

Absolute Hope Absolute Hell

Fit For An Autopsy

We could have had it all
Before the wells ran dry
Before the cities fell
Yet we still think it'll all end well

Absolute hope, absolute Hell
Absolute hope, absolute Hell

What's there behind the eyes?
Just souls and sulphur
Black and cold
Strip us to ashes and bone
Starving for love, dying alone

Watch it suffer
Watch it burn
Watch it die

Dance with the puppetry
Hollow silhouettes born of animosity
Hung by the rope threaded by the kings
Inhuman disaster tearing at the seams
Lead us not unto temptation
Lead us to the suicide of the fallen nations

God of nothing
Bring the sheep to the slaughter
God of nothing
Bring the sheep to the slaughter

Absolute hope, absolute Hell

Strip us to ashes and bone

And so the apathy spread like cancer
Dripping through the beams in the towers
Staining the souls of the pacifists
Still complacent in the final hour
Distracted youth
A nation of bullshit status
Raked through the teeth
Of the corporate apparatus
We could have had it all
Before the cities fell
Yet we still think it'll all end well

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