

Black Maria, The "Ash"

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Choking on nails
As the spike is hammered in
Pine boxes pile up
We're sick from the stench
Exploding on contact
Is our fat skin
Choking on nails
as w're creeping near the end

We're faceless
In a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine
A generation of swine

Our willingness to suffer
Is what keeps us alive
Trading in our shackles for a box of bloody knives

We're faceless
In a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine
It's getting hard in here
I'm breaking up from it
We've got to change up the framework
Those sins of a generation of swine

We are the bloody and the light
We carry all of the life
We are a lie
We are a lie
We are the blood of the swine, the swine

We're faceless
In a generation
Those sins of a generation of swine
It's getting hard in here
I'm breaking up from it
We've got to change up the framework
Those sins of a generation of swine

