

Erathma

"The Bloody Trade"

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Frost

Gives the organs a shelter
The able bodies of the 3rd world contort
Reaping their insides and taking much more
The sharpest cries of a whore
Echo toward America's suburban front doors
She's left in panic
Her baby writhes on the floor
With half of what was promised
She pleads for more
TURN your back on the filthy bitch
And sell her liver to the highest bidder
Throw her in the tub
Bags of ice numb her body as she struggles to rise
Reaching out with her last grasp at life

Clinging to her surgeon
Try to sleep, try to sleep
Cause to me you're as good as deceased
Close your eyes, close your eyes
Close your mother fucking eyes
The process sends chills down my spine
He filtered her fucking insides
Until the last vein was dry
No mercy in the body trade
We've mocked the vultures
Now we feast on humanity
Once a child now the seeker of divinity
Every organ lost has now been gained
Slowly hunting down every market surgeon in my
mothers name

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