

# Skin of the Master

Otep

(A soft procession of endless hymns  
Swallowing bullets like sleeping pills)

Across the floor of an ancient room  
It was not God, it was not the moon  
The knives come out to protect the nest  
Crying out in the wilderness

They are not men  
They are a flock  
Mindless quarry  
Less than livestock

They are not men  
They are a flock  
They're here to  
Cut them up

Inside like swine  
Broken bloated hive mind  
Wet worms of hate  
Devoted to decay  
Inside my mind  
Hidden beasts run wild  
Until the prey subsides  
The hunger will remain

(A soft procession of endless hymns  
Swallowing bullets like sleeping pills)

The sound of the axe in the chopping block  
The smell of the skin from afar  
The night boils on to it's cruel end  
Crying out in the wilderness

They are not men  
They are a flock  
Mindless quarry  
Less than livestock

They are not men  
They are a flock  
They're here to  
Cut them up

Inside like swine  
Broken bloated hive mind  
Wet worms of hate  
Devoted to decay  
Inside my mind  
Hidden beasts run wild  
Until the prey subsides  
The hunger will remain

My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you  
My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you  
Skin of the master, mouth of the slave

My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you  
My worst fear is coming true I think I am becoming you  
Skin of the master, mouth of the slave

The sound of the axe  
The smell of the skin  
The night boils on

They are not men  
They are a flock  
Mindless quarry  
Less than livestock

They are not men  
They are a flock  
They're here to  
Fuck them up

Inside like swine  
Broken bloated hive mind  
Wet worms of hate  
Devoted to decay  
Inside my mind  
Hidden beasts run wild  
Until the prey subsides  
The hunger will remain

Inside my mind  
Wet worms of hate  
Devoted to decay  
Devoted to betray  
The hunger will remain

They are not men  
They are not men  
They are not men