

Napalm Dreams

Fit For An Autopsy

Seven oceans, seven sins
Seven billion souls that swim
Back to the bottom
Like fiends to the flames
We sink to Sodom

Parallel rivers shall not entwine
Hope and hell, oil and wine
Run forth to the sea
In disharmony
We burn together

I cling to napalm dreams
Where we breathe in the ether of misery
Eden is a garden of fire
Eden is a funeral pyre

We live through centuries of storms
In awe at the terrors of the earth
We give nothing in return
We squander all that it was worth

All I wanted was a way out
Of the everlasting cold

I cling to napalm dreams
Where we breathe in the ether of misery
Eden is a garden of fire
Eden is a funeral pyre

Why do my sins
Circle like locusts around me?
Searching for a way back in
What's even under my skin
But the marrow and meat of self-defeat
That eats into this skeleton
Everyone loves you when you're dead or dying
But the earth owes you nothing, just a hole to die in
And all I wanted was a way out
All I wanted was a way out

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