

The Black Maria "Ash"

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Choking on nails as the spike is hammered in
Pine boxes pile up we're sick from the stench
Exploding on contact is our fat skin
Choking on nails

We're faceless in a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine
A generation of swine

Our willingness to suffer is what keeps us alive
Trading in our shackles for a box of bloody knives
Exploding on contact is our fat skin
Choking on nails

We're faceless in a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine

It's getting tough to bare, I'm breaking up from it
We've got to change up the framework

Those sins of a generation of swine

We are the blood and the light
We carry all of the life
We are a lie, we are a lie
We are the blood of the swine, the swine

Faceless in a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine

It's getting tough to bare, I'm breaking up from it
We've got to change up the framework

Those sins of a generation of swine

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