

Corrosion Of Conformity "Man Or Ash"

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Far from reach, how the serpents preach
Life is a sin when the shepherds are breeding
In the quiet place force your mind to erase
As the people pray to the distant drummer

These are primitive times
These are primitive
These are primitive times
No care, no less divine, surpass be it man or

Ashes cover the man, which the decades demand
And paves the way for the sick and the dying
The devil hides his tail behind the virgin's veil
So the dead can dance to a distant drummer

These are primitive times
These are primitive
These are primitive times
No care, no less divine, surpass be it man or

Ashes fall like rain as the blind go insane
The shepherds fall to the feet of their martyr
Baptize with gasoline, holy flame, unholy scene
As the ashes rise to the distant drummer

These are primitive times
These are primitive
These are primitive times
No care, no less divine, surpass be it man or ash

Not man or ash, not man or, huh
Not man or ash, not man or ash
Not man or ash, not man or

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