

## **If Man Is Five "Postcranial Debris"**

Visit "[Postcranial Debris](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

I can remember as a child when it all seemed so like a  
game  
Collect the stones inside my pocket, hear the noises  
that they made  
But when my mother doesn't come home  
and I realize I cast the first stone

FUCK

Oh God how could I?  
Oh God what have I done?

The mob approaches with uncertainty in their eyes  
All aware one of them will die

My childhood lay scattered among the postcranial  
debris  
Dismembered, disarticulated, disappointment,  
disbelief  
The tradition is a lie...

And all the shame, these sullied hands, the blood  
seeping into the soil  
Oh God purge this stain from my soul, restore the  
innocence I've lost  
For this I never can forgive myself  
Drowning in my gene pool, will I sink or swim?

Oh God what have I become?  
Oh God free my from this burden?

The mob approaches with rocks in their hands  
All aware that the time has come

No one wins...

Visit [If Man Is Five](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.