

## **Holy Mother "Life In Stone"**

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Silhouettes of evil lives  
Have cursed my mind with lies  
Evil men with evil minds  
Controlling time in time

An urchants net of fear  
Has swollen gills of bloody moles  
It's power in the money  
Made selling every feeling saved

You call it liberation  
Making rules to fit your needs  
You make your own religion  
Filled politics and greed

Your money makes a net  
A fiery web to hold you cold  
Levels of distortion split  
Your neck and rot your soul

Injections of rust, trusting only me  
I want to let my mind burn to coal  
Unwanted for love, unwanted landmines

Write my broken life in stone  
Release you of your pain  
You breed my anger everyday  
Dress the wound, give time to heal

The price you have to pay  
Fallout covers land like snow  
Your hands are in the soil  
Grasp a root, pull up a tower

Clouds of smoke breathe acid rain, shit  
Grade the mountains, open up the sky  
Dress the wound and cover up a lie  
Write my book in broken stone

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