

Mourn

Fit For An Autopsy

Will they mourn for me?
A dying memory
Will they mourn for me?
A dying memory

You shall not pass
The grip of guilt sinks its claws in your back
The light retracts
Unforgiving and black
I see the face of destruction

Our soil never settles
Our conscience never clean
Our prayers are nothing but
Empty apologies

One with the worms
That crawl in the dirt
Comfort in the embrace of snakes
My father, my plague
Old ghosts of agony

Will they mourn for me?
A dying memory
Will they mourn for me?
A dying memory

You shall not pass
The stain of grief on eyes of glass
A man who only knows his path
Will walk alone
And bury his soul for sanity

Our soil never settles
Our conscience never clean
Our prayers are nothing but
Empty apologies

Love is not stronger than death

Lightless, we sift through the silence
Secretly begging for rest
The hope we resist as IVs drip
A conciseness of the waiting rooms' emptiness
Comfort in the embrace of snakes
My father, my plague blinded by rage
The darkness our only escape
Bloodletting sealing our fate

Unforgiven

Love is not stronger than death
Another hospital, another year of regret
Buried in the pain of my past
Old ghosts of agony
A dying memory

Will they mourn for me?
A dying memory
Will they mourn for me?
A dying memory