

Swing the Axe

Fit For An Autopsy

Wish I had known that life lets you down
Wish I had known that everyone drowns
In a sewer just a puddle of swill and spit

And I can't breathe (I can't breathe)
Cause it all smells like bullshit

We came into this world pure and shining
And now we drag through the mud bitching and whining
As machines carry us to other machines
To churn the chemicals that kill everything
That was once serene

It falls on our heads

It falls on our heads
Like the axe
Like the mortars
Like a righteous intervention

It falls on our heads
Like the rain
Like the pain
We're the victims of ill intention
It falls on our heads
The world is dead

Denial and consumption
Poisoned by our own production
Denial and consumption
Poisoned by our own production

Tell me who do we blame when the fish turn up dead
When the children are born with disfigured heads
When the ground won't produce and the leaves don't grow back
As the fires burn forever in the lines of smoke stacks

Let the lights burn out
Squander the resources further the droughts
Pretend there'll be a solution
As we drown in the swell of pollution

Life is a cycle of sin and sorrow
All we know are the crimes we commit
Life is a cycle of sin and sorrow
We made our bed
And now we'll lie in it

We made our bed
And now we'll lie in it

Are we so deluded in this septic tank
That we turn to plague and poison
Like a temporary savior
No whispers of healing
No help, no warning

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The world is fucking dead