## **Hot Knives And Open Sores**

**Orange Goblin** 

Scars for the living A ditch for the dead We try to remember to drink to forget Fools for our choices Tools for the trade We busy our hands as we bury the slain

Morbid derision Sadistic release Starving the pigs in the belly of the beast The sky looks so hungry The future looks bleak The soil of the Earth will inherit the meek

Mass affliction of the chosen Now the sacred vows are broken Will they stand to be confronted? Now the hunters are the hunted

Red-hot knives, open sores Surgeons busy doing surgeons chores Numb with whiskey, sealed with tar Devil's stitches leave no scar Ancient gods look to ancient suns Ancient medicines in ancient slums Masks of horror hide the shame Roman doctrines can only ease the pain Shattered sunrise, mercy calls Hallowed victims scream in the halls Filled with venom, filled with fear Open wounds filled with life's elixir

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