

# The Mower

Halford

Hell brawl, a landscape of the bones  
Still filled with no remorse  
Such pickings for the crow  
Who dances on a throne?  
The mover

Let perish be the world  
The culling of the heard  
And end is what we seek

Suspended disbelief  
Abominations grief  
The sea of evolution  
Our world of destitution

No light, no air, no light, no air, no exit

Excruciating pain  
Demoralized again  
The wrecking has begun  
The sickening undone

No light, no air, no light, no air, no exit

For witness had it's way  
Death sentence comes today  
So struggle at the brink  
It's time to be extinct  
Upon a broken back  
Hear every bone go crack

A gutless withered flesh  
Led forward on it's leash  
Flat line in the abyss  
Where nightmares reminisce

No air, no light, no exit  
No air, no light, no exit

The confrontations rest  
No air no light no exit  
Flat line in the abyss  
No air, no light, no exit