

Shepherd

Fit For An Autopsy

The shepherds kill their sheep
Just to watch them die
The end of days is born
Under the burning sky

A thousand oceans spill upon the spoiled shore
Returning cities to the sea
All as it was before
Retreat beyond the walls
Where vultures go to die
Scavenge for substance as the last
Is swallowed by the flies

Now we compete with bird and beast
Cycles of deceit, doomed to repeat
Sorrow we seed in, to an earth I once believed in
A future stained, in the blood of our children

We carve through mountains
Great shadows they cast
Now desolate wastelands
Clinging to brighter pasts
Nations of thieves
Selling our souls for gold
Critical mass
Our fate is terminal

Man is the cancer
We call for death and it answers
Man is the cancer

We call for death and it answers

A thousand fires turn the forests into dust and bone
A wind so thick with ash
The statues shatter into stone
The leaders turn to lepers
Begging to survive
Scavenge for substance as the last
I swallowed by the flies

Behold true sorrow
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