

Mask Maker

Fit For An Autopsy

Layers of soil turn to stone long ago
And I can't remember when we held each other like brothers
Layers of sand eroded the bone long ago
And I can't remember why we took the child from the mother

Hope is a lie and you bought it
Hook, line, and sinker
We gave you the out but you just dug in deeper
In the pockets of the salesman and the serpent

Swarm upon the cowards, frozen in fear
How I pray for the end
For the end to draw near

The ghosts are crying out for us
Our ancestors names are stained with shame
Who the fuck wrote the laws of man
Man, we should all just burn in the flames

Mask maker fuel the furnace
Take the dying hearts within your hands
Mask maker fill the oceans
With skeletons and blackened sand
Layers of soil turned to stone long ago

And I can't remember when we held each other like brothers
Layers of sand eroded the bone long ago
And I can't remember why we took the child from the mother
I've spent too many nights starving for solace.

Reaching for a hand that was never there
Sinking deeper into the coldest pit
Of self inflicted human despair

The ghosts are crying out for us
Our ancestors names are stained with shame
Who the fuck wrote the laws of man
Man, we should all just burn in the flames

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Take the dying hearts within your hands
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I would rather be a corpse than the man I am
Fuck the optimists
I would rather be a corpse than the man I am
Just another dead fucking pessimist