

## **Mors Principium Est "Fragile Flesh"**

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We feel the anger rise before the wake  
We march against the wars of hate  
The wretful demons come to brake your fate  
You're living in a lie, you won't be safe  
My heart is burned to six feet under  
My soul is black as the moonless night  
There's one thing that the heathens seek  
The fragile flesh of the unborn child

Why won't you listen to me? Just listen to me  
Why can't you hear the screams? The screams so loud  
That all the salt of the tears that they all will cry  
Yet the warmth of the sun won't let the tears go dry  
Why won't you talk to me? Just talk to me  
Why can't you see the fear? The fear of life  
That all the salt of the tears that they all will cry  
Yet the warmth of the sun won't let the tears go dry

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