

Heads Will Hang

Fit For An Autopsy

Death's breath on the back of our neck
The bitter taste of blood
Flowing in floods. Consuming all the rations
Neglect is a crime of passion
I don't believe we've earned our keep
Or deserve this peace, self centered catastrophes
Armies of fools will fall
Nights of no end. Writing on the wall

War is now the will of your God
The prophets hands are stained
War is now the will of your God
Heads will hang
Heads will hang

All hail the antiheroes
Life reduced to ones and zeros
Expand and expire
Voices of reason retire
The threat is real
When you can feel the pain they feel
The threat is real
When you can feel the pain they feel
The writings on the wall

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(Soul seller)
(Fortune teller)
(Plague bearer)

(Soul seller) The fog won't lift
(Fortune teller) These comforts are counterfeit
(Plague bearer) The kings of shame stretch the divide

(Soul seller) The pieces never fit
(Fortune teller) First world counterfeits
(Plague bearer) The great collapse now justified

Peace is merely a gift for the privileged
Safeguarded from the pain
This indifference is paid in blood
All hands are stained

The grip of oppression tightens the noose
But when they kick out the chair
Heads will hang
Heads will hang

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War is now the will of your God