

Mortal Treason, Dig Your Own Grave

There are thousands of people as far as the eyes can see;
You can sense the suffering as you draw near

Standing before them you can see the pain in their eyes
It breaks the mind and weighs on the heart

Standing before them you can see the pain in their eyes
In their eyes now we are wading through this sea of souls
The smell of rotten flesh brings me to my knees
Now they gather, to march on to the grave

With shovels in their hands, with death in their eyes

Longing for a time of peace, longing just to die and the heavens cry
Tears fall like rain from the legions of angels weeping in pain
As they dig their own grave
They dig their own graves by the life they lived and the choices they made
Dig their own graves by choices they made;
Now it's too late
The bridge has been destroyed
Now we are wading through this sea of souls
The smell of rotten flesh lets me see

It is about a dream I had one night. I saw thousands of people.
It looked like a sea, and they were all like zombies marching.
They had shovels in their hands and their faces carried the look of death and agony.
The dream went on and on but at the end I realized it was about
how going through life living for our selves or for the moment,
careless and foolish, ignoring God was like digging our own graves. Seth