

The Travelers

Fit For An Autopsy

I saw the sun rise for the the last time
I watched it leave the Earth and leave us all behind
All the poor children
Will ever know
The strength of their innocence
How quickly it goes

God's special little creatures
Could they have saved us from your poorly plotted arrogance?

Now they inherit the land
The blackest of all plagues
No one will visit their graves
Not even dirt can be saved

Is it so foolish to think
That we don't all sink to the same place?

And to the travelers I ask
Will you show me hell?

Have you met the devil?
I want to meet him, too
I want to ask him about God
Why he's abandoned you
Why he's left me alone
With nothing left to love
Why he's taken the world from us
While he hides above
And travelers say:

Son
Are you so blind you cannot see?
What little from the world
can you offer me?
What's even left to take?
What kind of argument can you make?
What are you really trying to save?
Because all I see is a world in decay
I wish the cold would break
But the winds keep coming
To draw back the light
The dead weep for the world tonight

And I see him now
As the sun sets for the last time
A reflection of my broken self
Burning the lake of fire
We all carry our demons
And we make this world our hell

This world is our hell
The dead weep for the world tonight