False Positive

Fit For An Autopsy

You don't know fucking pain

Distance is deafening
And a dreamer can dream
But the privileged get a pass
And kick the shit downstream
The sheltered have the shelter
Keeps 'em outta the rain
They don't know shit about life
They don't know fucking pain

Brother, do your hands shake
Did you lose your train of thought
Are you back in the brush and the hellfire
Do you remember what you were taught

Where's the fucking honor

Abandoning the ones who keep you safe
Broken bodies you can't replace

We're not worth our weight in shit
We're not worth our weight in shit
We're not worth our weight in shit
But we know how to pile it up

Coffins of camouflage and sand
Take your boots off before you get through the door
But the dirt still drags in deep
Deeper than ever before

Break your back for the princes
And bring the burden back home
The eyes of the child through a rifle's scope
See you and you alone

Could you have been the shoulder to cry on
Could you wear the leather skin
Could you have even been bothered
To let a stranger in

You don't know fucking pain