

Skin of the Master

Otep

(A soft procession of endless hymns
Swallowing bullets like sleeping pills)

Across the floor of an ancient room
It was not God, it was not the moon
The knives come out to protect the nest
Crying out in the wilderness

They are not men
They are a flock
Mindless quarry
Less than livestock

They are not men
They are a flock
They're here to
Cut them up

Inside like swine
Broken bloated hive mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Inside my mind
Hidden beasts run wild
Until the prey subsides
The hunger will remain

(A soft procession of endless hymns
Swallowing bullets like sleeping pills)

The sound of the axe in the chopping block
The smell of the skin from afar
The night boils on to it's cruel end
Crying out in the wilderness

They are not men
They are a flock
Mindless quarry
Less than livestock

They are not men
They are a flock
They're here to
Cut them up

Inside like swine
Broken bloated hive mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Inside my mind
Hidden beasts run wild
Until the prey subsides
The hunger will remain

My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
Skin of the master, mouth of the slave

My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you
Skin of the master, mouth of the slave

The sound of the axe
The smell of the skin
The night boils on

They are not men
They are a flock
Mindless quarry
Less than livestock

They are not men
They are a flock
They're here to
Fuck them up

Inside like swine
Broken bloated hive mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Inside my mind
Hidden beasts run wild
Until the prey subsides
The hunger will remain

Inside my mind
Wet worms of hate
Devoted to decay
Devoted to betray
The hunger will remain

They are not men
They are not men
They are not men