

Martyr Ad

"Bring Out Your Dead"

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You see this world as your own
You think this life is yours
I've come to break you down
You're a commodity
This flesh is not your own
Your blood is currency
The beast has drawn your number
Stand straight, fall in line
All of your prayers won't be heard anymore
Your blood had been programmed to baptize the floor
And your grave is just a hole in this
Cold dead ground
This world has died around you
A fucking worthless cause
The eulogy is written
The casket burning
Begin the funeral march
Bend on your broken knees
They've drawn your fucking number
Stand still, taste the pain
All of your prayers won't be heard anymore
Your blood has been programmed to baptize the floor
And your grave is just a hole
In this hell
They've got your fucking number
I've got your fucking number
They got your fucking number
You're screaming, they're calling, you're bleeding
You're bleeding, you're hearing the calling
Bring out your dead

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