

Byzantine

"The Filth Of Our Underlinings"

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The filth of our underlings
Shall never nourish me completely

Our knowledge is bending our brainwaves congealing
Force feed the piety that humans are bleeding
Silk purse from a sows ear is what IÂ'm knitting
Nourishing off the fat of our rendering

Hail to our underlings
Our destinies embraced
Surrender unto abysmal weight
Hail to our underlings
Toiling away
Collapsing into a servile state

Mouth of komodo shall harbour our healing
Poisons the serum as our sores are revealing
Hang nerves out to dry to dampen the feeling
Rendering for self-symbiotic feeding

Hail to our underlings
Who knows not to fight
Peel back the scabs to blind them all with light

The filth of our underlings
Shall never nourish me completely

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