

# Acres of Skin

Fear Factory

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

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

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