

## Always About to Die

### Autopsy

Under the sign of a skull faced moon  
We rise from abysmal embryotic doom  
Existence as torment, yet locked in a grave  
A sick fragile cycle from which no one is saved

Made to be feared, this reaping scythe  
No one gets out of this world alive  
Doomed to the flow of the river of fear  
Damned by the day when the reckoning's here

Suffering through the endless pain  
Paranoia drilling brains  
Either way we all must perish  
Everyone will lose the game

In your sleep or on your knees  
Killed in health or by disease  
Doom bound train is on your track  
Feel your mind about to crack

We are always about to die

[Leads - Coralles/Cutler/Coralles/Cutler]

Under the sign of a skull faced moon  
We rise from abysmal embryotic doom  
Existence as torment, yet locked in a grave  
A sick fragile cycle from which no one is saved