

Max Q "Ot-Ven-Rot"

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This bruised brain can only take so much heat
This mind has been used as a skittle in a dust bowl
A wrecking of the soul-turned over and spewed out
Carried away over junk left behind by all

CHORUS:

Till the cattle finally come home
And all the worker's bodies pile up
Like so many used cars

(x2)

This carriage of skin and bone is my home
I'm in need of new tissue but I ain't gonna get it
I use the leftovers the junk left behind by all
That junk chucked away to be replaced
By some new
So bright and shiny golden silver
That it shatters the sun
So as God can see it
And will not spit on their land
That land was bought by the skin of their teeth
Or the spine and spirit of those crushed below them
In the world below where the junk ain't so bright
And those who got it-build for those who got better
Anything they want with their bones and skin
(Repeat CHORUS x3)

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