

Hot Knives And Open Sores

Orange Goblin

Scars for the living
A ditch for the dead
We try to remember to drink to forget
Fools for our choices
Tools for the trade
We busy our hands as we bury the slain

Morbid derision
Sadistic release
Starving the pigs in the belly of the beast
The sky looks so hungry
The future looks bleak
The soil of the Earth will inherit the meek

Mass affliction of the chosen
Now the sacred vows are broken
Will they stand to be confronted?
Now the hunters are the hunted

Red-hot knives, open sores
Surgeons busy doing surgeons chores
Numb with whiskey, sealed with tar
Devil's stitches leave no scar
Ancient gods look to ancient suns
Ancient medicines in ancient slums
Masks of horror hide the shame
Roman doctrines can only ease the pain
Shattered sunrise, mercy calls
Hallowed victims scream in the halls
Filled with venom, filled with fear
Open wounds filled with life's elixir

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