

Acres of Skin

Fear Factory

Walk through the ashes of man
Skin like fields on fire
Pain is only a weakness
Death is just an escape

We are connected like tissue
Feed on the shame you've raised
Why continue the harvest?
We are already dead

No one can reap these scars we've sown

There is no morning sun
No falling rain
For acres of skin

Wait! Can you hear the machines?
Gears that cultivate flesh
Why continue the harvest?
We are already dead

No one can reap these scars we've sown

There is no morning sun
No falling rain
For acres of skin

All I want and wish for
Is to end this suffering
All alone and unaware
All primed up for dying

Without face, without mind
Without dreams, without memory