

Circle Of Dead Children

"It's A Bloody Day When You Get Your Head Nailed To A Cross"

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We were not born into sin
We were born into the ignoble and desperate grasp of
thoughtless traditionalism shaped into the guise of
human nature
Human nature is a self-fulfilling slaughterhouse and
we must resist the simplicity of existing as a simple
human
A shred of salvation is the mission of the pigs
The trusting pigs and the man-made ghost
Linked by susceptibility and ignorance
Morality is synthetic
Human nature is pathetic
Embrace the mythos
Embrace the lie
Morality is synthetic
Human nature is pathetic
You want your cross and you will receive it
A cross for every pig
Squeal on the cross as I drive a single spike through
your skull
Hammering as the pigs of Faith squeal
The prayers of tradition silenced by the howls of
crucified holy
Destroy the mythos
Destroy the lie
Destroy the pigs
Hammer out life
Hammering... bleeding the pigs
Hammering... bleeding the pigs

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