

Mortal Treason

"Dig Your Own Grave"

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There are thousands of people as far as the eyes can see
you can sense the suffering as you draw near
standing before them you can see the pain in thier eyes
it breaks the mind and wieghs on the heart
standing before them you can see the pain in thier eyes
in their eyes now we are wading through this sea of souls
the smell of rotten flesh brings me to my knees
now they gather, to march on to the grave
with shovels in their hands, with death in their eyes
longing for a time of peace, longing just to die and the heavens cry
tears fall like rain from the legions of angels weeping in pain
as they dig their own grave
they dig their own graves by the life they lived and the choices they made
dig their own graves by the choices they made; now its too late
the bridge has been destroyed
now we are wading through this sea of souls
the smell of rotten flesh lets me see

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