

Mother Of The Year

Fit For An Autopsy

This is the bottom of the barrel
Love and pain become one and the same
The gift of life
The curse of death
They pay for their lives with their bones and their flesh
Dreams lie like diamond rings
Babies and all the pretty things
And like it always does
The bad just gets worse

Hold them close
Between the worlds
There is sorrow in the sky
I hope it haunts you
Until the day you die
Scream their names into the sky
An innocent soul
We say goodbye
And carve their names into the rock
An innocent heart that world forgot

Show me your true face
Show me how ugly you really are
Mother inferior

Lost voices in fields of ghostly silhouettes
Whispering the words of hell
Ever so softly in the ears of the children
Sending them to sleep in their cradles of ice

Show me your true face
Show me how ugly you really are
Mother inferior

I hope it haunts you
Until the day that you die
The whispers of the children in their cradles of ice