

# Fear Factory, Acres

Walk through the ashes of man  
Skin like fields on fire  
Pain is only a weakness  
Death is just an escape  
We are connected like tissue  
Feed on the shame you've raised  
Why continue the harvest?  
We are already dead  
No one, can reap, these scars, we've sown x2  
There is no morning sun  
No falling rain  
For acres of skin  
Wait! Can you hear the machines?  
Gears that cultivate flesh  
Why continue the harvest?  
We are already dead  
No one, can reap, these scars, we've sown x2  
There is no morning sun  
No falling rain  
For acres of skin  
All I want and wish for  
Is to end this suffering  
All alone and unaware  
All primed up for dying  
Without face, without mind  
Without dreams, without memory x2  
There is no morning sun  
No falling rain  
For acres of skin x2