

The Black Maria, Ash

Choking on nails,
As the spike is hammered in,
Pine boxes pile up,
We're sick from the stench,
Exploding on contact,
Is our fat skin,
Choking on nails...

We're faceless,
In a generation,
Those sins of a generation of swine,
A generation of swine...

Our willingness to suffer,
Is what keeps us alive,
Trading in our shackles for a box of bloody knives...
Exploding on contact,
Is our fat skin,
Choking on nails...

We're faceless,
In a generation,
Those sins of a generation of swine...
It's getting tough to bare,
I'm breaking up from it,
We've got to change up the framework,
Those sins of a generation of swine...

We are the bloody and the light,
We carry all of the life,
We are a lie,
We are a lie,
We are the blood of the swine, the swine.

We're faceless,
In a generation,
Those sins of a generation of swine...
It's getting tough to bare,
I'm breaking up from it,
We've got to change up the framework,
Those sins of a generation of swine...