

Mors Principium Est, Fragile Flesh

We feel the anger rise before the wake
We march against the wars of hate
The wrathful 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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