

# The Colonist

## Fit For An Autopsy

Where does the setting sun go to rest? Go to rest? The darkest days  
Come and go, they never seem to end. Inhuman, inhumane, inane  
Existence. Barely existing. Surviving. Reviving a world that has been  
Dead for years. Blood sweat and tears. Disinformation and fear.  
We  
Carry on like we serve a purpose. Just a decaying gear in a machine,  
Built to destroy itself from the inside out, bleeding from the mouth,  
Calling out your name, carving out your hate. Alone and breathing, the  
Same stagnant air the rats exhale. Pushing through the waste, the  
Shallow graves. hoping to find a cure to cleanse the filth of the  
Human race. Expose the skull. Leave the brain and pray it never stops  
Dreaming. Expose the bone, leave the heart and pray it never stops  
Beating. Failure is not an option, it's the only way out. How long  
Until it crumbles? How much longer can we last? Do we even have a  
Choice? Or do we stand a chance? We place our faith and trust in the  
Hands of heartless fucking liars, so we can sleep at night. And hope  
We never wake up. Never wake up. You can't control us all. You'll  
Never kill us all. Failure is not an option. It's the only way out.  
You can't control us all. You'll never fucking kill us all.