

Murder in the First

Fit For An Autopsy

Dear devil, we tried to move them
We had all the facts
They just overruled them
Slaves to the gods they see in the mirror
Self inflicted prisoners
Alone for another winter, cold forever

Take everything from them
They are nothing but a pile of possessions
Empty underneath the rubble
Lost in their selfish transgressions
Godless

Bigot nations, cursed at birth
Wealth to wastelands
Murder in the first

Pencil pushers and prescription poppers
Take two and call me when you're numb
Or when your mind succumbs

Worship your workshops
Like thoughtless fucking pigeons with your heads cut off
Twitching in a foolish fucking rhythm

Oh child don't look away
I want you to watch the world die
I gave up on living
We should all give death a try

Every last soul, cast into the fire
Watch them burn alive
Halos and horns
We wear the mark of the beast like a crown of thorns
Halos and horns
We weave a masterpiece of deceit and scorn

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I gave up living
We should all give death a try
Every last soul, cast into the fire
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Dear devil, I fucking quit
You can have this world, it's a piece of shit
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