

# Heads Will Hang

## 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  
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 threat is real  
When you can feel the pain they feel  
The writings on the wall

War is now the will of your God  
The prophets hands are stained  
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Heads will hang

(Soul seller)  
(Fortune teller)  
(Plague bearer)

(Soul seller) The fog won't lift  
(Fortune teller) These comforts are counterfeit  
(Plague bearer) The kings of shame stretch the divide

(Soul seller) The pieces never fit  
(Fortune teller) First world counterfeits  
(Plague bearer) 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  
Heads will hang

War is now the will of your God  
War is now the will of your God