

## **Cattle Decapitation "Regret & the Grave"**

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What is this hell?  
What have you done?

Of all the things we've learned from ripping off this  
earth  
The quantities were met and indirectly led to death

In the factories  
Teeming with ripe disease  
And on your bended knees you took it like a man!  
Regret rears it's despicable head  
All those years of ingesting the dead  
Living your life with your hands painted red

Gross remorse

In this the final hour  
Now that you see what you've done  
The cancelled check of life and it's bitter taste of dung  
The stress of consciousness  
In distress and blessing yourself with death

Wolves use their cunning and stalk in the night  
We use machinery to exhibit destructive might  
They've only the skills adapt for taking their kill  
We hide behind the steel and are slaves to our will

You, the consumer now consumed...  
... and by your product your insides eaten!  
Quite ironic, don't you think?

What have we done?  
We've let the foolish taint the air and land!

Of all the things we've learned from ripping off this  
earth  
Plastic and mass created sewer spewing humanure

In the factories  
Teeming with ripe disease  
And on your bended knees you took it like a man!

Gross remorse

In this the final hour  
Now that we see what we've done  
The cancelled check of life and it's bitter taste of dung  
The stress of consciousness  
Death obsessed and making a mess

Wolves use their cunning and stalk in the night  
We hide like cowards, with machines to magnify our  
sight  
They've only the skills ever evolving to kill  
We hide behind the steel and are slaves to our will

You, the consumer now consumed...  
... and by your product you will wither away!

And I don't remember us starving to death...  
... and I can't recall suffering through it all  
They've shown me some things that I'll never forget  
... and I'll remind you when you're on your death bed  
This is the grave, this is regret.

LOOK AT THIS HELL!  
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

In this the final hour  
Now that you see what you've done  
The cancelled check of life and it's bitter taste of dung  
In the factories  
Amidst the rats and fleas  
And on your bended knees you took it like a man!

Gross remorse

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