

## Flatlining

## Fit For An Autopsy

Flatlining

Flatlining

I learn to live with the loss  
Take a pound of flesh as an offering  
I learn to live with the loss  
I see god in violence  
I see truth in suffering

Build your walls  
Build your coffins  
Rotten pine  
Weathered and worn  
Rotten hearts sink in the storm

At the edge of the earth  
There is nothing but the fall

We inherit the ghosts  
Through the cracks in our bones  
I am the vessel for the dying  
Will they bring me home?

We inherit the ghosts  
Through the cracks in our bones  
I am the vessel for the dying  
Will they bring me home?

Flatlining

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I learn to live with the loss  
Take a pound of flesh as an offering  
I learn to live with the loss  
I see god in violence  
I see truth in suffering

No blood left to drain  
Turn my eyes to hell  
And let them martyr me  
No life without pain  
Oh wretched sky  
Let the light die in vain

We inherit the ghosts  
Through the cracks in our bones  
I am the vessel for the dying  
Will they bring me home?

We inherit the ghosts  
Through the cracks in our bones  
I am the vessel for the dying  
Will they bring me home?

I watched the world rip out its heart  
I watched the world rip out its heart  
And I know it meant nothing

I watched the world rip out its heart (nothing)  
I watched the world rip out its heart  
And I know it meant nothing