

Leeches

Corrosion of Conformity

Born in the land of confidence dying of disease.
Paralyzed standing tall but rotting at the knees.
The leeches are speechless.
Soon to be uncovered is the weight of fattened lamb.
Broken wheel, smoking mirror, poison slight of hand.
The leeches are speechless.
We look to the sky consume be silent die.
Won't ask no questions why.
Consume be silent.
The leeches are speechless.
Suck the blood of freedom.
Because there's more than meets the eye.
Seen the light to weak to fight.
For smoke and mirror lies.
The leeches are speechless.
We look to the sky consume be silent die
Ask no questions why consume be silent.