

Thank You Budd Dwyer

Fit For An Autopsy

How the fuck did it come to this?
What makes an honest man hate this town?
Last letters lost in the abyss
Just a spark without a sound
What are we left with in the end?
Poverty and no self worth
Bleeding for a shed of redemption
As the hate turns to hurt

And all we love
And all the purest things we hold dear
Will turn to dust an disappear

Sins of our forefathers
Cast down to the sons
Pave the way for victims and villains
Fractured by fraud
Governed by none
Do you feel save?
Do you feel free?
Do you feel discarded by a two-faced society?

The system is dead
Gun to my head
I've got the way out

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Hang a flag half-mast for me
If it makes you feel better, but know

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I've got the way out

So watch and learn you fucking coward
This will hurt someone