Fear Factory "Acres Of Skin"

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Walk through the ashes of man Skin like fields on fire Pain is only a weakness Death is just an escape

We are connected like tissue Feed on the shame you've raised Why continue the harvest? We are already dead

No one can reap These scars we've sown No one can reap These scars we've sown

There is no morning sun No falling rain For acres of skin

Wait, can you hear the machines? Gears that cultivate flesh Why continue the harvest? We are already dead

No one can reap These scars we've sown No one can reap These scars we've sown

There is no morning sun No falling rain For acres of skin

All I want and wish for Is to end this suffering All alone and unaware All primed up for dying

Without face Without mind Without dreams Without memory Without face Without mind Without dreams Without memory

There is no morning sun No falling rain For acres of skin

There is no morning sun No falling rain For acres of skin

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