

Cattle Decapitation, Regret And The Grave

What is this hell?

What have you done?

Of all the things we've learned from ripping off this earth

the quantities were met and indirectly led to death

In the factories

Teeming with ripe disease

and on your bended knees you took it like a man! Regret rears its despicable head

All those years of ingesting the dead

Living your life with your hands painted red

Gross remorse

In this the final hour

Now that you see what you've done

The cancelled check of life and its bitter taste of dung

The stress of consciousness

In distress and blessing yourself with death

Wolves use their cunning and stalk in the night

We use machinery to exhibit destructive might

They've only the skills adapt for taking their kill

We hide behind the steel and are slaves to our will

You, the consumer now consumed...

...and by your product your insides eaten!

Quite ironic, don't you think?

What have we done?

We've let the foolish taint the air and land!

Of all the things we've learned from ripping off this earth

Plastic and mass created sewer spewing humanure

In the factories

Teeming with ripe disease

and on your bended knees you took it like a man!

Gross remorse

In this the final hour

Now that we see what we've done

The cancelled check of life and its bitter taste of dung

The stress of consciousness

Death obsessed and making a mess

Wolves use their cunning and stalk in the night

We hide like cowards, with machines to magnify our sight

They've only the skills ever evolving to kill

We hide behind the steel and are slaves to our will

You, the consumer now consumed...

...and by your product you will wither away!

And I don't remember us starving to death...

...and I can't recall suffering through it all

They've shown me some things that I'll never forget

...and I'll remind you when you're on your death bed

This is the grave, this is regret.

LOOK AT THIS HELL!

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

In this the final hour

Now that you see what you've done

The cancelled check of life and its bitter taste of dung

In the factories

Amidst the rats and fleas

and on your bended knees you took it like a man!

Gross remorse