

Orphans of Sickness

Deeds of Flesh

In the tombs of pain and innocence
Forever were buried
Souls of those who've never asked to be
Scornfully immolated

The art of transplantation
Has saved a lot of lives
By frauding a child's adoption
I will be saving mine

In the name of science
They've claimed being our saviors
Money is what keeps busy
These medical butchers
Soiled with blood all over their hands
They've just killed for a couple of grand

Orphans of sickness were put to rest
Miserable adoption has torn their souls to shreds
Orphans of sickness now dwell in death
With nice tags on their organs, their existence will end

Children were dissected
By those sick, demented

In the tombs of pain and innocence
Forever were buried
Souls of those who've never asked to be
Scornfully immolated

To achieve my transplantation
I stole a lot of lives
Through the kindness of adoption
All those lives are now mine

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With nice tags on their organs, their existence will end