

Black Mammoth

Fit For An Autopsy

Fools gold, siphoned and sold, merchants of death
Dead in spirit, now dead in flesh
Fools gold, siphoned and sold, merchants of death
Dead in spirit, now dead in flesh

Born of violent flames, landscapes of ashes
The roots soak up the rain, burning in acid
The wounds are cauterized, and left un-bandaged
Wilting beneath a sun, withered and damaged

Tragedy reigns forever

Rejoice in masses
The tribe collapses
The mother weeps in her dying breath
Rise from the ashes
Oh foul black mammoth
Dead in spirit, now dead in flesh

Tread on sacred terrain, envenomed and ravaged
The peace upon the plains, seized by the savage
Primitive practices, uproot and vanish
Modern barbarians, new rite of passage

Rejoice in masses
The tribe collapses
The mother weeps in her dying breath
Rise from the ashes
Oh foul black mammoth
Dead in spirit, now dead in flesh

Tragedy reigns forever
Tragedy reigns forever
Tragedy reigns forever