

The Rape And Pillage Of Spisville

Salt The Wound

Tell me its not true, oh God.
These things I have done to you, oh God.
Tell me its not true, oh God.
These things I have done to you...

Oh! Be still my beating heart.
My lungs collapse in on themselves.
Your face is the last face I will see in hell.
Your face is the last face I will see in hell.

This is my crucifixion, without the nails or cross.
This is my crucifixion for those that have failed us.

Oh! Be still my beating heart.
My lungs collapse in on themselves.
Your face is the last face I will see in hell.

Dead mothers can't comfort their child.
Dead fathers can't feel their denial.
They all must die.
They all must die.

Six feet under the
Six feet under the
Six feet under the
Six feet under the
Six feet under the
Six feet under the
Six feet under the
Six feet under the floor
Six feet under the floor
Six feet under the floor
Six feet under the floor
Six feet under the floor
Six feet under the floor
Six feet under the floor

Oh! Be still my beating heart.
My lungs collapse in on themselves.
Your face is the last face I will see in hell.

Where is your God now?
For he has abandoned you.
Where is your God now?
For he has let you die.

Where is your God now?
For he has abandoned you.
Where is your God now?
For he has let you die