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

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