

Flesh & Blood

Trash Talk

Erupt in violence amidst the turbulence
No running water yet the rivers run ebullient
Their fate is exodus it's plague days for the rest of us
Wretched and wrapped in filth it's wrath and rapture all in one
Now we cultivate oceans of flame
No sun in the sky but the burning remains and I know
I know we're witnessing the end
Skeleton hands smooth the sheets of their death beds
Wise men are mistaken again
A doppelganger savior born into fame
I know we're witnessing the end
Skeleton hands smooth the sheets of their death beds
Anointed in acid rain
Crossed in crowded streets
Formed in a manger of mange
A bastard in Babylon hailing from hell and beyond
Born to a life full of blame
Sticks and stones will fall from the sky
Anchor the anger within
Son of a son of a bitch he was kin
Flesh and blood
Bone and skin