

Ash

The Black Maria

Choking on nails as the spike is hammered in
Pine boxes pile up we're sick from the stench
Exploding on contact is our fat skin
Choking on nails We're faceless in a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine
A generation of swine Our willingness to suffer is what keeps us alive
Trading in our shackles for a box of bloody knives
Exploding on contact is our fat skin
Choking on nails We're faceless in a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine It's getting tough to bare, I'm breaking up from it
We've got to change up the framework Those sins of a generation of swine We are the blood and the light
We carry all of the life
We are a lie, we are a lie
We are the blood of the swine, the swine Faceless in a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine It's getting tough to bare, I'm breaking up from it
We've got to change up the framework Those sins of a generation of swine

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