

Autopilot Off

"Always About To Die"

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Under the sign of a skull faced moon
We rise from abysmal embryotic doom
Existence as torment, yet locked in a grave
A sick fragile cycle from which no one is saved

Made to be feared, this reaping scythe
No one gets out of this world alive
Doomed to the flow of the river of fear
Damned by the day when the reckoning's here

Suffering through the endless pain
Paranoia drilling brains
Either way we all must perish
Everyone will lose the game

In your sleep or on your knees
Killed in health or by disease
Doom bound train is on your track
Feel your mind about to crack

We are always about to die

[Leads - Coralles/Cutler/Coralles/Cutler]

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