

## **Anachronaeon**

### **"Butchers Block"**

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[Lyrics by K. Nardi]

Look around, it's all going black  
Tons upon tons and it's breaking our backs  
We're setting our course  
Leading ourselves, one by one  
To the butcher's block

We're sharpening the axe ourselves  
Grinding it sharper to cut through the world  
Touching the blade to the grinding stone  
Hold ourselves down awaiting the cut

We're killing ourselves by running away  
We've got to stop before it's too late  
Six feet under is where we will be  
Deeper and deeper  
We're digging our own graves

We're sharpening the axe ourselves  
Grinding it sharper to cut through the world  
Touching the blade to the grinding stone  
Hold ourselves down awaiting the cut

If we take the seeds of time  
And throw them to the wind  
To fall upon the infertile soil  
The weeds of carelessness shall overtake the land  
Until there is nothing left to destroy  
And if we fail we can't go back  
We can't go back  
It's in our hands  
The fate of man

Our heads on the block, is this the end?  
The decision is ours, our necks will not mend  
We're setting our course  
Leading ourselves  
To the butcher's block

