

The Great Gift Of The World

Fit For An Autopsy

If it all went away tomorrow
Would there be anything worthy of the salvage
Or would the world be swallowed by the sea
A blissful silence in return of harmony
And would there be any need for possession
Cultured regret
The lost of progress
The passing of the flesh
Marrow to market
Burn for the treasure
But remember the children who won't have it any better than this
What has been left for them
Where there once was hope
Now there is only pain
The great gift of the world

Have you felt the hope leave you?
The guiding light
It recedes as fast all
Dark days
They welcome you into a body
Beaten and raw

So polluted and vile
Broken dreams and fractured minds
Twisted tongues
Swallow the blood back
They swallow the light

We drink of the wine
And eat of the bread
But we're starving
Undeserving of death

No, we will not find heaven
We will not find our place
We will not find the light
We will not find our way
Where there once was hope
Now there is only pain
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In life
It rots a man from the inside
In death
We escape an existence in vain

And in time
Where could we hide
When the soul is the cancer
It consumes
It yearns for more
Conditioned to thrive in the slaughter
Our sons and daughters will mourn for the martyrs we betrayed

A murderer's mind
A murderer's hands

Cursed
I walk with man
Covered in the blood
The blood of the lamb

Now you see the hope leave you
Was the guiding light ever there at all?
Or were the flames
The bellows of hell
The calling for the desperate
The symbol of the fall

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