

Unloved

Fit For An Autopsy

I never cast the first stone
But I'm buried in rubble
The weight of a wretched world
Is enough to make any man crumble
I never asked for forgiveness
So I am given no end to my struggle
A failure of flesh, lay my soul to rest
By the bitter blood, I remain

Unloved, unloved, unloved
By the bitter blood, I remain unloved

All that is low will always linger
Beneath the surface of calloused skin
So go and point your fucking finger
But you should know that I am what I've always been

Unloved, unloved, unloved
By the bitter blood, I remain unloved

Hate is the only gift from God

Unloved
By the bitter blood, I will remain unloved
By the bitter blood, I will remain