

## Blind Bleeding the Blind

Carcass

Parched with thirst our cup overfloweth  
With the crimson milk of human blindness  
In charnel towers of ivory besieged  
The bones of subjugation are picked clean  
In barren decadence, tears are the only affluence  
Welling eyes are indifferent, as the blind bleed

Blood and tear - out damn spot out  
The fruits of perpetual decay  
Pouring the salts in open wounds - out damn spot out  
The scars remain, will stay perpetual decay

Bloody hands never wash clean  
Abject misery to bleed  
Decadence to feed  
Out damn spot out

Parched with thirst how the other half die  
Void of compassion our cup runs dry  
With a silver spoon born to dig communal graves  
The only consecration, the economics of pain  
In barren decadence, tears are the fuel of affluence  
Wells of blood run diffluent, a bitter harvest to reap...