Wumpscut, Line Of Corpses

I've done too many bad things
I'm going to the desert and I beg
You to forgive me
Forgive me
It's not that easy

Out here in the fields
There is our home
Out here in the fields
Where we are born

We will all die in a line of corpses
Line of corpses
Line of corpses

What are you doing here
I want you to forgive me

I've done too many bad things
I'm going to the desert and I beg
You to forgive me
Before i go
Forgive me

Out in the fields
Where we are born
Will you see the morning to come
Where we are born
Maybe you will see the morning to come

Hate me blind me it's all my fault
But not God's