

Circle Of Dead Children "Mother Pig"

Visit "[Mother Pig](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

If I knew for sure that I had a soul
I'd sell it right now
for the chance to experience
Mother Earth's last gasp before she sinks
into a perpetual episode of life support
Clung to hope as the bastards of complacency
and decent stand over us
Carved from human bone by human bone
Carved from human bone by human bone
The magic wand of oppression waves above
and occasionally bounces from skull to skull
She's become the pig on the spit
Salvation stuffed into her mouth
like a rotted green apple
We, the eager ants,
wait below her and bask in her dripping fat
No more audience
No more audience
Warm breath rises
Boiled fat falls

Visit [Circle Of Dead Children](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.