

Human Target

Thy Art Is Murder

Turn the land
Sow the seed of our destruction
Force the hand
Spin the wheels of our corruption
Quench the thirst, starve the fever, taste the harvest
With nothing left to feed the combines
We move onto a human target

Ravenous
Choke down the bones of all below
Unholy masochists
Feeding on the weak, population control
They will devour us
Excess consumption, life reduction
We're so cowardice
We want the kill but we won't pull the trigger

Dig the holes
Open the caves
Pile the bodies in an unmarked grave
The gears in motion
Humanity is frozen
The fear is in the eye of victims we have chosen

To suffer at the hands of man
To wither in the heart of the wasteland
Tremble, fall to your knees
Collapse from the weight
Trampled beneath

Machinery
Surgical precision
Lacerate the limbs of the poorest of the children
Watch them scatter through the fields of departed
And take aim at your prey
Human target

Life in the crosshairs
Kill to survive
Life in the crosshairs
Swallow the lie
Life in the crosshairs
Blood in your eyes
Blood in our eyes
Swallow the lie
Kill to survive
Take aim at the human target

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Choke down the bones of all below
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Insanity
Far beyond remission
Sacrifice the souls for the spoils of attrition
Scatter the ashes of the innocent departed
And take aim at your prey
Human target

Blood in our eyes
Blood in our eyes

Kill or be killed
If you won't pull the trigger
Then they fucking will

Everyone is a fucking target
Everyone is a fucking target
Everyone is a fucking target
Kill to survive
Kill to survive