

Choked

Sons and Daughters

Taking your time until they swallowed every line
Castrating everyone
Now there's bodies on the run
We're waiting we're waiting

You're burying my good name
Keep burying my name
Tight lips have cracked
Mouthing behind their backs

The forks down the throat of them all til we choked
And now we're all sworn in by the shadows whisperings
Markings on the door
Then we drop onto the floor

We're waiting we're waiting
You're burying my good name
Keep burying my name