

Storm Drains

Fit For An Autopsy

I'd pour a bottle down my throat if it really helped
But we know it doesn't
It's a fucking copout and I wish it wasn't.

Let me sink
Into the space between the storm drains
So I can hear
The trampling on the pavement above

No on here
No on here
Has any thought to question
Why we kill
Why we kill the things we pretend to love

We didn't earn a chance to feel at peace
We just pretend we gave it a shot
While worlds away the cultures weep
As the symbol of the casualties we forgot
Who the fuck gave us the pass

Alphas in the pig pen
Sucking back the feed
Like some kind of godsend

Let me sink
Into the space between the storm drains
So I can hear
The trampling on the pavement above

No on here
No on here
Has any thought to question
Why we kill
Why we kill the things we pretend to love

Life is a lost cause
Lost
Lost under the surface
Lost
No place, no purpose

Lost between the dirt and the stones
I'd rather lie with the worms than the filth in our homes

Let me sink

Let me sink