

Place Of Skulls

"The Maker"

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Foundations of time from the first Earth age
You breathed life into each and every soul
Before the child conceived, the plan was secure
A life no law of man can claim or hold

We expose our pride in what we perceive as wise
And take the new life into our own hands
Without regard for the blessed new heartbeat
The machine we created cuts the silver strand

We won't be distracted by the same life we hold to
With our goals and desires we strive to achieve
In our self-proclaimed right for power over life
We now find more value in the trees

In the end our human will won't be done
Though thru time we deceive ourselves to believe
And the blood that we spilled, the dreams that we killed
In those fractured wombs we'll one day grieve

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