Orphans Of Sickness

Gorguts

In the tombs of pain and innocence
Forever were buried
Souls of those who've never asked to be
Scornfully immolatedThe art of transplantation
Has saved a lot of lives
By frauding a child's adoption
I will be saving mineIn the name of science
They've claimed being our saviors
Money is what keeps busy
These medical butchers
Soiled with blood all over their hands
They've just killed for a couple of grandOrphans of sickness were put to rest
Miserable adoption has torn their souls to shreds
Orphans of sickness now dwell in death
With nice tags on their organs, their existence will endChildren were dissected
By those sick, dementedIn the tombs of pain and innocence
Forever were buried
Souls of those who've never asked to be
Scornfully immolatedTo achieve my transplantation
I stole a lot of lives
Through the kindness of adoption
All those lives are now mineOrphans of sickness were put to rest
Miserable adoption has torn their souls to shreds
Orphans of sickness now dwell in death
With nice tags on their organs, their existence will end

Songwriters
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