

# Man or Ash

## Corrosion of Conformity

Far from reach, how the serpents preach  
Life is a sin when the shepherds are breeding  
In the quiet place force your mind to erase  
As the people pray to the distant drummer These are primitive times  
These are primitive  
These are primitive times  
No care, no less divine, surpass be it man or Ashes cover the man, which the decades demand  
And paves the way for the sick and the dying  
The devil hides his tail behind the virgin's veil  
So the dead can dance to a distant drummer These are primitive times  
These are primitive  
These are primitive times  
No care, no less divine, surpass be it man or Ashes fall like rain as the blind go insane  
The shepherds fall to the feet of their martyr  
Baptize with gasoline, holy flame, unholy scene  
As the ashes rise to the distant drummer These are primitive times  
These are primitive  
These are primitive times  
No care, no less divine, surpass be it man or ash Not man or ash, not man or, huh  
Not man or ash, not man or ash  
Not man or ash, not man or

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