decayBloody hands never wash clean
Abject misery to bleed
Decadence to feed
Out damn spot outParched with thirst how the other half die
Void of compassion our cup runs dry
With a silver spoon born to dig communal graves
The only consecration, the economics of pain
In barren decadence, tears are the fuel of affluence
Wells of blood run diffluent, a bitter harvest to reapBlood and tear out damn spot out
The fruits of perpetual decay
Pouring the salts in open wounds out damn spot out
The scars remain, will stay perpetual decayBloody hands never wash clean
Abject misery to bleed
Decadence to feed
Out damn spot outBloody hands never wash clean
Abject misery to bleed
Decadence to feed
Out damn spot outYes, damn spot out

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