

Anacrusis, Butcher's Block

Look around, it's all going black
Tons upon tons and it's breaking our backs
We're setting our course
Leading ourselves, one by one
To the butcher's block
We're sharpening the axe ourselves
Grinding it sharper to cut through the world
Touching the blade to the grinding stone
Hold ourselves down awaiting the cut
We're killing ourselves by running away
We've got to stop before it's too late
Six feet under is where we will be
Deeper and deeper
We're digging our own graves
We're sharpening the axe ourselves
Grinding it sharper to cut through the world
Touching the blade to the grinding stone
Hold ourselves down awaiting the cut
If we take the seeds of time
And throw them to the wind
To fall upon the infertile soil
The weeds of carelessness shall overtake the land
Until there is nothing left to destroy
And if we fail we can't go back
We can't go back
It's in our hands
The fate of man
Our heads on the block, is this the end?
The decision is ours, our necks will not mend
We're setting our course
Leading ourselves
To the butcher's block